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MARCH 8, 1947
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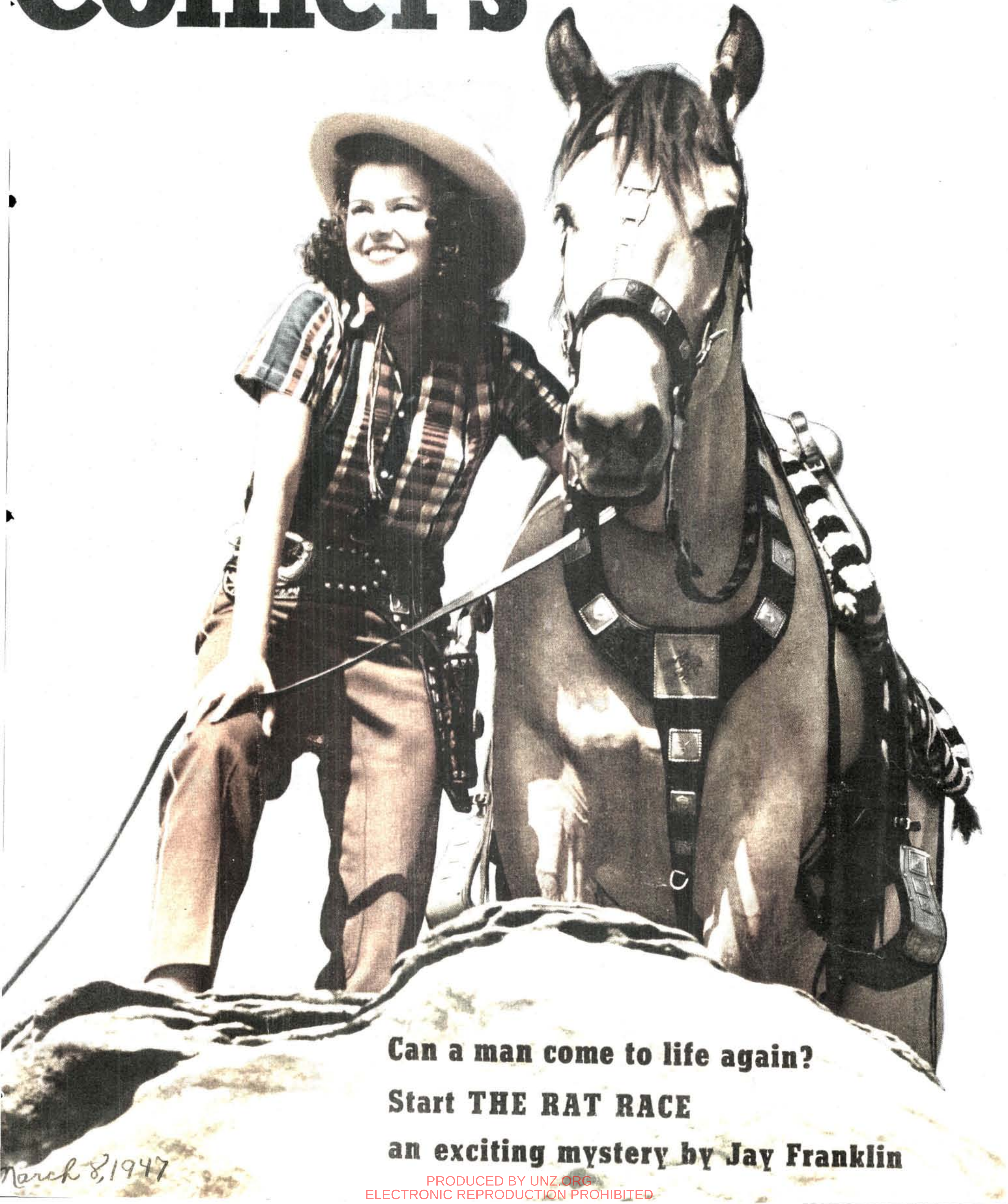

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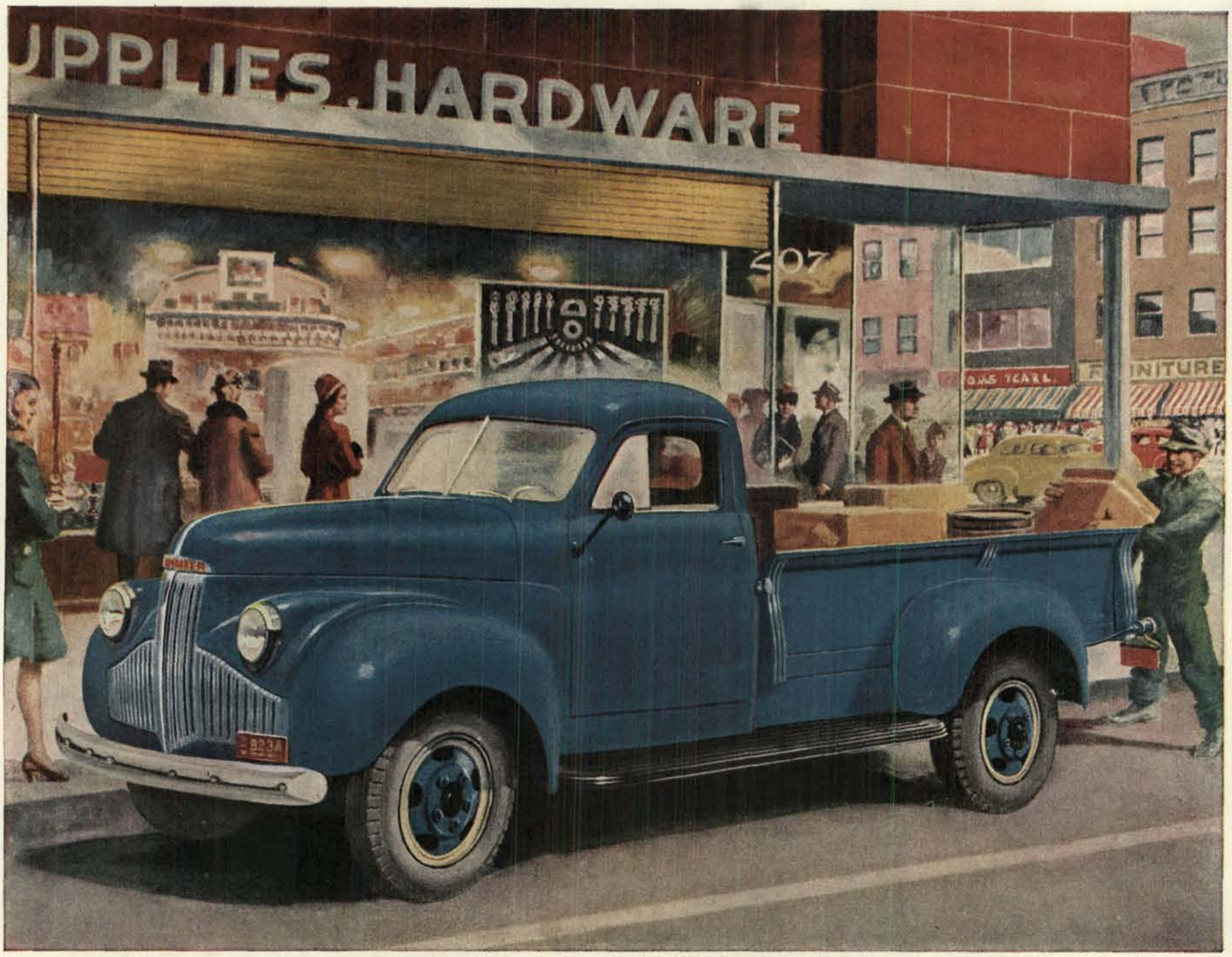
Start THE RAT RACE

an exciting mystery by Jay Franklin

March 8, 1947



You chalk up savings that mount up fast if a Studebaker truck does your hauling

MEN who speak with authority on commercial transportation put Studebaker trucks at the top for exceptional and consistent operating economy.

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They're thoroughly modern, exceptionally comfortable trucks, too—and they come off the Studebaker production lines complete with the most advanced operating features, all ready for immediate service unless a specially built body is desired.

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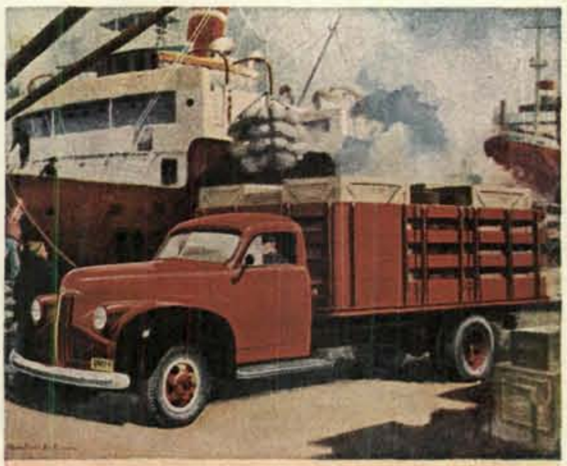

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PNEUMOCOCCUS TYPE IV
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GET AFTER THAT COLD

Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Quick!

THE great value of Listerine Antiseptic as a precaution against colds is its ability to kill with safety vast numbers of the so-called "secondary invaders," a potentially troublesome group of bacteria that, even when a cold is initiated by a virus, can cause much of the misery you know so well.

These "secondary invaders," including germs of the pneumonia and streptococcus types (see illustrations above), can complicate a cold by staging a "mass invasion" of the throat tissue.

Gargle early and often

If you have been in close contact with other cold sufferers, if you are tired, if your feet get wet or cold and you have been exposed to sudden temperature changes, gargle Listerine Antiseptic at once!

Such conditions often reduce body resistance and make a "mass invasion" easier. But Listerine Antiseptic, used in time, will often give nature a helping hand during the 12 to 36-hour period of "incubation" when a cold may be developing.

Tests showed fewer colds

If your cold has already started, the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, used frequently, may help reduce the severity of the infection.

Listerine Antiseptic's remarkable effectiveness against colds has been demonstrated in tests made over a 12-year period. Here is what the test data revealed:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually had milder colds, and fewer sore throats, than those who did not gargle with Listerine Antiseptic.

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In tests over 12 years, FEWER COLDS, MILDER COLDS for LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC USERS

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"THE BEGINNING OR THE END"

Starring

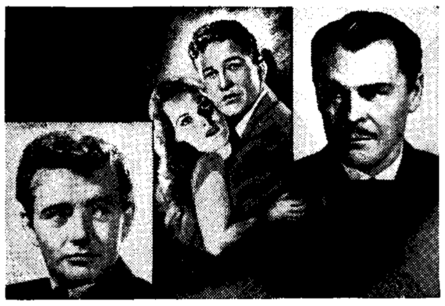
BRIAN DONLEVY • ROBERT WALKER

with

TOM DRAKE • BEVERLY TYLER
AUDREY TOTTER • HUME CRONYN

Screen Play by FRANK WEAD
Original Story by ROBERT CONSIDINE

Directed by........NORMAN TAUROG
Produced by..........SAMUEL MARX



At last! The world is going to see the dramatic picturization of the most hush-hush secret of all time. M-G-M has made the picture of pictures, "The Beginning or the End"—the story of the beginning of a new civilization or the end of civilization itself—the dramatic story of the atomic bomb.

When you see "The Beginning or the End", you'll virtually become a part of the events which were so fraught with drama, danger, and above all—suspense. You'll step behind the iron curtain of secrecy into the forbidden city at Oak Ridge. You'll meet the men who enrolled in the army of mystery as well as the girl who lost her identity because she was the only girl who knew the world's most terrifying secret. You, too, will know the nerve-fraying tension of their relentless race against time.

Here is drama which every man, woman, and child should see. It affects everybody's life. Does it strike terror? Yes! Does it contain hope? Yes! Is it the story of the hour, the burning topic of the moment, the greatest "must" picture in the history of all motion pictures? *Yes!*

If you care about your loved ones—if you care about life itself—see M-G-M's stirring challenge, "The Beginning or the End".

M-G-M has assembled top talent for this mighty picture. Brian Donlevy, Robert Walker, Tom Drake and Beverly Tyler (the celebrated "Green Years" lovers), beautiful Audrey Totter, Hume Cronyn and many more. Each contributes an unforgettable performance.

To producer Samuel Marx, Director Norman Taurog, and to the many others who had their part in picturizing the greatest drama of our time, we offer congratulations on an entertainment unique in motion pictures.

COLLIER'S
March 8, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

YOUNG METHUSELAH

DEAR EDITOR: Hannah Lees' article, Let's Live a Little Longer (Jan. 25th), burns me up.

If I live to March 7th this year I will have been on this earth 82 years. Am a salesman-jobber and I am out every day unless in unusually severe weather.

I have smoked—drank, not to excess. Eat at bum restaurants, stayed out all night, addressing meetings, was rarely in bed before midnight, never dieted, never took any special exercise, except what my job called for. Can eat anything I want. still like a glass of beer several times a day—something stronger occasionally. Only one sick spell.

My receipt for long life: First choose good ancestors (must have a good foundation); do what you d—— please. But do it moderately.

CHAS. H. SIDENER, Covington, Ky.

. . . Hannah Lees says, "All geriatrists agree that one of the greatest enemies of longevity is overeating." Since we must all of us die anyway, what pleasanter way to commit suicide than by overeating?

FLOYD L. YEOMANS, Middleville, Mich.

. . . Re Let's Live a Little Longer. I have a question, Professor: What constitutes "moderate" drinking? Is it two to six ounces a day, every day? Or might it be total abstinence most of the time, with a good binge of fifteen or twenty snorts in a bunch every ten days or two weeks?

ROBERT H. HIGGINS, Southampton, N. Y.

Doctors disagree. Somehow we ourselves are reminded of the ancient law of the Medes and the Persians: "One man's Mede is another man's Persian."

PLANS FOR REMODELING

EDITOR: With time healing wounds from your Jan. 18th article (Housing: Tomorrow's Answer, by Frank Gervasi) on woes of wood housing I have constructive suggestion. What can we best do to provide million low-cost rental dwelling units in shortest possible time? Answer is found in at least a million of our older and larger existing homes, which contain space, plumbing, wiring, heating, etc. For simplest remodeling to yield one or more apartments per home. Only need is economic inducement to owners to so remodel. This plan would use comparatively small amount of scarce materials and relatively few skilled workers for million housing units. Building industry is geared and organized for project, which is particularly applicable to existing fifteen

(Continued on page 42)

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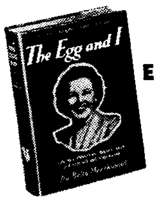

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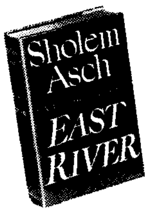

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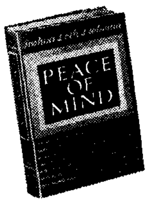

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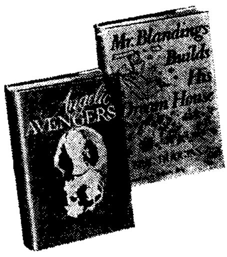

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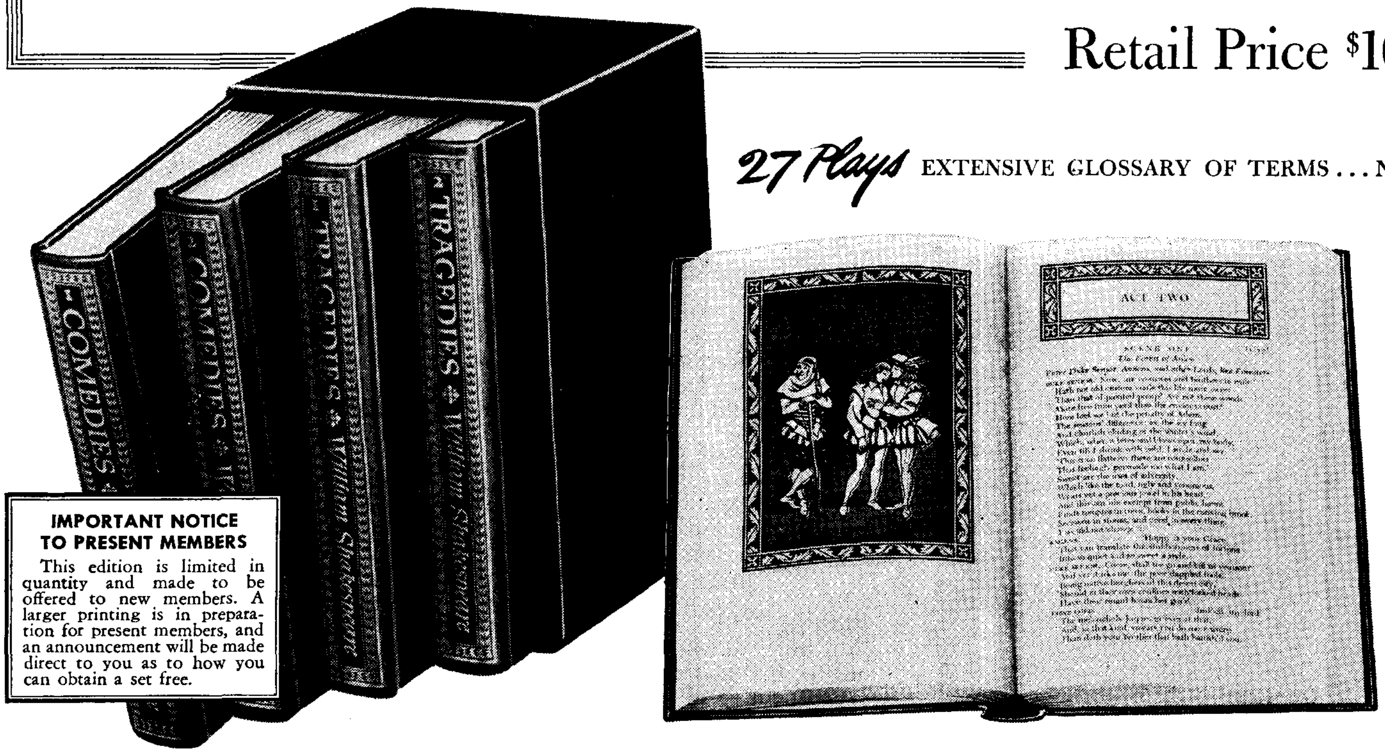
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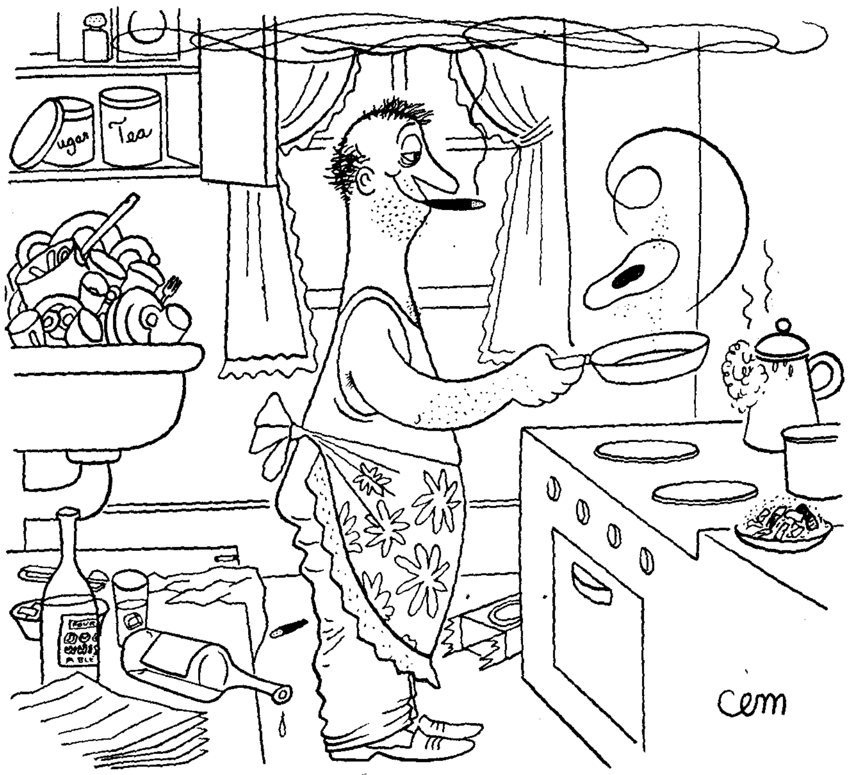

CHARLES E. MARTIN

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

Believing that short separations are good for married couples, Sweden has just passed a law under which a wife may take, at the government's expense, a ten-day annual vacation, provided she is not accompanied by her husband.

The U.S. Navy recently conducted an experiment in which four men volunteered to live for a month in a compression chamber while its oxygen content and atmospheric pressure were decreased gradually. Two blacked out on the 22d day when the simulated altitude reached 27,000 feet, but the other two remained, without ill effect, until the 30th day when they reached 29,025 feet, or nearly a mile higher than that at which a man, unless so conditioned, can retain consciousness without supplementary oxygen.

Persons who visit American airports solely to watch the activity outnumber the passengers from two to six to one; and they not only support most concessions but also provide an appreciable revenue in admissions to the observation ramps. At New York's La Guardia Field, for instance, these dime admissions now amount to $100,000 annually.

The face value of U.S. coins today is from three to eight times as much as the cost of their bullion. Only $1.20 worth of metal is required for minting $10 in pennies, $2.37 for $50 in nickels, $33.86 for $100 in dimes, $84.63 for $250 in quarters and $169.28 for $500 in half dollars.—*By Eleanor R. Miller, Sacramento, Calif.*

Of the hundreds of plays presented on the American stage in the past 50 years, at least four out of five have referred to subjects or contained scenes, situations and expressions that are now banned in motion pictures exhibited in this country.

Fire engines, ladder trucks and other fire-fighting apparatus are now being made with enclosed cabs so their crews may ride inside, as more than a third of the firemen killed in this country each year lose their lives in accidents while going to and returning from fires.

Probably the only commercial radio station that has no programs is XEQK in Mexico City, whose only public service is to announce the correct time once every minute. While waiting for the announcements, however, the listeners hear short commercials which fill 22 of the 24 hours the station is on the air.—*By Fred I. Meeks, Culver City, California.*

The recent edict by the police of Rome banning roulette wheels and gaming boards has not affected several games of "guinea-pig roulette" that have since been operating in public squares. Sixteen hutches are arranged in a circle with their trap doors facing inward, and the animal is released in the center after the players have placed their bet on the box they hope he will enter—and double their money.

In telegrams between points in the U. S., numerals are counted at the rate of five figures to a word, while in messages between the U.S. and other North American countries, each figure is counted as one word, and all punctuation marks are included in both systems of counting. Thus, in domestic wires, 10⅝, 418.70, and $100,000,000 are counted as one, two and three words, but as five, six and 12 words in wires crossing our borders.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

How many of these 252 gasoline companies display this trademark?

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BRAND OF
ANTIKNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL
CORPORATION
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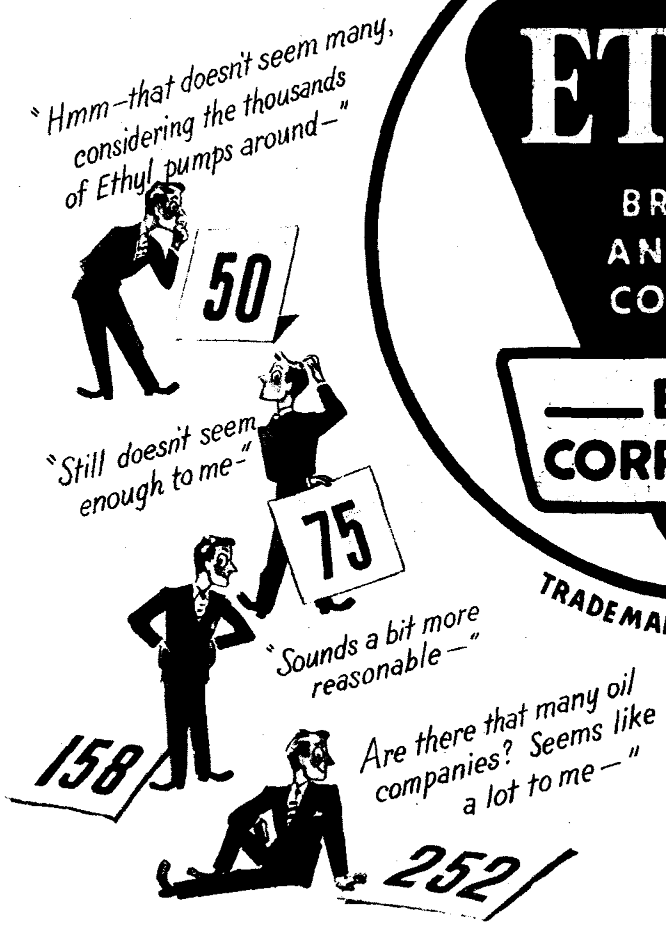
"Hmm—that doesn't seem many, considering the thousands of Ethyl pumps around—"
50
"Still doesn't seem enough to me—"
75
"Sounds a bit more reasonable—"
158
Are there that many oil companies? Seems like a lot to me—"
252

It isn't fair to keep you in suspense, so we'll give you the correct answer right away. *Every one* of the companies listed here uses "Ethyl" anti-knock compound to improve its best gasoline.

And this list doesn't take into account the thousands upon thousands of gasoline jobbers and dealers who also display the Ethyl trademark. You see, the oil refining companies that are licensed by the Ethyl Corporation to add its anti-knock compound to their gasoline often sell the finished product through distributors. These distributors in turn may display the Ethyl trademark on pumps that contain good gasoline plus this famous anti-knock fluid that increases power and performance.

Absorption Plant, Inc.
Advance Refining Company, Inc.
Aetna Oil Company
Allegany Refiners, Inc.
Allied Oil Corporation of Illinois
American Liberty Oil Company
American Mineral Spirits Company
American Oil Company, The
American Republics Corporation
Anderson-Prichard Refining Corp.
Anglo-Canadian Oil, Limited
Arkansas Fuel Oil Company
Arrow Petroleum Company
Ashland Oil & Refining Company
Atlantic Refining Company, The
Atlas Oil and Refining Corporation
Aurora Gasoline Company and
  Keystone Oil Refining Company
Baird Refining Company and
  Octane Oil Refining Company
Bareco Oil Company
Bay Petroleum Corporation, The
Bell Oil & Gas Company, The
Ben Franklin Refining Company
Ben Hur Refining Company
Berry Asphalt Company
Big West Oil Company of Montana
Breaux Bridge Oil Refining Company
British American Oil Company, Limited, The
Bryson Pipeline & Refining Company
Caminol Company
Canadian Oil Companies, Limited
Canfield Oil Company, The
Canton Refining Division of Central Pipe
  Line Company
Carter Oil Company, The
Century Oil Company
Chalmette Petroleum Corporation
Champlain Oil Products, Limited
Champlin Refining Company
Chanute Refining Company, The
Chicago Corporation, The
Cities Service Oil Company
Cities Service Oil Company, Limited
Cities Service Oil Company (Pennsylvania)
Cities Service Refining Corporation
Claiborne Gasoline Company
Coastal Petroleum Corporation
Coastal Refineries, Inc.
Colonial Beacon Oil Company
Col-Tex Refining Company
Comet Refining Company, Inc.
Consumers Cooperative Refinery Assn.
Consumers' Co-operative Refineries, Limited
Continental Oil Company
Cooperative Refinery Association
Cosden Petroleum Corporation
Cotton Valley Operators' Committee
Crown Central Petroleum Corporation
Danaho Refining Company
Danciger Oil & Refining Co.
Daugherty Refinery
Deep Rock Oil Corporation
Delta Refining Company
Derby Oil Company, The
Distillate Production Corporation
Douglas Oil Company of California
Duval Gasoline Company
Eagle Oil & Refining Co., Inc.
Eastern States Petroleum Co., Inc.
Eddy Refining Company
El Dorado Refining Company, The
Elk Refining Company
Farm Bureau Cooperative Association, Inc.
Farmers Union Central Exchange, Inc.
Fen-Ter Refining Company
Five C Refining Company
Fletcher Oil Company
Francitas Gas Company
Franklin Creek Refining Corporation
Freedom Valvoline Oil Company
Frontier Oil Refining Corporation
Frontier Refining Company, The
Gas & Oil Refineries, Limited
Gasoline Production Corporation
Geier-Jackson Recycling Company
General Petroleum Corp. of California
Gilley Oil and Refining Company
Globe Oil & Refining Co. (Illinois), The
Good Rich Refining Company, Limited
Gratex Refining Company
Gray Refinery, Inc.
Great Southern Corporation
Gulf Oil Corporation
Gulf Refining Company
Hagy, Harrington and Marsh
Hamman Oil & Refining Company
Hancock Oil Company of California, The
Harbor Refining and Transporation Co.
Hart Refineries
Frank C. Henderson Trust #2
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Home Oil Distributors, Limited
Home Oil & Refining Company
Humble Oil & Refining Company
Hunt Oil Company
Husky Refining Company
Hutex Oil & Refining Company
Idaho Refining Company
Imperial Oil, Limited
Independent Refining Company
Indiana Farm Bureau Cooperative Assn., Inc.
Inland Empire Refineries, Inc.
Inland Refining Company
Johnson Oil Refining Company
Johnson Oil Supply Company
Kanotex Refining Company, The
Kendall Refining Company
Kern Oil Company Limited
R. Lacy
Lakeside Refining Company
LaSalle Petroleum Corporation
Leonard Refineries, Inc.
Lion Oil Company
Lion Refining Company
Lone Star Producing Company
Louisville Refining Company
McBride Refining Company, Inc.
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Marvel Refining Company
Mercury Oil Refining Company
Mid-Continent Petroleum Corporation
Mid-West Refineries, Inc.
Midland Cooperative Wholesale
Mohawk Petroleum Corporation
Naph-Sol Refining Company
National Cooperative Refinery Association
National Refining Company, The
New Mexico Asphalt and Refining Co.
Newhall Refining Company
North Star Oil, Limited
Northern Petroleum Corporation, Limited
Northwestern Refining Company
Norwalk Company, The
Ohio Oil Company
Old Dutch Refining Company
Olympic Refining Company
Onyx Refining Corporation
Operators Oil & Refining Company
Oriental Refining Company
Pacific States Oil Company
Paluxy Asphalt Company
Pan American Petroleum Corporation
Pan American Refining Corporation
Pana Refining Company
Panhandle Refining Company
Patton Oil Company
Pennsylvania Refining Company
Pennzoil Company, The
Peppers Refining Company
Perry Petroleum Company
Petco Corporation
Petrol Corporation, The
Petroleum Products Refining & Producing Co.
Petroleum Specialties, Inc.
Petroleum Utilities Company, Inc.
Phillips Petroleum Company
Placid Oil Company
Pontiac Refining Corporation
Premier Oil Refining Company of Texas
Preston Oil Company, The
Prichard Refining Company Limited
Producers Refining, Inc.
Pure Oil Company, The
Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation and
  James B. Berry Sons Company, Inc.
Radio Oil Refineries, Limited
Rado Refining Company
Refugio Refinery, The
Republic Oil Refining Company
Resolute Oil Corporation
Richfield Oil Corporation
Richfield Oil Corporation of New York
Rock Island Oil and Refining Company, Inc.
Rock Island Refining Corporation
Roosevelt Oil Company
Root Petroleum Company
Louis Rose Refining Company, Inc.
Rothschild Oil Company
Seaside Oil Company
Shallow Water Refining Company
Shamrock Oil & Gas Corporation, The
Shell Oil Company, Inc.
Shell Oil Company of B. C., Limited
Shell Oil Company of Canada, Limited
Signal Oil Company
Sinclair Refining Company
Skelly Oil Company
Socal Oil & Refining Company
Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, Inc.
Sohio Petroleum Company
Soltex Refining Company
Southern Oil Service, Inc.
Southern States Refining, Inc.
Southwestern Oil & Refining Company and
  Royal Petroleum Corporation
Standard Oil Company of B. C., Limited
Standard Oil Company of California
Standard Oil Company (Indiana)
Standard Oil Company of New Jersey
Standard Oil Company (Ohio)
Standard Oil Company of Pennsylvania
Standard Oil Company of Texas
Stanolind Oil and Gas Company
Stephens Refining Company
Stoll Oil Refining Company
Sunland Refining Corporation
Sunray Oil Corporation
Sunset Oil Company
Taylor Refining Company
Texas Company, The
Texas Oil Products Company and
  Gladewater Refining Company
Tide Water Associated Oil Company
  (Tide Water Div.)
Tide Water Associated Oil Company
  (Associated Div.)
Tide Water Associated Oil Company
  (Mid-Continent Div.)
Trinity Gas Corporation
Tri-State Refining Company
Troy Refining Corporation
Tydal Company, The
Union Oil Company of California
Unita Oil Refining Company
United Gas Pipe Line Company
United Refining Company
Unity Petroleum Corporation
Utah Oil Refining Company
Vickers Petroleum Co., Inc., The
Virginian Gasoline and Oil Company
W. T. Waggoner Estate
Warren Petroleum Corporation
Wasatch Oil Refining Company
Waverly Oil Works Company
Western Refining Company
Western Reserve Refining Company
Wickett Refining Company
Wilcox Oil Company
Wilshire Oil Company, Inc.
Wisconsin Oil Refining Company, Inc.
Wolf's Head Oil Refining Company, Inc.
Wood River Oil & Refining Company, Inc.

LOOK FOR THE ETHYL TRADEMARK

ETHYL CORPORATION—MAKERS OF "ETHYL" ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND

Dear Diary—tonight I discovered 6NX appeal!

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED 6NX APPEAL?

It's that "oh-so-smooth" look in a man that gives an *old* flame *new* ideas! It's the look you get when you shave with a Star Double Edge Blade—made by the 6NX process.

THIS SCIENTIFIC PROCESS of stropping and honing gives Star Blades an edge never found before on *any* blade.

STAR DOUBLE EDGE BLADES MAKE YOUR RAZOR PERFORM MIRACLES!

A Star Single Edge Man—that is! Put a Star Single Edge Blade in your Single Edge razor today—you'll be so pleased with the resulting shave that you'll be a Star Single Edge Shaver for many, many, many tomorrows!

STAR BLADES

Star Division, American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

THE WEEK'S WORK

The George Fraziers manage to find a good subject for laughter

JAY FRANKLIN, unalias John Franklin Carter, started The Rat Race, our new serial (p.11), last summer while waiting to close a deal for a book about the Secretaries of State. "Which I still must write—damn it!" he adds. "But I found fiction such fun that I am seriously considering abandoning all attempts to save the world."

Exactly how much of this planet Mr. Franklin has saved depends on your point of view. He also wonders about it, being convinced it is in a much worse state than when he began. From Fall River, Massachusetts, he's fifty, Yale '19 and has split his days between beautiful letters and government service. He's been western Europe economic specialist for the State Department; and it was he who saved the Virgin Islands rum industry for the Department of Agriculture.

He's written everything from whodunits to ponderosity. He was born on the old Vanity Fair magazine and still writes his political column, We, The People, for what he calls "a small number of alert newspapers."

In 1940, Mr. Franklin helped with the "Third Term" renomination, and in 1941 he found himself head of the only Intelligence service on foreign political affairs in the history of this country; he was F.D.R.'s personal G-2 on political war. "This job lasted till it was really needed, when Truman terminated it," says Mr. Franklin, "on December 31, 1945."

Mr. Franklin is married, has three daughters, a Yorkshire terrier, and a Virginia farm that grows copperheads, ticks, roses and has the best view this side of heaven.

GEORGE FRAZIER (Santa Claus with a Horn, p. 17) is also a Massachusetts product. He's from Boston. After leaving Harvard with a high literary award, Mr. Frazier became a margin clerk in a Boston brokerage house, quitting when he sold his first efforts to the old Vanity Fair. He wound up eventually on the Boston Herald as columnist and reporter. "It was nothing much," he boasts. "But nowadays I like to lie about murder cases I broke and criminals I apprehended!"

Once the *enfant terrible* of jazz criticism (he tore the stuff apart in French for various willful little European magazines), Mr. Frazier has since added to his stature with short stories and personality pieces. He still reviews records for Variety.

Although, Mr. Frazier lives in New York's chrome-plated Beekman Place, his heart belongs to Boston. When Ted Williams flopped in the World Series, Frazier couldn't work for a month.

"I have a wife," he further discloses, "and two sons. Despite such occasional distractions, I manage to preserve an unflagging interest in me. I have an enormous record collection, blue eyes, and love to drink between deadlines."

Other Frazier distractions include Count Basie's band, his wife's looks, Tattersall waistcoats, letters of acceptance, and his sheep dog Topper. "Topper runs up such enormous bar bills at the American Kennel Club," mourns his master, "he is now shared with a wealthy radio producer who doesn't mind picking up tabs." Topper is not popular in the music world. Frazier used to sign the dog's name to unfavorable critiques. "He couldn't read through all that hair, anyway," apologizes Frazier.

"THE KISS-OFF (p. 24) was written as the result of a chance remark someone made," Mr. James Gooding of New Bern, North Carolina, and Greenwich Village, New York, reveals, "to the effect that a woman can kick a man out of her life and no one will think worse of her for it. But if a man wants to unload a gal, he must go about it carefully, or else. I haven't space to break down that 'or else'—but anyone can carry the ball from there." Mr. G is still single.

ALLAN PARIS (A Taste of Freedom, p. 16) is a thirty-year-old lad from St. Joseph, Missouri, and son of a telegraph operator. The war took Paris out of the Wichita AP office and landed him in the ETO as public relations man. "I was drafted so early," Paris claims, "I suspect the War Department was trying the draft out on me to see if it would work." Evidently it worked, for we not only won the war but Paris emerged a buck major. He's with the AP again—night city editor in San Francisco.

This week's cover: The girl is Marjorie Slawson, former professional dancer, turned model. Theda and Emerson Hall took the picture in the foothills overlooking the western end of the San Fernando Valley. The horse? A blonde—who claims to be a great friend of Silver, of Heigh-Ho fame. . . . TED SHANE

Look at the **SIZE** *look at the* **NAME** *look at the* **PRICE**

IT HOLDS 40% MORE!
IT'S KELVINATOR!
IT COSTS LESS!

You'll see it soon—
The HOME FREEZER *value of 1947*

Here's the news millions of home-keepers have looked for! A home freezer that's *big-family size*—completely self-contained—a proud part of a kitchen. And *amazingly low-priced!*

As you would expect, it's a Kelvinator value—product of America's oldest maker of ice cream cabinets and frozen food equipment. So brilliantly engineered that it offers *full 6 cu. ft.* capacity—holds up to 40% more food than ordinary freezers of the same outside dimensions.

QUICK-FREEZES . . . STORES 210 POUNDS—A treasure chest of fine eating. Enough meats, frozen foods, wild game, out-of-season fruits, etc.—to feed your family for months! Quick-freezes 25 pounds at a clip . . . stores 210 pounds!

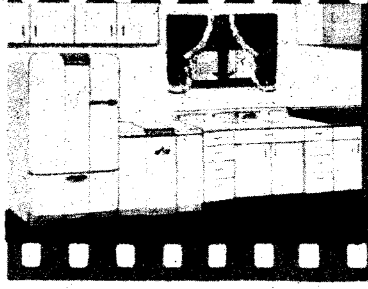
IDEAL SIZE AND HEIGHT—It's 36¼ inches high, the height of most kitchen tables; top has no sharp edges, no protruding hardware, corners are rounded. Full-width lid, opening from top, not only keeps "cold" from spilling out but also gives you immediate access to entire contents of cabinet.

So beautiful, too! Clean, modern design finished in gleaming white Permalux. Lustrous Cold Ban trim that eliminates unsightly screw-heads. Rust and corrosion-proof inside and out.

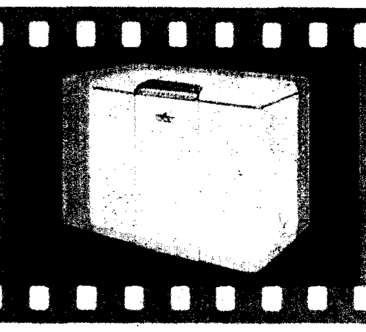
11 POSITION TEMPERATURE CONTROL—Dependable cold, from 10° above to 10° below Zero Fahrenheit. Powered by the Polarsphere cold-making mechanism, it's as quiet as your Kelvinator refrigerator. Ask your Kelvinator dealer about it. Many have it on display now—the freezer with all the postwar features you've dreamt about—and with Kelvinator's famous trouble-free record! Get your name on the list for early delivery!

KELVINATOR DIVISION, NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT

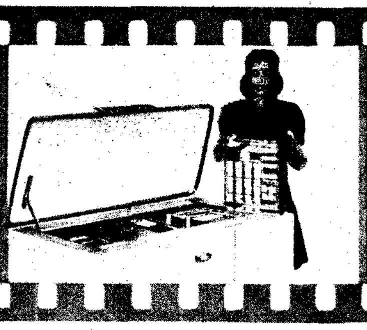
Get the Best things First... Get Kelvinator



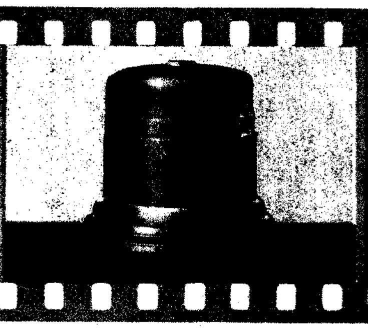
It's handsome! A proud part of your kitchen. Matched in design with the beautiful new Kelvinator Refrigerators and "Automatic Cook" Electric Ranges.



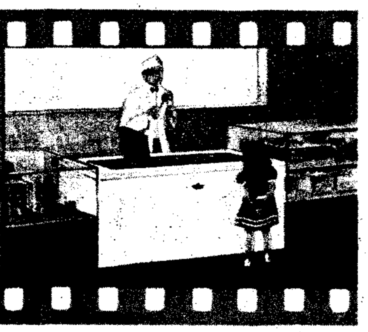
"Space-Saver"—Shadow outline shows you how much bulkier an ordinary freezer has to be, to equal the 6 cubic foot storage *capacity* of Kelvinator.



"Storage racks" hold cartons of frozen food in convenient order. They lift out to make contents easily accessible. (Optional equipment at slight extra cost.)



Here's the complete unit—the famous cold-making Polarsphere. Sealed in steel, lubricated for life—it never needs attention! Has no noisy belts or pulleys.



Behind the Kelvinator Home Freezer is 30 years of "know-how"—of leadership in building dependable ice cream cabinets and freezers for food and dairy industries.

SO SIMPLE... *Even a child can play it!*

Overnight it's the world's biggest selling radio-phonograph ... the amazing Philco 1201. All you do is slide a record in, close the door and it plays, automatically. No lid to raise, no tone arm to touch, no needle to change. Even a child can play it without risk to records or instrument. Available now; see it at your Philco dealer.

PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

Wednesday is Bingsday! Listen to Philco Radio Time starring BING CROSBY Wednesday at 10 P. M. in the East, 9 P. M. everywhere else ... ABC Network and many additional stations.

COMMENCING A BRILLIANT NOVEL OF MODERN ROMANCE AND INTRIGUE

THE RAT RACE

BY JAY FRANKLIN

Within the rebellious flesh of Winfred Tompkins a bewildered and frightened spirit struggles to regain the lost identity of a missing man

WASHINGTON, SEPTEMBER 15, 1945, (AP). THE NAVY DEPARTMENT ANNOUNCED TODAY THE LOSS OF THE LIGHT AIRCRAFT CARRIER U.S.S. ALASKA LAST APRIL WHILE ENGAGED IN SPECIAL OPERATIONS IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.

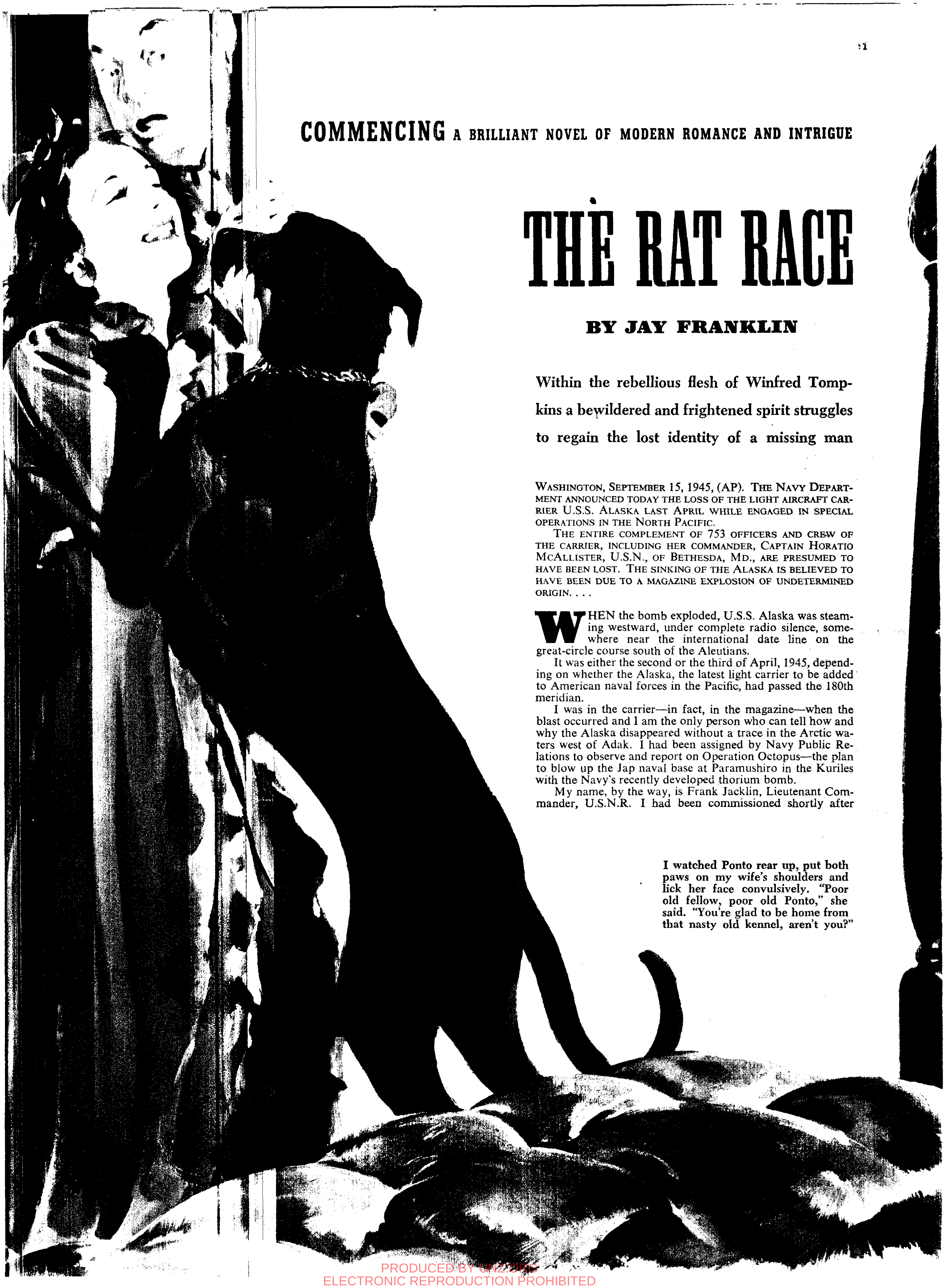
THE ENTIRE COMPLEMENT OF 753 OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE CARRIER, INCLUDING HER COMMANDER, CAPTAIN HORATIO MCALLISTER, U.S.N., OF BETHESDA, MD., ARE PRESUMED TO HAVE BEEN LOST. THE SINKING OF THE ALASKA IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN DUE TO A MAGAZINE EXPLOSION OF UNDETERMINED ORIGIN. . . .

WHEN the bomb exploded, U.S.S. Alaska was steaming westward, under complete radio silence, somewhere near the international date line on the great-circle course south of the Aleutians.

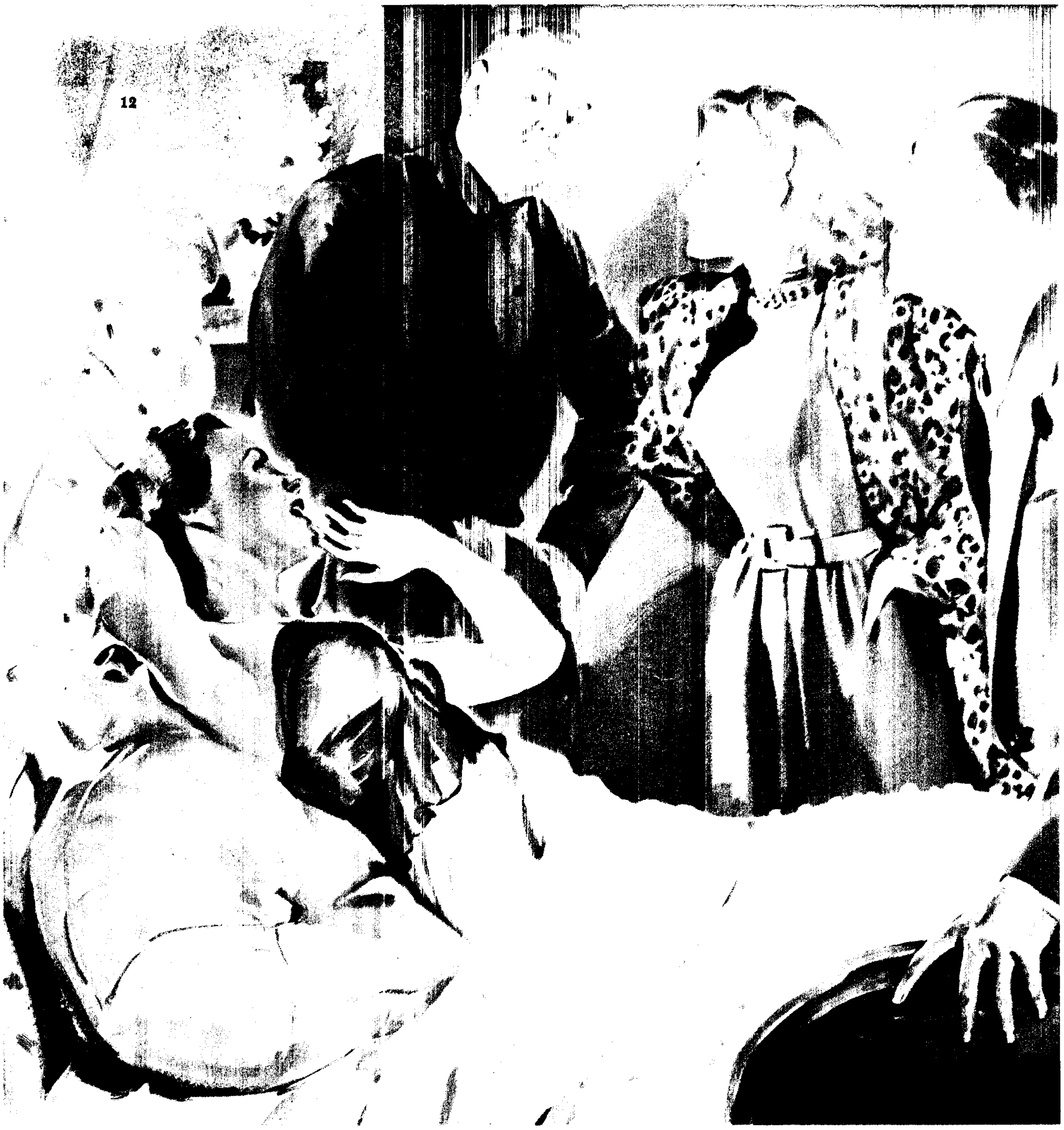
It was either the second or the third of April, 1945, depending on whether the Alaska, the latest light carrier to be added to American naval forces in the Pacific, had passed the 180th meridian.

I was in the carrier—in fact, in the magazine—when the blast occurred and I am the only person who can tell how and why the Alaska disappeared without a trace in the Arctic waters west of Adak. I had been assigned by Navy Public Relations to observe and report on Operation Octopus—the plan to blow up the Jap naval base at Paramushiro in the Kuriles with the Navy's recently developed thorium bomb.

My name, by the way, is Frank Jacklin, Lieutenant Commander, U.S.N.R. I had been commissioned shortly after



I watched Ponto rear up, put both paws on my wife's shoulders and lick her face convulsively. "Poor old fellow, poor old Ponto," she said. "You're glad to be home from that nasty old kennel, aren't you?"



"I'm going to stick around," Germaine said yawning. "I wouldn't want to miss the sight of you trying to lead a noble life"

Pearl Harbor, as a result of my vigorous editorial crusade on the Hartford (Conn.) Record to Aid America by Defending the Allies. I was a lifelong Republican and a personal friend of Frank Knox, so I had no trouble with Navy Intelligence in getting a reserve commission in the summer of 1940.

I had prospered during the war and eventually placed myself in line for a first-rate assignment, by the usual combination of bootlicking and "yes-sing" which marks a good Public Relations officer.

It was on the first night in Jap waters, after we had cleared the radius of the Naval Air Station at Adak, that Professor Chalmis asked me to accompany him to the magazine. He said that his orders were to make effective disclosure of the mechanics of the thorium bomb as soon as we were clear of the Aleutians. Incidentally, he, I and Alaska's commander, Captain Horatio McAllister, U.S.N., were the only people aboard who knew the real nature of Operation Octopus.

The thorium bomb, Chalmis told me, had been developed by the Navy, parallel to other hitherto unsuccessful experiments conducted by the Army with uranium. The thorium bomb utilized atomic energy, on a rather low and inefficient basis by scientific standards, but was yet sufficiently explosive to destroy a whole city. He proposed to show me the bomb itself, so that I could describe its physical appearance, and to brief me on the mechanics of its detonation, leaving to the Navy scientists at Washington a fuller report on the whole subject of atomic weapons. He had passes, signed by Captain McAllister, to admit us to the magazine and proposed, after supper, that we go to examine his gadget.

IT WAS cold on the flight deck; sleet drove in from the northwest as the icy wind from Siberia hit the moist air of the Japan Current. There was a nasty chop and the Alaska was wallowing and pounding as she drove toward Paramushiro at a steady 30 knots.

"You know, Jacklin," said Chalmis, as the Marine sentry took our passes and admitted us to the magazine, "I don't like this kind of thing."

"You mean this war?" I asked, noticing irrelevantly the way the electric light gleamed on his bald head.

"I mean this thorium bomb," he replied. "I had most to do with developing it and now in a couple of days one of those nice tanned naval aviators at the mess will take off with it and drop it on Paramushiro from an altitude of 30,000 feet. The timer is set to work at an altitude of 500 feet and then two or three thousand human beings will immediately cease to exist."

"The Japs aren't human," I observed, quoting the Navy.

Chalmis looked at me in a strange, staring way.

"Thank you, Commander," he said. "You have settled my problem. I was in doubt as to whether to complete this operation in the name of scientific inquiry, but now I see that I have no choice. See this?" he continued.

It was a spherical, finned object of aluminum about the size of a watermelon, resting on a gleaming chromium cradle.

"If I take this ring, Jacklin," Chalmis remarked, "and pull it out, the bomb will explode within five seconds."

"You make me nervous, Professor," I objected. "Can't you explain without touching it?"

"If it exploded now, approximately twenty-four feet below the water line," Chalmis continued, "it would create a tidal wave the effect of which might very possibly be felt at Honolulu and Seattle."

"I'll take your word for it," I said.

"So," concluded Chalmis, "if the bomb were to go off now, no one could know what had happened to the Alaska, and the Navy—as I know the Navy—would decide that thorium bombs were impractical, too dangerous to use. And so the human race might be spared a few more years of life."

"Stop it!" I ordered, lunging forward and grabbing for his arm.

But it was too late. Chalmis gave a strong pull on the ring. It came free and a slight buzzing sound was heard above the whine of the turbines and the thud of the seas against Alaska's bow.

"You—" I began. Then I started counting: "Three—four—fi—"

THERE was a hand on my shoulder and a voice that kept saying, "Snap out of it!" I opened bleary eyes to see a familiar figure in uniform bending over me. My head ached, my mouth tasted dry and metallic, and I felt strangely heavy around the middle.

"Hullo, Ranty," I said. "Haven't seen you since Kwajalein. What's the word? What happened to the Alaska?"

Commander Tolan, U.S.N.R., who had been in my group at Quonset, straightened up with a laugh. "When were you ever at Kwajalein, Winnie?" he asked. "And what's the drip about the Alaska?"

"You remember," I said. "That time we went into the Marshalls with the Sara in '43. But what happened to my ship? There was a bomb—Say, where am I and what day is it anyway?"

There was a burst of laughter from across the room and I turned my head. I seemed to be sitting in a deep, leather chair in a small, nicely furnished bar, with sporting prints on the wall and a group of three clean-shaven, only slightly paunchy middle-aged men, who looked like brokers, standing by the rail staring at me. Tolan was the only man in uniform. These couldn't be doctors, and what were civilians doing in mess?

"We blew up!" I insisted. "Chalmis said . . ."

"You've been dreaming, Winnie," drawled one of the brokerish trio. "You were making horrible noises in your sleep, so Ranty went over and woke you up."

"For your information," remarked another, "you're in the bar of the Pond Club on West 54th Street, as sure as your name is Winfred S. Tompkins and this is April 2, 1945."

"Winnie Tompkins!" I exclaimed. "Why, I once knew him quite well. He and I were at St. Mark's together, then he went to Harvard and Wall Street while I went to Yale and broke, so we didn't see much of each other after the depression."

"It's a good gag, Winnie," Tolan laughed, "but how about another drink?"

I shook my head. "Listen, Ranty," I begged. "Tell me what happened. I can take it. Are you dead? Are we all dead? Is this supposed to be heaven? What's the word?"

"That joke's played out," said

(Continued on page 26)

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Better not try to tell a Yankee how to handle his own affairs. The annual town meeting takes care of all that

POLITICS," says Selectman Harry Hunt of Cornish, New Hampshire, "comes high enough anyhow, without havin' to pay extry for the politicians."

On Tuesday, March 11th, some 3,000,000 like-minded Americans in six states are all set to demonstrate they can govern themselves just fine, thank ye kindly, without hiring a single professional to do it for them.

For the privilege of having their say and a whale of a good time to boot, town-meetin' folk in some 1,500 New England communities have met annually on the second Tuesday in March since long before the Revolution. The self-rule which they provide allows no room for graft, red tape, or abuse of public office. It also provides unmistakable evidence that the Yankee strain of cussedness and independence still circulates freely in the body politic.

A Cornish man whom we'll call Joe Hodges illustrates that quality as well as anybody else. "Big Joe" is in his seventies now, but back when Cornish was still a logging center, his brawn and skill with an ax made him the local Paul Bunyan. One day he stomped into George Hunt's general store with a terrible toothache.

"Yank out this 'un right here, George," he said, placing his finger on a tooth.

Hunt looked. The bad tooth was obviously the third back from the one the patient indicated, and Hunt said so.

"Are you tryin' to tell me I don't know my own mind?" roared Big Joe. So Hunt pulled a perfectly sound tooth. As he expected, the patient was back half an hour later for another anesthetic.

"Pull the next one."

This time there was no argument. "I figure to get at the right one directly," Hunt told the boys around the stove.

Sure enough, Big Joe came back to have it pulled. "Reckon I lost a couple o' good teeth," he said, spitting out the shreds, "but, damn it, I still got my principles."

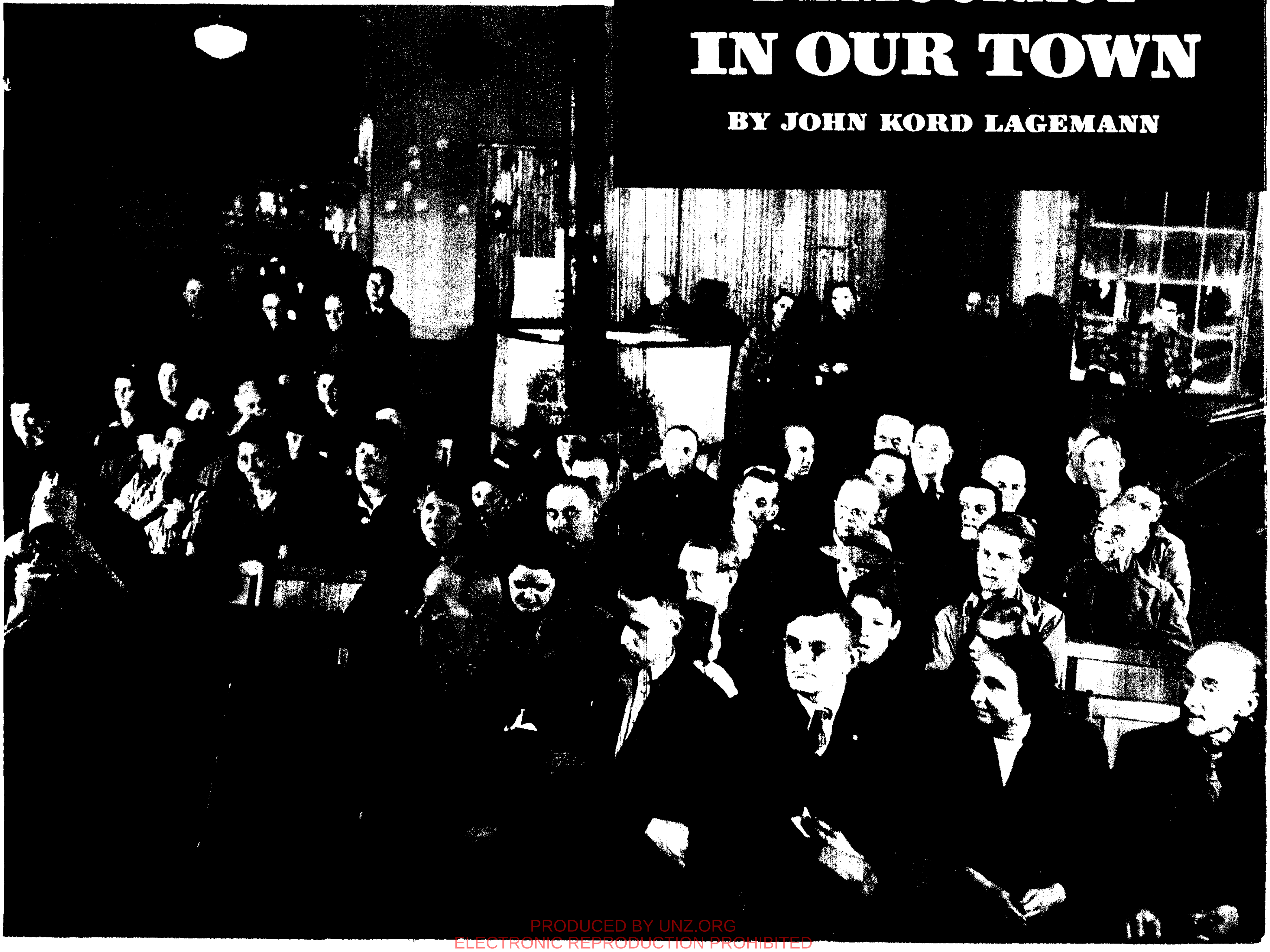
A lot of water has flowed under the old covered bridge at Cornish since Big Joe Hodges rode the last of the log rafts down the Connecticut River.

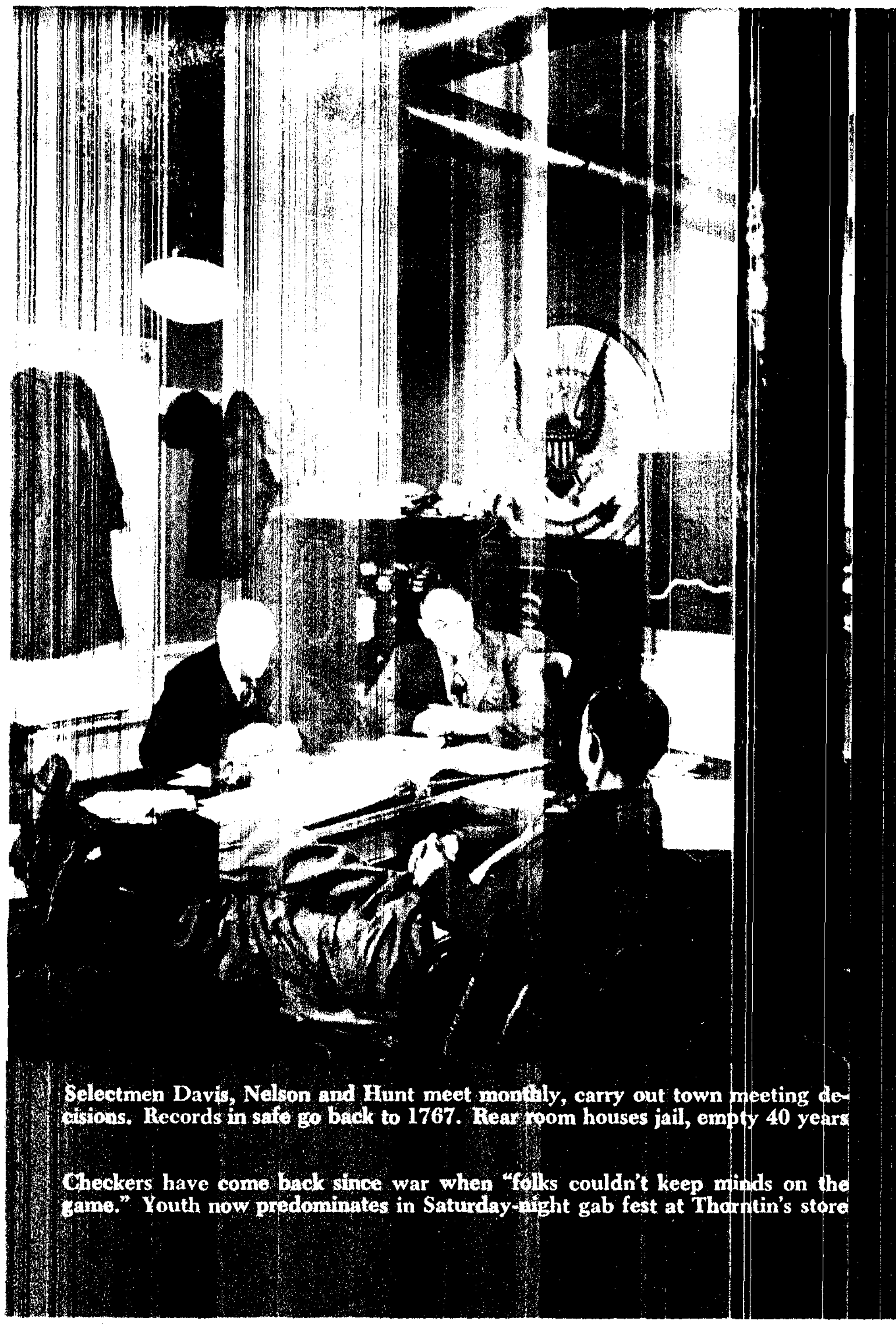
Moderator Deming calls off names as Town Clerk Witherill checks list. Voters often sign ballots, add remarks like "I'm all for it" or "No, siree"

DEMOCRACY
IN OUR TOWN

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

This is the governing body of Cornish, where each citizen represents himself. Women sharing equally in vote, prefer to let menfolk do most of the talking





Selectmen Davis, Nelson and Hunt meet monthly, carry out town meeting decisions. Records in safe go back to 1767. Rear room houses jail, empty 40 years

Kotex
Kotex
Kot

Checkers have come back since war when "folks couldn't keep minds on the game." Youth now predominates in Saturday-night gab fest at Thorntin's store

But town meetings still provide an honest and tough-minded approach to new problems as they come up.

Just last December, for instance, the people of Cornish and their neighbors in Plainfield called a special town meeting to consider the problem of medical care. They threshed out the issue in free debate. Then they voted to raise their taxes and jointly guarantee $5,000 a year to induce a young doctor to serve their communities—at fixed rates.

Was this socialized medicine? "Hell's bells, who cares," said one old-timer, "so long's we done it ourselves!"

Town meetings work best in small communities where everybody shares the same general problems. The 1,200 souls in Cornish are mostly farm families, specializing in dairy products, but timbering in the winter and doing some part-time work in the near-by manufacturing towns of Claremont and Windsor. The people work hard, live comfortably, but enjoy very little spare cash in good times or bad. When they pay taxes, they like their money accounted for down to the last penny.

In the village of Cornish Flat, for instance, the old wooden clock on the tall church spire faces only east, south, and west. In one town meeting years back, the folks on the north side put up quite a fight against having to share the expense of repairs.

Cows are now milked by machine, children are taken to school by bus, everybody's got a radio, and it's easy to run into Claremont for shopping and a movie now and then. Otherwise nothing fundamental in Cornish's way of life or conduct of government has changed very much since February 28, 1767, when the first town meeting was held.

On town-meetin' day, you get up extra early to finish all the chores by breakfast. Then the whole family piles into the car and off you go to the big yellow Town House.

As you walk in the door, you smell scorched corduroy, leather, and rubber mixed up with tobacco smoke and the haunting perfume of pine, spruce, maple, and birch firewood stacked up in one corner. Later in the morning, you'll smell only roast turkey and beef and pie crust as the Grange ladies warm up noon dinner for all comers.

Some of the girls are moving around the aisles selling tickets for it —fifty cents for all you can eat—and the selectmen are passing out small squares of paper for balloting later on. The banks of folding chairs are all filled up now except the first row or two, and a lot of the men are standing in back, talking low and spitting into the woodpile.

". . . So I told him that culvert wouldn't hold no longer'n John Brown stayed in hell." ". . . They wanted me to sign the petition, but I says, 'Just leave yours truly slick and clean out'n this.' " ". . . Yep, got up so early this mawn'n', I met myself goin' to bed." ". . . Now ain't that'n' a co'ker!"

Up behind the rail that separates the assembly from the platform, Town Clerk Mrs. Jennie B. Witherill prepares for the proceedings. Herbert Deming, a born moderator who could squelch Daniel Webster with one of his granite glances, exchanges a few words with her.

Complexities Are Taboo

The procedure of town meetings is simple as falling off a log. For a couple of weeks in advance, you've had the selectmen's report on the year just past, telling how every penny of tax money was spent. You've also had several weeks' time to study the warrant of items to be decided now. If anything comes up during the year which you think demands civic action, you ask the selectmen to include it in the warrant. If they demur, a petition signed by 10 of your fellow taxpayers will get it on "irregardless."

So the meeting opens and from now till six or seven in the evening with an hour's break for noon dinner, you'll discuss and vote on community issues as the moderator reads them off: how much to spend on schools, highway equipment, the fire engine, the library, and control of white-pine blister rust; whether the town will vote to pay the tax collector on a percentage basis, and whether to discontinue "the road leading east from the Eliza Paget house to the Minnie Smith barn."

That night after supper, most everybody but the children will turn up for the special Town Meeting Dance at the near-by Grange Hall, and if there's any hard feelings left over from debate, now's the time to laugh them off and reconcile yourself to the will of the majority.

If visitors are disappointed at the lack of fireworks in the March meetings, it's probably because the town meeting really goes on all the year round. Most of the heated discussion takes place the last couple of weeks before the meeting, when you "visit" with your neighbors in parlor, general store, or over the party line.

"It's like that old wooden clock up in the church spire," explains Farmer Clyde Bailey. "The works keep on grindin' away so steady you hardly notice the sound at all. Then just before the hour, you hear a big buzzin' and whirrin' of the rammin' rod gettin' ready. By the time it strikes, you already know what time it is. The gong just makes it official."

There was an extra lot of visiting going on both in Cornish and in the neighboring town of Plainfield before the special town meeting on the doctor proposal. Ever since old Dr. Hughes died six years ago, both towns had

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

been without a doctor of their own, and sending to Windsor or Claremont cost $5 to $15 a call—when you could get anybody to come. Doctors in these larger towns were run ragged taking care of their own, and, in the winter, snow and ice sometimes blocked the roads for hours.

People wanted the new doctor all right, and visits he made to both towns convinced them he was their kind of doctor—a New Hampshire boy, Dr. Thomas Nagle, who got his majority with the Army Medical Corps after four years in the Pacific. But the idea of guaranteeing his income out of taxes took a bit of studyin'.

"Why can't he make his own way," people wanted to know; "take his chances like anybody else?"

"It's like askin' people over to dinner," said one woman, "and passin' out restaurant meal tickets in case they don't like what you give 'em."

Figuring Out the Salary

Then there was the money—$5,000. A farm family in these parts is doing very well if their combined labor brings in half that much cash the year around. In the professional class, the minister who handles both the Baptist and Congregational churches makes only a fraction of that, and Cornish's seven schoolteachers all together earn only a couple of hundred dollars more than $5,000.

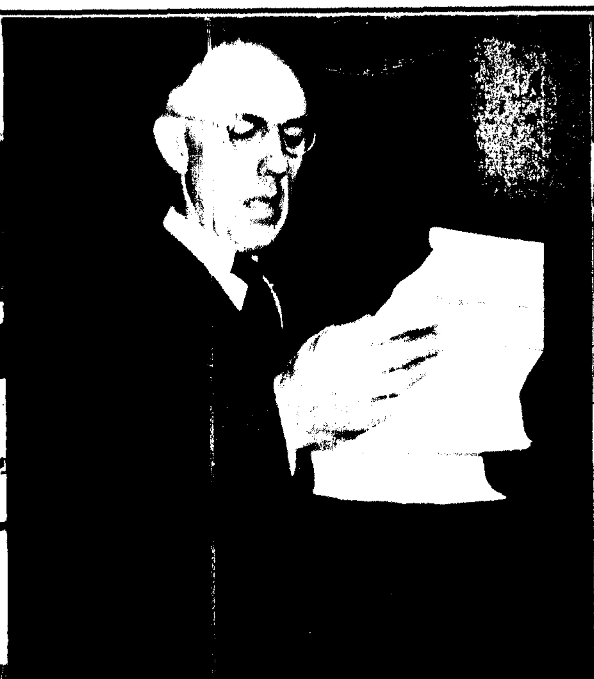
In the actual town meeting, the money part of it was quickly settled by simple arithmetic. The loan guarantee would raise taxes 6 cents on $100, or $18 on the average assessed value per family. As Clyde Bailey rose to point out: "It costs about $7 from my place to get a doctor. Most of us would make up the extra tax on a few calls." (The proposal fixed the new doctor's fees at $2 per office visit, $4 per home call no matter how far.)

But families who live just across from Claremont or Windsor didn't have the same problem. Why should they have to help foot the bill? Tom Nichols, who lives just across the river from Windsor, where he's superintendent of a manufacturing plant, got up to answer that one:

"I think we should remember this is for the good of the whole community. A person up in the hills has just as much right to a doctor as a person down by the bridge. We have a lot of children coming up who will need care. I'd like to have people think of that when they vote."

As for the threat to free enterprise, Joe Woodward, a Pacific veteran turned carpenter, brought up a very delicate point: "The farmers in this town have received subsidies and other help from the government. If that isn't an inducement to stay on the farm, ladies and gentlemen, what is it?"

(Continued on page 43)



Moderator Herb Deming reads "warrant" listing issues to be decided in meeting

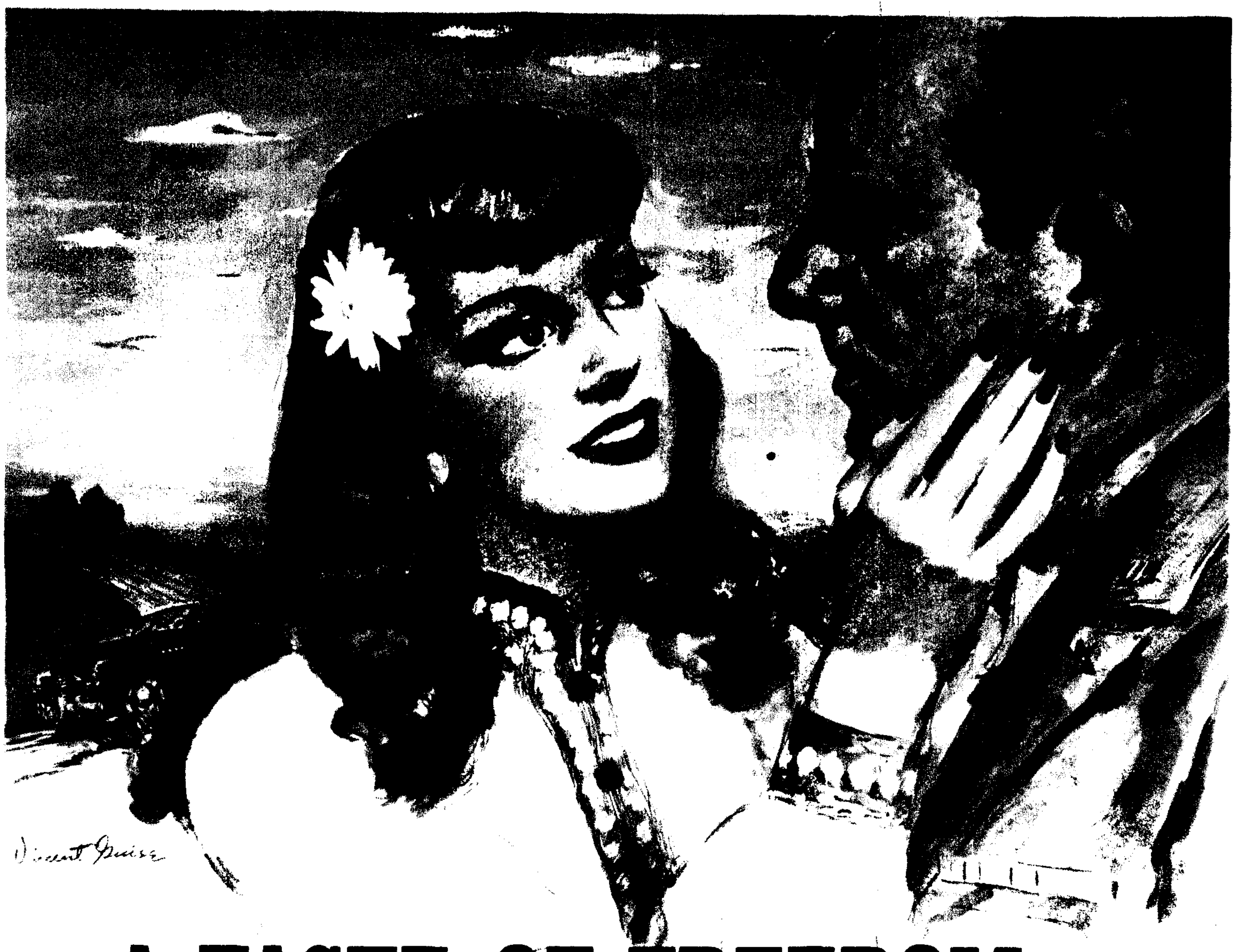
Show me! Town-meeting voters betray few feelings, aren't easily swayed

After Army discipline, young vets like to have their say, introduce liberal views

Old-timers: Junius Cole (right) once drove Cornish-Windsor stagecoach

Woodpile in town house gives this voter chance for a little private "studyin'"

Time for decision: Once man casts vote, he's bound by majority will



Micheline put the flower in her hair, then raised her hand and touched my cheek. I don't know why, but her simple gesture affected me deeply

A TASTE OF FREEDOM

BY ALLAN PARIS

The story of a man who found no profit in exchanging love for emancipation

THE day it happened I felt grumpy. I was living in a hotel because my wife had died three years before, and I opened the door and collected the vacuum bottle of coffee and the rolls that the bellboy leaves for me, and the paper. The phone rang. I snarled hello and it was Helen.

"Tom!" she said in a furry voice. "Come over. Please!". . .

Helen was waiting for me at the door when I arrived. Before I got my hat off she said:

"Tom! Harry's left me."

It was the middle of the morning and my stomach was upset and I was in no mood for jokes. I told Helen exactly that.

"It's true," Helen said quietly. "He's gone."

She sat down in a chair. She just sat there looking at me and her whole body was shaking.

Maybe it was because I can't get awake before noon, or maybe it's because I'm too cynical, but the whole thing seemed to me a scene from a very bad play. There she sat telling me that Harry had left her. It was preposterous. Harry was not the kind of man that leaves women. Helen was not the sort of woman men leave.

But there it was. I had to hand it to Helen. Here she was faced with probably the major tragedy of her life and she looked pretty good. I don't mean to say she looked dewy-eyed, because after all Helen was nearly forty, but she had taken the trouble to comb her hair. She was wearing a robe over a nightgown, and red slippers, and the robe was clean and pressed and her slippers looked new. Helen had a nice figure, not exactly girlish, but a nice middle-aged woman's figure. Helen always had had a good complexion; maybe some people would have thought it had too much color, but I always have liked women who look healthy. All I'm trying to say is that Helen was not slovenly, as she might well have appeared at ten o'clock on the morning her husband had left her. I noticed her hands. Her fingernails were clean.

"Helen," I said kindly, "you must have misunderstood Harry. He probably said he was going out for a walk, and being half awake, you thought he said that he was leaving you."

I thought I was being funny, because I couldn't get the fact through my head that Harry had really left Helen, but I guess it wasn't very funny. If Helen had said anything, had snapped back at me, it would have been better. Even if she had cried. Instead she just sat there staring at me and trembling. It was pretty awful. I have never seen anyone so shattered.

I had known Helen since high-school days. She had been a good-looking girl and I had had a crush on her myself. But she had always been Harry's girl, and my memories of my own youth were all tied up with memories of Harry and Helen. There had always been Helen and Harry, and none of us in school doubted that someday they would marry. They

(Continued on page 70)

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT GUISE

SANTA CLAUS WITH A HORN

BY GEORGE FRAZIER

JAMES CAESAR PETRILLO, president of the American Federation of Musicians, is almost as celebrated for his virtuosic command of profanity as for his ability to bamboozle the music, radio and phonograph industries. What makes this surprising is that Petrillo, whose rank and file embraces such disparate talents as those of Serge Koussevitsky, Evelyn and her Magic Violin, Spike Jones, and Peewee Russell, does not look like a blasphemous man. If, indeed, he were ever to lose his present occupation, which pays him $46,000 a year plus supper money, he could doubtless find seasonal employment as a department-store Santa Claus.

He is a benign-looking man of fifty-four with merry blue eyes, crinkly gray hair, a pink complexion, and a smile which women are apt to call sweet. He is five feet six inches tall, weighs around 170 pounds, and has a fleshy face and the parabolic middle of a confirmed beer drinker.

Outfitted in the cottony whiskers and the brick-red uniform of the Claus calling, he would have little trouble gaining the confidence of acquisitive children. Whether or not he would manage to hold the job, however, is another matter. For as a Santa, he would almost inevitably be attacked by precocious tykes beseeching him for musical instruments and by sniffling brats sneezing in his face. And, among other things, he is pathologically infuriated by germs and musically apt children.

The contrast between Petrillo's appearance and behavior frequently provides a shock for people meeting him for the first time. The Italian consul in Chicago had occasion to find this out in 1931 when he made the mistake of trying to hire a non-union band to play at a function.

When this was reported to Petrillo, who was president of the Chicago local, he was like a terrier suddenly deprived of its bone. In his fury he went so far as to cable Mussolini, an old union hand himself, imploring him to intercede. (Mussolini, by the way, replied by inviting him to Italy to talk the matter over.) Some nights later, after a compromise had finally been worked out, the consul was dining with a federal judge when Petrillo's name cropped up in the conversation. "He does not look like a bad man, but over the telephone he called me everything," said the consul. "He even called me a ——."

The judge nodded understandingly. "Listen," he said, "last week in his office Petrillo called me a ——— too."

"Jimmy's a real complex little character," one of his boys, as Petrillo possessively refers to paid-up members of the A.F.M., remarked admiringly not long ago. "He's a tough one to dig. One minute he's smilin' at you and the next he's cursin' hell outta you. And when it comes to cursin', he's the champ. One afternoon I heard him curse for half an hour without repeatin' himself once." Everything considered, Petrillo probably affords the most bewildering study in contrasts now on public display.

Petrillo would unquestionably be a more predictable little man if he did not adopt so personal an attitude toward almost everything. He is an unrelenting enemy of such a technological development as the juke box, but he would be miserable without such twentieth-century conveniences as the elevator and the flying machine. He is the highest-paid labor leader in the world (he makes more than the combined salaries of William Green and Philip Murray), but he is not above deploring unionism.

One afternoon during a New York City elevator strike he became stormy with indignation at the trouble to which he had been put. "I hadda walk down t'irty-four flights," he complained to a group in Toots Shor's, a nonunion restaurant which he has patronized pretty steadily. "It's hard on an old man like me. Those goddam unions! They'll ruin the country."

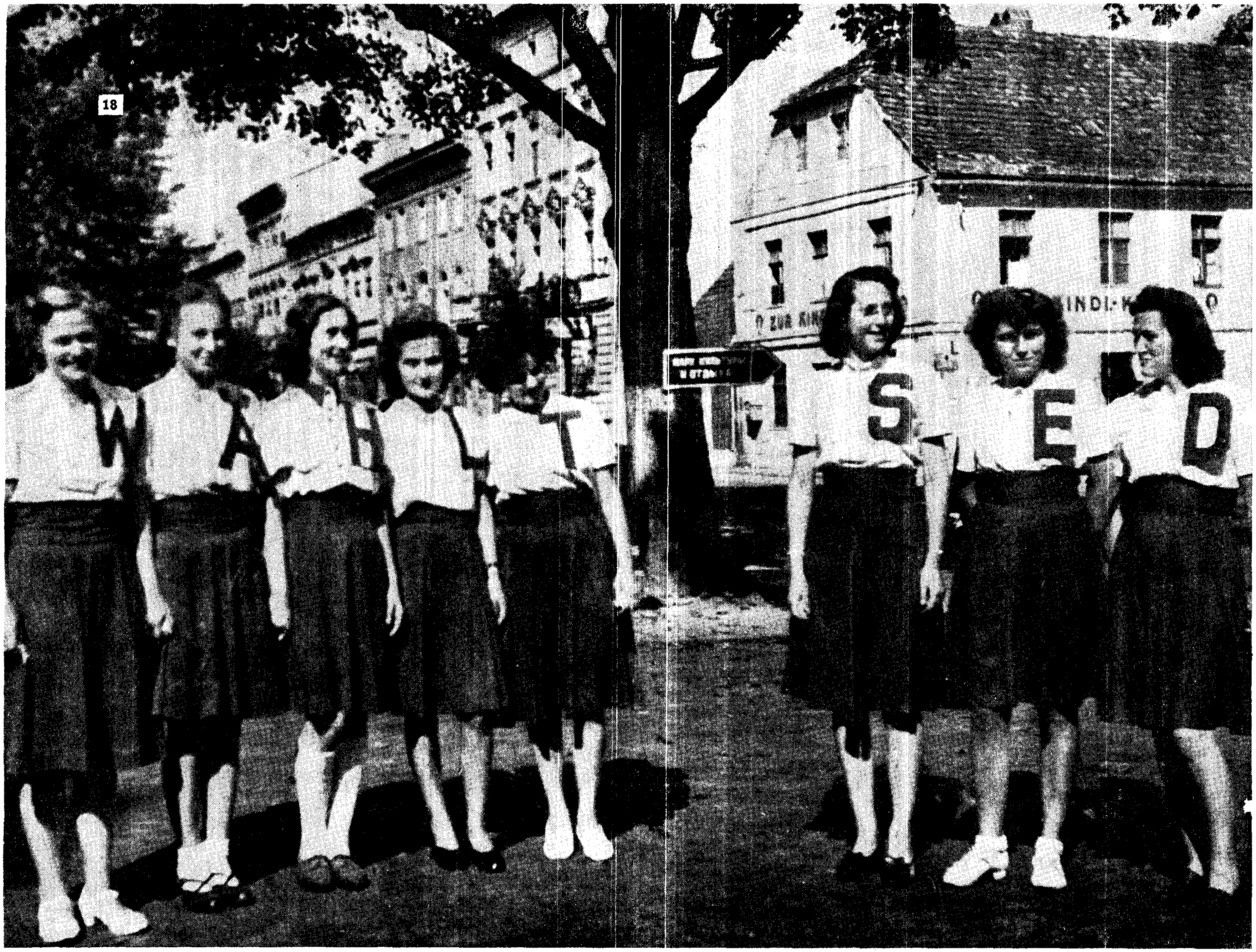
On another occasion he became livid when one of the officials of the New York A.F.M. local reprimanded the management of the Waldorf-Astoria—where he lives when in New York—for disregarding union law by piping music from the Starlight Roof to other parts of the hotel. "Goddammit, this is my home and this is the way I like it," he is supposed to have informed his dutiful, but rather flabbergasted subordinate.

Petrillo is as unpredictable toward individuals as he is toward principles. Although Westbrook Pegler is the most vituperative critic of the A.F.M. and its president, Petrillo sees no reason why this should prevent their being chummy. "Where's the little wop?" Pegler will inquire, striding up to the desk in the Waldorf-Astoria lobby, and a few minutes later Petrillo will come down from Room 1412 and join

(Continued on page 83)

INTERNATIONAL

Everything that James Caesar Petrillo does is done "for my boys . . . I don't hafta steal," he says indignantly, "when I need anything I just let my boys know and they give it ta me."



ACME

Despite tactics like use of these placarded misses, the Socialist Unity party failed to win recent German elections. Nevertheless it controls Russian-zone government

MOSCOW: PAY-OFF ON PEACE

BY SAMUEL LUBELL

SINCE Hitler became a corpus delicti, the Big Four powers—like so many competing Jehovahs—have been fashioning their occupation zones into the image of the Germany they would like to see. They have created four different Germanys, each of which stirs and breathes, but beyond that, any resemblance to real life is purely coincidental. In a freakish way, as baboons suggest humans, each dwarf Reich strongly resembles its creator.

These four robots will be with the Foreign Ministers when they assemble in Moscow to plunge into the decisive battle of the entire peace-waging—what to do with Germany. Figuratively, the ministers will be laying out their zonal creations on a common dissecting table and will try to make from these conflicting and near-lifeless anatomies one livable whole. Our occupation chief in Germany, General Lucius D. Clay, feels that success is possible.

"With Germany, unlike the Balkans, the Western powers hold the strongest bargaining hand," he said. "If we compromise at the right places, genuine economic and political unification is possible. One danger is the Soviets may set too high a price for unification. I'm also afraid we may not be willing to pay even a reasonable price."

By carefully examining what each nation has wrought in its zone, it isn't difficult to forecast the stands the ministers will be taking at Moscow. Can these clashing maneuvers and policies be reconciled? If not, what then?

For Americans, it is particularly important that these questions be answered now, prior to the Moscow parley, since the attitude of the American public could make—or break—possible agreement. Echoing General Clay's concern, a top State Department official recently confided, "Congress and the American people know so little about the detailed problems of a German settlement, we may find a pretty good agreement within grasp and yet be unable to accept it."

The stakes are nothing less than survival for the whole world. A really democratic, nonmilitaristic Germany might enable the Big Three to preserve their present crude balance of power long enough to fashion the U.N. into a lasting mansion of peace. The alternative is totalitarian slavery—either Communist red or reactionary black. Either would mean the death of liberty in Europe and a third World War.

Economically, the ministers face a similar choice: They may hit the jack pot of prosperity, by purging Germany's economy of war distortions and making her useful to all Europe, or restore Germany's former dominance on the Continent or etch out the battle fronts for an economic war which could regiment every nation's economy, including our own. Lenin once cracked, "Who rules Germany rules Europe," but he was behind the times.

Today it would be more accurate to say, "As Germany goes, so goes the world—and everyone on it."

At Moscow, American, Russian and British behavior will be that of split personalities. They will be trying to co-operate to prevent Germany's resurgence and at the same time, fearful of one another, will be competing to win Germany as an ally in a possible future war. Sharpening this Jekyll-Hyde conflict will be this tormenting dilemma: While none of the Big Three dares risk losing the battle of Germany, neither the Soviets nor the Anglo-Americans can be sure of winning that battle today. The pay-off is simply too distant.

For that reason each side's strategy at Moscow will call for retaining some foothold in Germany as a hedge against the final struggle, possibly a generation from now. Each side will be striving to rig the Fourth Reich's political and economic structure to give it a veto which would prevent the other side from winning Germany completely.

This battle of vetoes and footholds will center around the Russians and the British. In the Ruhr Valley, under British control, are concentrated roughly three fourths of Germany's coal and steel, the tightest package of war potential in the world.

Whoever sits at that push button can determine Europe's economic future; the Ruhr could also be rebuilt as a mighty Krupp cannon pointed at Russia.

Along the eastern front stand the Soviets, astride Germany's breadbasket. Last year while hunger filled the hospitals in the British zone, the Soviets turned several hundred thousand tons of potatoes into schnapps which they sold at a profit of 40 marks per bottle. By refusing to permit the surplus food and raw materials of eastern Germany to flow into the western zones, Russia, in effect, has been laying siege to the Ruhr, trying to starve the British into accepting Soviet terms and to starve the Ruhr's workers into Communism.

The Americans have tried the role of mediator. True, we and the British have fused our zones economically, and any showdown with Russia undoubtedly would find us side by side. Still, we have one special concern in Germany: to avoid being trapped in a perpetual Anglo-Soviet conflict. Ever scary as to how long Congress will continue to appropriate money for the occupation, we have worked pretty hard to pull both Russia and Britain out of Germany.

Our most ambitious effort so far was former Secretary of State Byrnes' proposal for a 40-year pact guaranteeing Germany's demilitarization. In Paris, when Byrnes revealed the treaty

• (Continued on page 46)

EUROPEAN

Lieut. General Lucius D. Clay, chief of U.S. occupation forces in Germany, has a plan for the Reich which may allow the Big Three to resolve their conflict

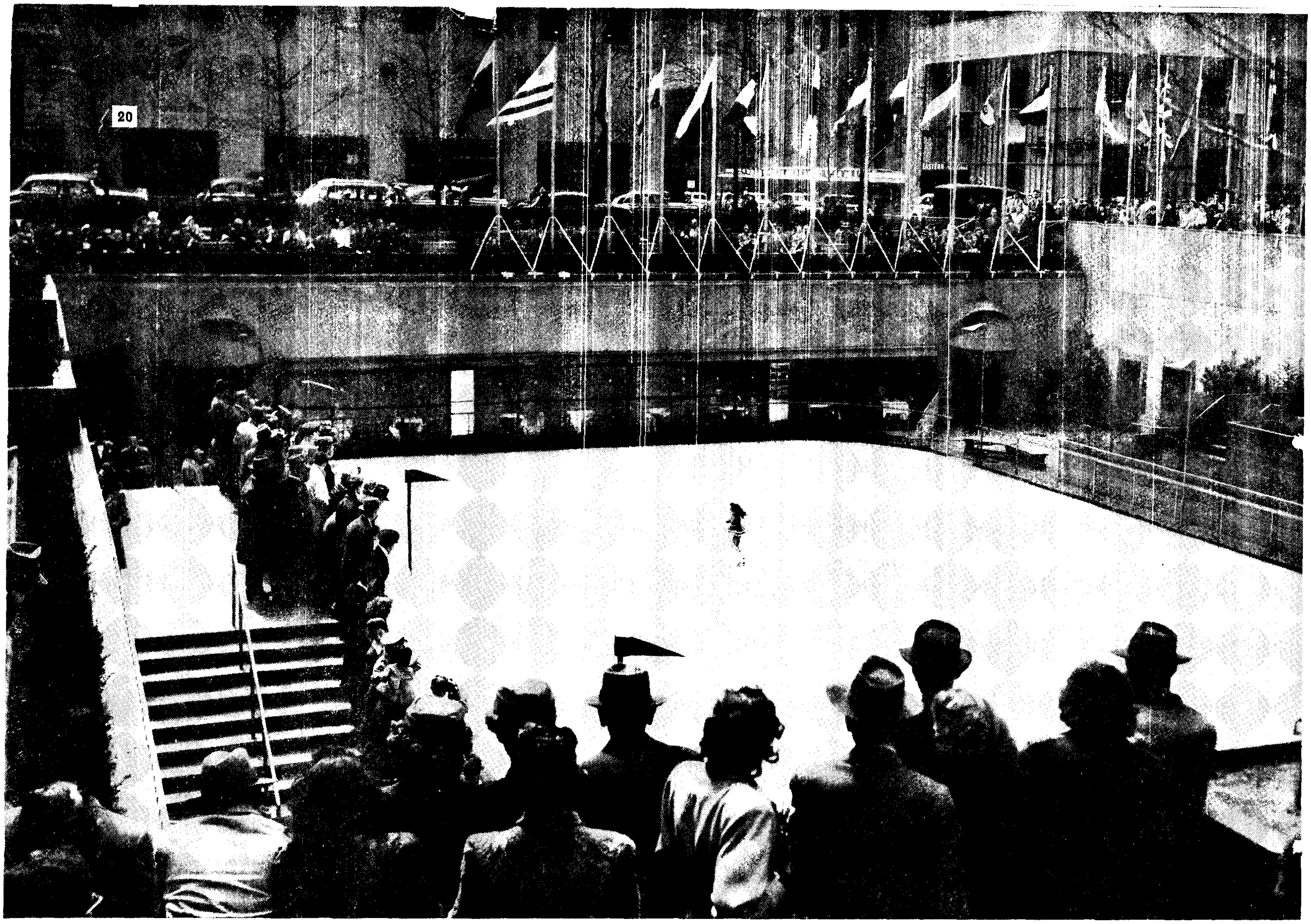
Germany, whose fate will be decided at the forthcoming Moscow Conference, will determine the peace of our times. In this battle of conflicting interests nobody can win completely, but everyone can lose

Kurt Schumacher, leader of the Social Democratic party, believes that "brother Socialists" in Britain gerrymandered his party out of control of Ruhr province

EUROPEAN

Conflicting interests and maneuvers of the Big Three in Germany have kept industry idle except for minor jobs such as making saucepans from helmets

BRITISH COMBINE



At the outdoor ice-skating rink in Rockefeller Center, New York, the ice is cleared for ten minutes, and little Ellie Sonneman puts on a solo performance. It's the best free show in town, and spectators line up three or four deep along the railing to watch the curly-headed youngster as she pirouettes on the ice

SKATING BABY

Little Ellie Sonneman leaps and whirls and dances on the ice like Sonja Henie. Only seven years old, she's the latest sensation of the rink

BY AMY PORTER

THIS is about a little seven-year-old girl who lives in New York. Unless you happen to be one of her mama's friends, you surely never heard of her before. You may never hear of her again. But there is a chance, a pretty good chance, that within the next few years you'll get to know all about this child, the way you got to know all about Shirley Temple, or the Dionne quintuplets. It depends on her parents—and her parents can't make up their minds what to do.

For this little girl is a prodigy. She has talents that most little girls don't have. Her I.Q rating puts her into the genius classification. She reads like a grownup, she plays the piano very well, she is a ballet dancer of professional quality. But the talent that gets her the most attention is in ice skating.

On the ice, little Ellie Sonneman is spectacular. The people who run the Rockefeller Center outdoor ice-skating rink in New York think so much of Ellie and her skating that they clear the ice for her every day at 2:50 P.M. and for 10 minutes they let her skate solo. When Ellie skates, people line up three or four deep around the railing above the rink to watch. It is something to see this tiny little curly-headed girl, hardly more than a baby, leaping and whirling and dancing on the ice just like Sonja Henie. It is the best free show in New York.

One day, just like in a story, a movie producer was one of the crowd watching Ellie, and a little while later her parents received an offer to put their remarkable daughter in the movies. They said no, Ellie's schooling couldn't be interrupted. Since then, there have been more offers, and phone calls from Hollywood, and agents around to the apartment, and telegrams, and it is all very unsettling to the Sonnemans.

"What would *you* do if it were *your* little girl?" Mrs. Sonneman keeps asking people. But asking doesn't help much because half of the people say, "I would *never* put a child of *mine* in the movies," while the other half say, "What a *wonderful* opportunity! Grab it!"

Mrs. Sonneman says the trouble is she looks at it first one way and then the other herself: "If we don't let her go ahead into the movies now, when she has a chance, won't she maybe blame us, later, for holding her back? But if we do let her turn professional maybe she'll become spoiled and unhappy."

The parents wonder, too, how their

course of action with Ellie may affect their other child, Andy, age three.

Mr. Sonneman, more strongly opposed to the movie idea than the mother, says, "Let's not rush Ellie. She's still such a little girl."

Occasionally the Sonnemans allow the child to do exhibition skating on an amateur basis, as at the Lake Placid ice carnival.

Meantime, Mrs. Sonneman keeps Ellie to her rigorous daily routine of ballet lessons, acrobatic lessons, piano and skating lessons. For natural talent alone did not make Ellie the prodigy she is. It took training, the best in New York, to develop her skills.

When you hear the way Mrs. Sonneman manages about the lessons, you get to thinking that the mother is even more of a prodigy than the child. She does every bit of the housework in her spacious six-room apartment with the exception of laundering sheets, shirts and towels. All the rest—cooking, scrubbing, washing—she does, along with caring for the children and taking Ellie to and from school and some twelve different weekly classes or practice sessions.

A high-school girl who takes Andy to the park is her only relief. Every day Mrs. Sonneman scrubs two bathrooms and the white linoleum on the 25-foot-long kitchen floor. On her hands and knees. She washes and irons the children's clothes as soon as they take them off—and her own clothes too. This means two washing sessions daily.

Because Mr. Sonneman is a traveling salesman, home only on Saturdays and Sundays, she can and does devote all of her waking weekday hours to work. No movies for her, no bridge playing, no beauty parlors, no visiting.

Her day runs by a schedule as inexorable and as complicated as that governing the comings and goings of trains in Grand Central Station.

When I telephoned for an appointment to see Ellie, Mrs. Sonneman had to get out her timetable to see which part of the day's program could best be sacrificed. She canceled Ellie's Saturday-afternoon ballet class. (The photographer was able to get the pictures accompanying this article by following the indefatigable Sonnemans around on a typical day.)

In Favor of False Teeth

Mrs. Sonneman ushered me into the living room to meet Ellie. Ellie said a quiet, polite how do you do, and, while her mother excused herself to attend to Andy, she showed me where she had lost two baby teeth, and said she certainly would like to have false teeth, and wouldn't I, because they fit so nice.

I said her permanent teeth would fit better, and we went on from there to the mean way big balloons break if you bump them against a light globe.

After Mrs. Sonneman persuaded Ellie to go get her little friend upstairs and go out to play, the mother told me how she and Ellie got started on their prodigious careers. From age two weeks on, Ellie was remarkable for her agility and muscular co-ordination. She walked at age seven months.

When Ellie was two, Mr. Sonneman said, "I'll bet she could roller-skate." So he bought the smallest size skates and had a shoemaker fit them onto shoes with a strap over the toe. The minute she got them on, Ellie skated like a big girl, and didn't fall down. At age three, the father, who is himself a fair athlete, tried her on ice. He sat her down at the edge of the rink and told her to wait while he took a turn around to get used to the ice himself. When he came back to her she said, "Now you sit down, Daddy, and I'll take a turn around." She sailed out on the ice with perfect confidence, and not once during the afternoon did she fall down.

Ellie skated without instruction until she was four, and then begged for lessons in fancy skating.

Meantime, she began to learn to read and count, and was so quick at it that people said she ought to be sent to the Hunter College school—the experimental school for New York's brightest children.

Ellie took the required psychological tests, and was one of the 20 children out of 5,000 candidates selected to start at Hunter that year. The school does not release the I.Q. ratings of its children, but every child there has an I.Q. of 150 or over—that is, exceptionally bright.

Lessons—and More Lessons

But even school and skating couldn't absorb all the restless energy possessed by Ellie. "So I began giving her more lessons, adding ballet and acrobatics and tap and music, one after another, and she did everything with ease, and no sign of strain."

By now little Andy was a year old, and Mrs. Sonneman's days began to fall into their present pattern, like this:

The alarm goes off at 6:45 A.M. Bathe, dress, tidy and dust the bedroom. Get the baby up and dressed while Ellie dresses herself and makes her own bed. Breakfast, 7:30. Ellie at the piano 8 to 8:30. Then walk Ellie to school, taking Andy along. Back home at 9:10. Wash dishes, wash clothes, scrub bathrooms and kitchen, prepare for lunch, carrying the clock from room to room so as not to waste a minute. Out of the house at 10:30, shop for groceries on the way to the playground, back at ten minutes of 12. Lunch and nap for Andy, prepare Ellie's skating things, polish her white skating shoes, press her skating and dancing outfits, get out her clean white gloves. Re-dress myself. ("I don't answer the phone in the daytime, it might throw me off.")

At 2 P.M. the high-school girl comes to take Andy to the park. Pick up Ellie and take her by bus to the skating rink. Skating, in winter, every day 2:30 to 4 P.M. At 4:30 P.M., after another bus ride, one of the many lessons. Spring and summer, indoor ice skating three times a week, and more lessons the rest of the time. Home at 5:10, in time to meet Andy coming home from the park. Bathe the children, brush and set Ellie's curls with bobby pins, give them supper in bed, a little reading from a storybook. Lights out for Andy, 6:30; for Ellie, 7 or 7:30. Dinner for me, wash dishes, wash and iron clothes, clean living room and foyer.

It is 9 P.M. now, and Mrs. Sonneman can do a few things for herself—read the paper, write a letter, fix a dress. Then to bed.

"I know," says Mrs. Sonneman, "this is the schedule of a neurotic woman, but I like it and it's the way I am. I guess I just have to do anything the hard way."

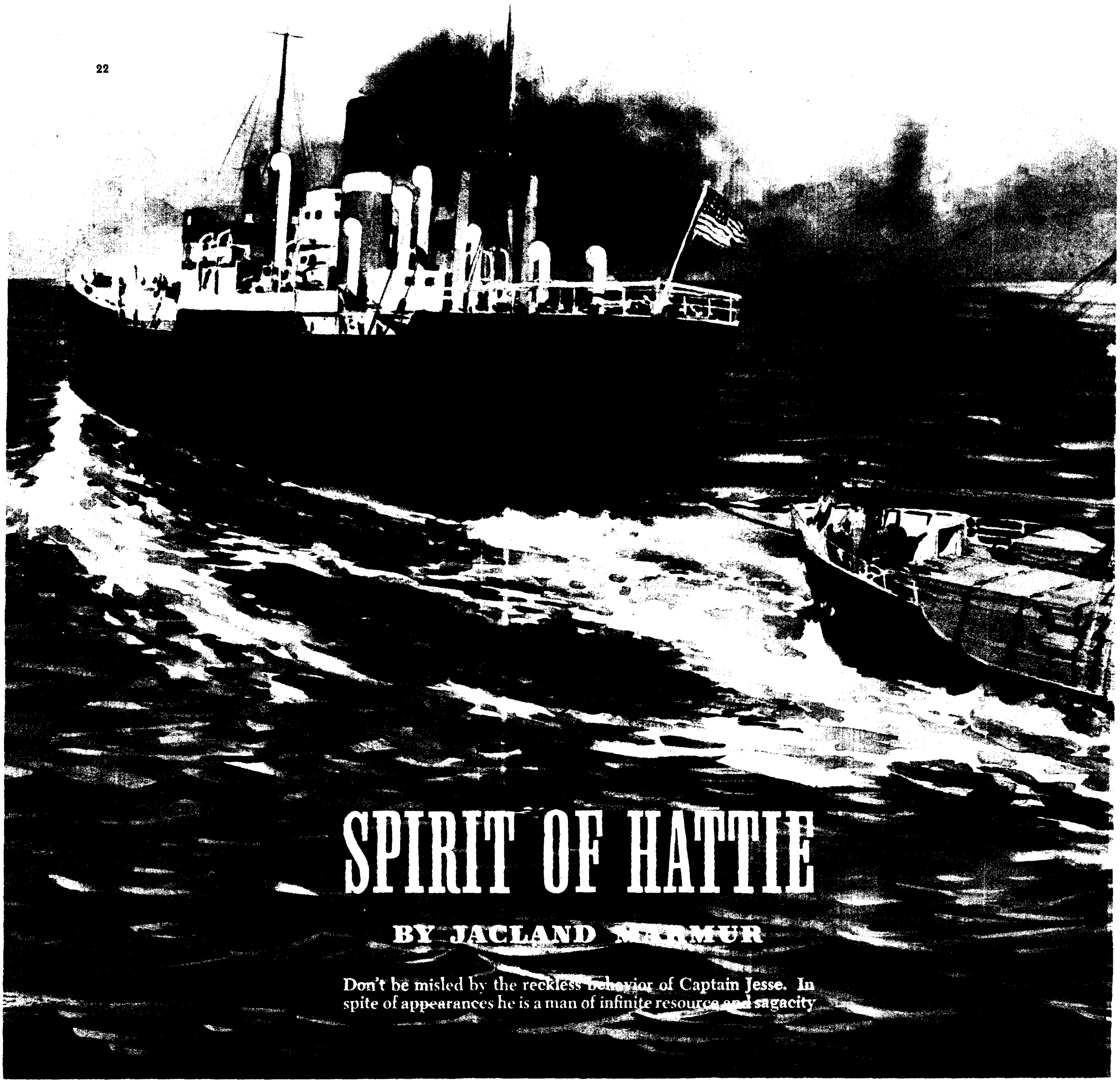
On Saturday evening, you'll be glad to know, the Sonnemans relax. That is, after the children are put to bed they leave a sitter in charge while they go out to dinner and maybe a show. ★★★

The children's evening bath is no chore. Ellie sees that Andy gets a thorough scrubbing and, along with it, both indulge in some bathroom horseplay

Ellie is a ballet dancer of professional quality as well as an excellent skater. She is a member of the advanced ballet class at the Metropolitan Opera

After a busy day Mr. and Mrs. Sonneman relax for a quiet evening while Ellie and Brother Andy pore over a magazine, which Ellie reads like a grownup

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'



SPIRIT OF HATTIE

BY JACLAND MARMUR

Don't be misled by the reckless behavior of Captain Jesse. In spite of appearances he is a man of infinite resource and sagacity

NO ONE but a proper West Coast lumber-schooner man could hope to understand what Jesse Blescombe did—and even he'd have trouble. Captain Jesse was a steady man, and there seemed to be no reason for his act. The sentimentalists, of course, will solemnly insist that poor Jesse just went nuts when Hattie died. Such an explanation, though, is silly and illogical, for Captain Jesse was a man of great and happy vigor. Certainly, he felt a normal sorrow, but he showed no sign whatever of any unnatural grief. The general opinion is that Jesse just got bored with pea-soup coastal fogs and the acrid smell of the lumber ports. After very nearly forty years, it isn't too unlikely.

Captain Jesse Blescombe took his cargo on board inside Slip Point at the Hartburn Lumber and Sawmill quay, just the way he always did. He sailed from Clallam Bay on Puget Sound, taking with him on the Makena's bows a seaward piece of the jetty fender, just the way he always did. And he was bound down coast for San Diego—the way he always was. Captain Jesse got there all right, the way he always did. But on the fateful trip in question it took him a mighty long time.

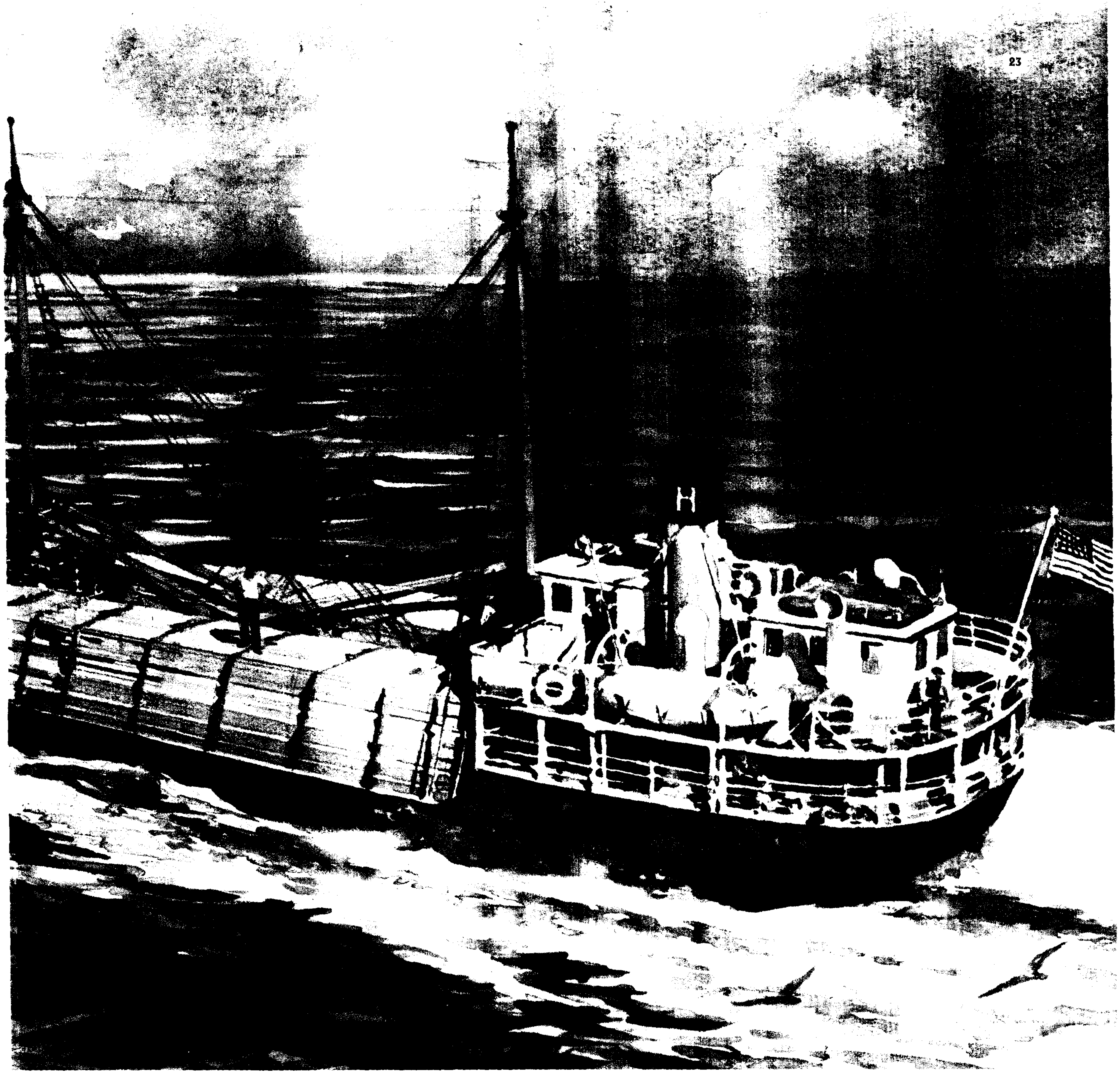
The Makena came wallowing out of the mouth of the Strait with her forest of booms all flying and her deckload still only half chain-lashed. They were taking coffee on the bridge in the wheelhouse lee, and everything was normal. Except, of course, there weren't any doughnuts. There couldn't be, because Hattie wasn't there. Like as not, that's what Jesse was mulling over in his mind as he gulped what was left in the mug and dropped it into the forward rack. He took a quick look at the Flattery Light, decided it was close enough abeam, and poked his head in the wheelhouse door.

"Okay, Pete," he said. "Bring her south by west an' a quarter west."

The helmsman spun the wheelspokes, knowing the courses by heart. Grinning a little, he called back absently, "Steady on one-nine-five."

"Damn' newfangled notions," Captain Jesse growled. "Yeah, that's right. A hundred-ninety-five." He moved over to the whistle rope and solemnly pulled it down for three hoarse blasts, long-drawn and deliberately spaced in the ancient signal of salute at sea. Then he drew the stumpy briar from his mouth, spat overside, and pointed his pipestem off toward the crest of an ocean swell rolling in midway between Tatoosh Island and the lightship on the Swiftsure Bank. "Right there," he murmured ruefully, "is where we buried Hattie. Comin' home last trip, it was. Remember, Daniel? Right over there."

BY PERCY LEASON



When the line was fastened, the Makena headed for Honolulu—the finest run of her long career

"I remember it very clear," said Daniel McCoon, the chief engineer. "And you did just right. Hattie would not have wanted to be buried nowhere else. She sailed with us too long. You got no cause to feel bad."

"I don't feel bad. I feel right good. She was the wife o' my bosom for forty-two long years. She just got tired, Daniel. She just got tired an' died. I wisht she hadn't, though." Captain Jesse lifted his battered old felt hat long enough to palm his bald, round, sunburned dome. Scratching the fiery bristles of his red mustache with his pipestem, he reflected *in mournful* memory, "Hattie always done the paper work."

"Don't you worry, Jesse. She was a powerful-minded woman. She left her mark in the ship. The spirit of Hattie will always be with you here."

"Sure will. Looka that goddam fog. Sure will."

Jesse put his forearms on the bridge rail and leaned down comfortably, observing the drifting wall of familiar vaporous mist. They were nesting the cargo booms on the lower deck, and Chips was taking up on the turnbuckles of the heavy lumber chains. The Makena had no such thing as an afterdeck. In proper steam-schooner style, her housings, her funnel and her engine room were as far back aft as the length of her little hull would permit, and hatches and cargo space all forward of the bridge. When empty, a steam schooner's bows always slope alarmingly heavenward, making of helmsmanship a hazardous problem in even the slightest sort of breeze—and the Makena was no exception. But loaded down into trim with fourteen feet of lumber piled on deck, Jesse Blescombe could have reached right down from the bridge to shake the bosun by the hand. If he wanted to. Which he didn't. The southwest wind was moaning. The sea began to whisper. The Makena began to bounce. And Captain Jesse's mild blue eyes had a most uncanny look.

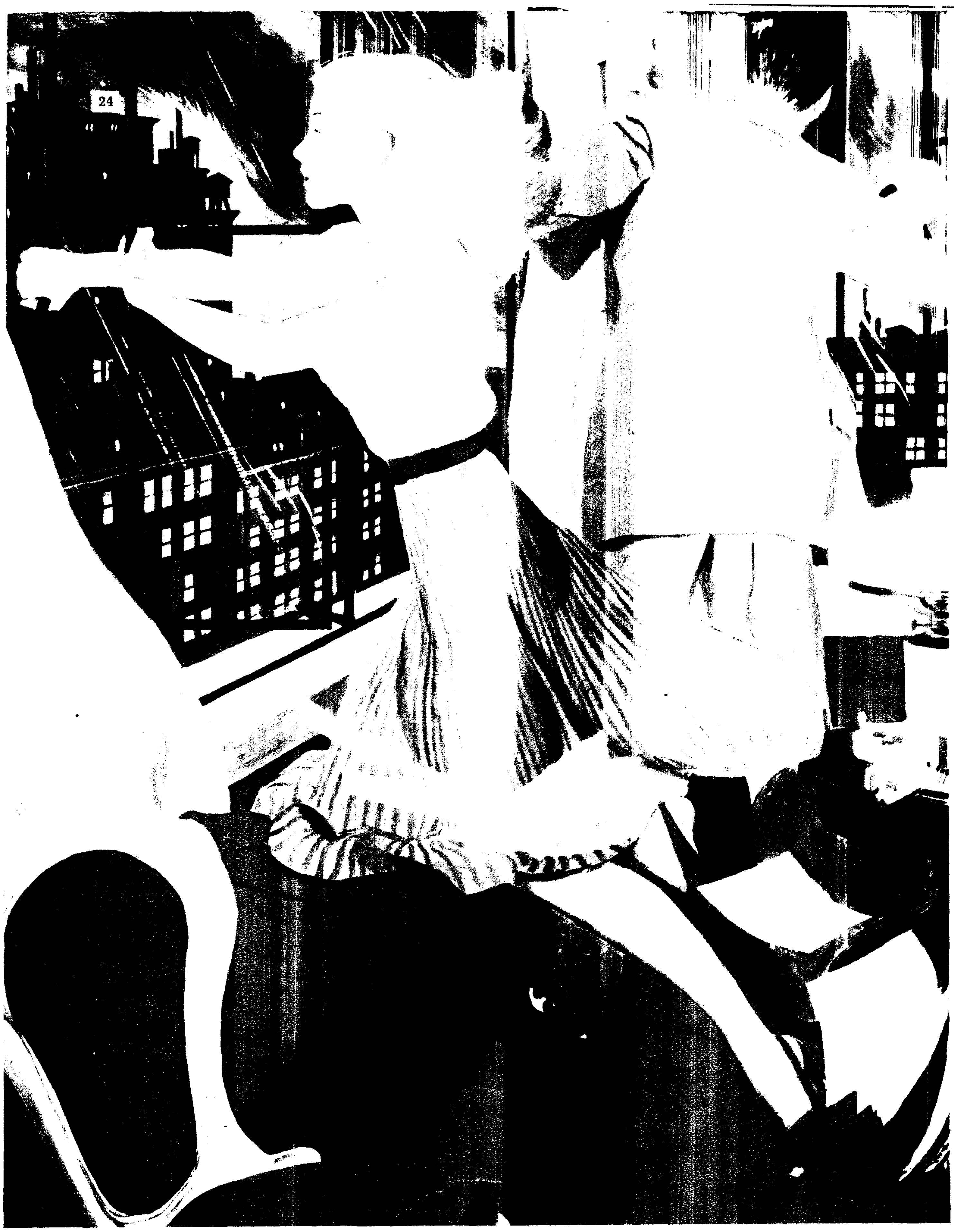
"I wonder," he wondered, "what's out there."

"Out there?" Danny McCoon, in the act of slapping a large and very black tobacco twist in his mouth for a hearty bite, remembered his brand-new upper teeth in the nick of time. He fished for his pocketknife instead. "Out where?"

"T'other side o' that fog."

"Umm-mm," said the chief engineer.

Captain Jesse was silent, his forearms idle on the rail. Jesse was a smallish man, heavy-set and sound as a winter *(Continued on page* 61*)*



With the rumble of thunder, they both rushed to close the windows as the rain began to come down in torrents

THE KISS-OFF

BY JAMES GOODING

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

The story of a man who played tag with love

IT WAS just past dusk when the tall young man let himself into the quiet apartment, switched on the foyer light, and opened the closet door. He hung his blue topcoat on a hanger, tossed his gray hat on the shelf, and turned toward the living room, pausing in the doorway.

You would have thought he was waiting for something.

He was wearing a notable, one-of-a-kind tie with a soft white shirt and a dark blue suit which paid casual but loving attention to his lean figure, and if he had hesitated like that in the entrance of a crowded restaurant a dozen women would have lost the threads of their escorts' conversations. But the rooms beyond the foyer were still and empty, and he swore softly at himself as he crossed to the bedroom, taking off his jacket.

Turning on lights as he went, he entered the bathroom and started a torrent of water running in the tub. Once, while undressing, he came swiftly out of the bathroom to the living-room door and stood listening. But there was no sound in the place except the roaring of the water.

He wished that he hadn't stopped to have that drink with Baker. Baker had gotten to chatting about women, and had remarked in exasperation:

"How do you do it, Don? With so many women out to marry a well-heeled guy like you, how the hell do you escape with never a scratch? When fellows with only half your income—and looks—get into the damnedest awkward situations?"

He had given an evasive, meaningless answer, knowing that actually he must thank the kiss-off.

He named it "the kiss-off" because it went so much further than the ordinary brush-off. Using the kiss-off was like taking dope. It was a trick, a shallow trick, for which he actually despised himself; still, it was such a simple solution to an ever-recurring problem that he reverted to it time and again, after swearing not to. That was why he had felt a shock when Baker's innocent question made him realize that this time he was waiting for the chance to use it, listening for the sound of the telephone.

Not that it didn't ring. It rang frequently, and the voices coming over the wire were gay, party-invitation voices, or apologetic, sorry-to-call-you-at-home-old-man business voices, or silken, little-dinner voices, or convivial, hearty voices. But none was the voice which he knew must call once more—and didn't.

Of course, he was glad she didn't call.

But it wouldn't last. The time would come when she could contain herself no longer. Then the muted bell would sound its quiet soprano. He would pick up the phone, balancing himself on the back of the crimson leather sofa before the white-framed fireplace.

"Hello!"

"Hello!" the caller would say. "Is that you, Don?"

He would recognize her voice immediately. She always spoke in a quick, breathless manner, like someone terribly shy who had gathered courage to force the words out, all together.

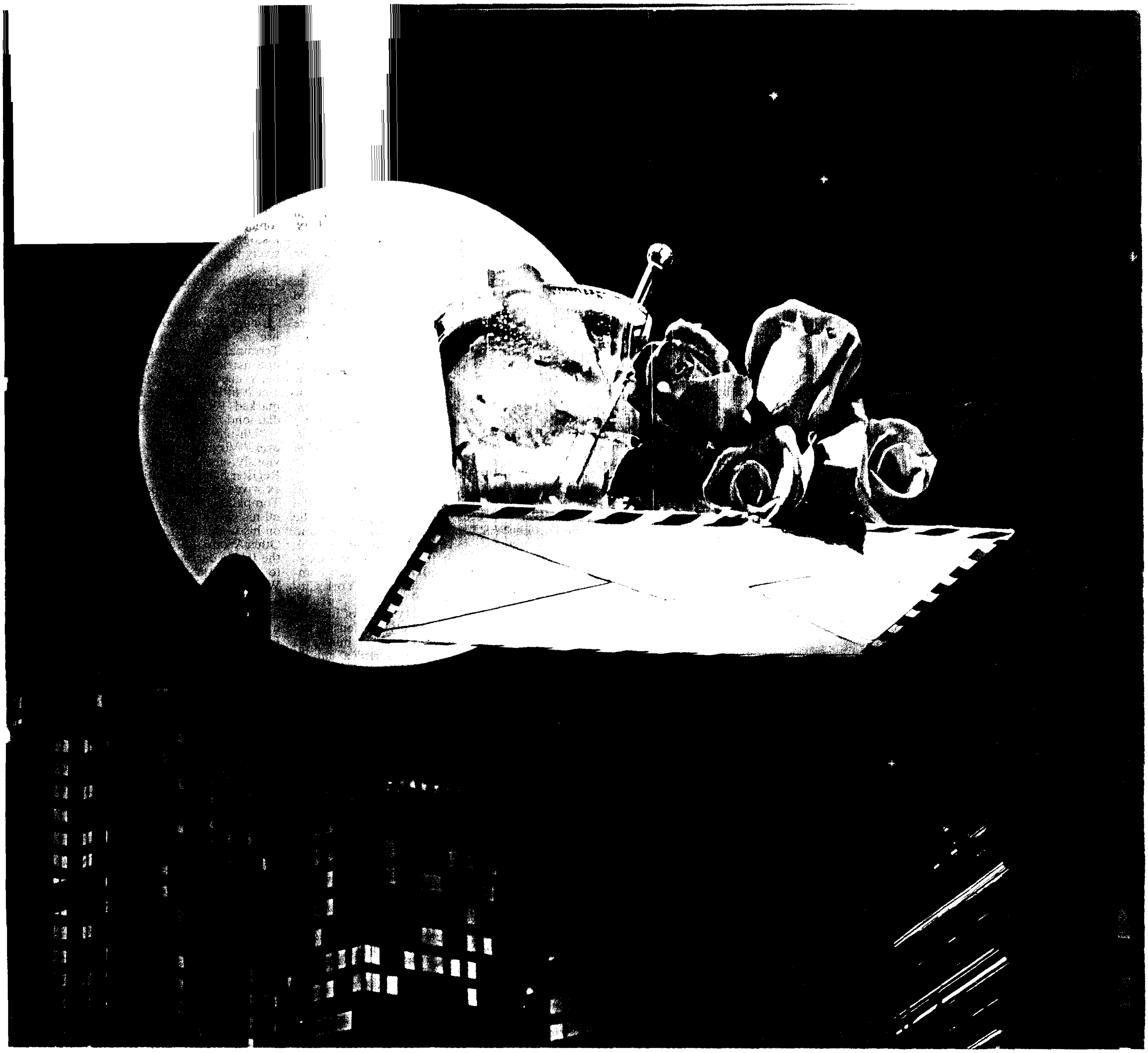
But he would ask, "Who is it?"

"It's Joan, Don. Don't you know my voice?"

"Why, Joan! How are you? I've been intending to call. What are you doing with yourself these days?"

Her answer would be unimportant.

(Continued on page 50)



Great idea, but—

IT WOULD BE A GREAT IDEA if we could whisk a superbly delicious Four Roses Cold Toddy off to you by air mail special delivery! But . . .

We're sorry to say that it's just one of those fond dreams that could never, never work out. So, if you'd like to savor the magnificent smoothness of a "Roses Toddy," we suggest you simply make one for yourself.

Here's the easy recipe:

1. Into a large Old-Fashioned glass, put ½ teaspoon of sugar and ½ jigger of water.

2. Add 2 ice cubes and pour in a generous jigger of Four Roses.

3. Twist a strip of lemon peel over the drink and drop it in. Stir gently.

We sincerely believe you'll agree—after the first sip—that Four Roses is an incomparable whiskey, with a matchless flavor all its own. Why not try a "Roses Toddy" today?

• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey—95.5 proof, 40% straight whiskies 5 years or more old, 60% grain neutral spirits.

FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

Frankfort Distillers Corporation,
New York City

FOUR ROSES
FINE BLENDED WHISKEY

YELLO-BOLE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

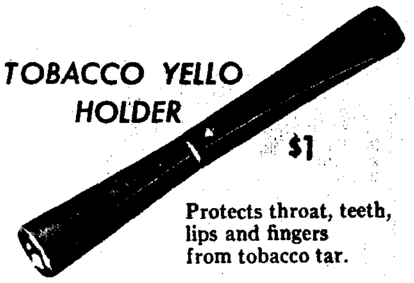
HONEY
KB&B
PREMIER $2.50
Billiard Shape

A Honey of a Smoke

Mild, gentle and fragrant when you first light it, and it stays that way. Yello-Bole "starts sweet," there is no period of "breaking it in" because of the honey-treatment which each pipe receives. The honey in the bowl "tones" smoke, forms a fragrant cake which keeps on curing subsequent smokes. Try a Yello-Bole and enjoy real pipe pleasure. The pipe with the yellow bowl. $1, $1.50 and $2.50 at dealers. Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 20.

STANDARD $1 ◎ this mark on stem
IMPERIAL $1.50 ◎ this mark on stem
PREMIER $2.50 ∞ this mark on stem

TOBACCO YELLO HOLDER
$1



Protects throat, teeth, lips and fingers from tobacco tar.

THE RAT RACE

Continued from page 12

Tolan. "Here, Tammy, another Scotch and soda for Mr. Tompkins. A double one."

Tompkins! My head ached. I stood up and walked across the room to study my reflection in the mirror behind the bar. Instead of my painfully familiar freckled face and skinny frame, I saw a red, full-jowled face with bags beneath the watery blue eyes, set on a distinctly portly body which was cleverly camouflaged by impeccable tweeds of the kind specially made up in London for the American brokers' trade.

"Like yourself?" asked Tolan.

"I look like hell!" I muttered. "Well, tell me this, Ranty: What happened to Frank Jacklin? Or is that part of the gag?"

Tolan turned and stared at me with an official glitter in his Navy (Reserve) eye. "Jacklin? *He* was at Kwajalein with me, now that I think of it. A skinny s.o.b., wasn't he?"

"I wouldn't say that," I hotly rejoined. "I thought he was a pretty decent sort of guy. Where is he?"

"Jacklin? Oh, he got another half stripe last January and was given some screwball assignment which took him out of touch.

"Say," Tolan added, "you always did have a Jacklin fixation but you never had a good word to say for him. What did he ever do to you, anyhow? Ever since I've known you, you've always been griping about him, especially since he got into uniform."

I took my drink and sipped it attentively. Whatever had happened to me since the bomb burst off Adak, this was Scotch and it was cold, so I doubted that this place was hell. Probably it was all a dream in the last split second of disintegration.

"Thanks, Ranty, that feels better. Now I've got to be going."

"Winnie," drawled one of the brokers, "tell us who she is this time! You ought to stop chasing at your age and blood pressure, or let your friends in on the secret."

"This time," I said, "I'm going home."

My questioner looked meaningly at his companions. "Oh-oh!" he said.

THE steward came around from the bar and helped me into a fine fur-lined overcoat, which I assumed was the lawful property of Winnie Tompkins.

"There were two telephone messages for you, sir, while you were dozing," he said.

"Who were they from, Tammy?"

"The first one, sir, was from the vet's to say that Ponto—that would be your dog, sir—would recover after all. He was the one that had distemper so bad—I remember you told me that he was expected to die any minute. Well, now, the vet says he will recover. The second call, sir, was from Mrs. Tompkins. She asked if you had left for your home."

"What did you tell her, Tammy?" I asked.

"Why, what you told me, sir, of course, when you came in, sir. I said that you hadn't been in all day, but that I would deliver any messages."

Wait a minute, Jacklin, I said to myself. Let's figure this one out. We were blown up on the Alaska, off the westernmost Aleutians, and now we find ourselves at the Pond Club, in New York City, masquerading in the flabby body of Winnie Tompkins. This must be purgatory, since nobody who has ever been there would call the Pond—or, as the initiates prefer, the Puddle—either heaven or hell. This is one of those damned puzzles designed to test our intelligence. My cue is to turn in the most convincing possible performance as Winnie Tompkins, who has undoubtedly been sent to perdition. If we pass, we'll be like the rats the scientists send racing through mazes: We'll get the cheese and move on up. If we flunk, we'll be sent down, as the English say. Ingenious deity, the Manager!

"Tammy," I said, "will you get me the latest Social Register?"

"Certainly, sir."

I sat down by the door and thumbed through the testament of social acceptability as measured in Manhattan. There I was: *Winfred S. (Sturgis) Tompkins. Born, New York City, April 27, 1898. St. Mark's School, Southboro, Mass., 1914. Harvard, A.B. 1918. Married: Miss Germaine Lewis Schuyler, of New York City, 1936. Clubs: Porcellian, Pond, Racquet, Harvard, Westchester Country. Residence: "Pook's Hill," Bedford Hills, N. Y. Office: No. 1 Wall Street, N. Y. C.*

"Thanks, Tammy," I said.

Then I reached inside my coat and pulled out the wallet I found inside the suave tweeds. It was of ostrich-hide with W.S.T. in gold letters on it, and contained—in addition to some junk which I didn't bother to examine—sixty-one dollars in small bills and a new com*mutation ticket between New York City* and Bedford Hills, N. Y.

So far, so good. My sense of identity was building up rapidly. I felt in my trousers pocket and found a bunch of keys and about a dollar and a half in silver. I peeled a five-dollar bill from the roll in the wallet and handed it to the club steward.

"This is for you, Tammy, and a happy Easter Monday to you. If anyone calls, you haven't seen me all day."

"Thank you very much, sir, I'm sure," he said, pocketing the five-spot with the effortless ease of a prestidigitator or headwaiter.

I strolled out to the street—dusk was beginning to darken the city and already there were lights burning in the office windows—and walked across to the corner of Park Avenue. I walked south toward Grand Central. As I turned down Vanderbilt Avenue, I noticed something bulky in my overcoat pocket. I stopped and dragged out two expensively tidy packages, with the Tiffany label on them. One was inscribed "For Jimmie" and the other "For Virginia."

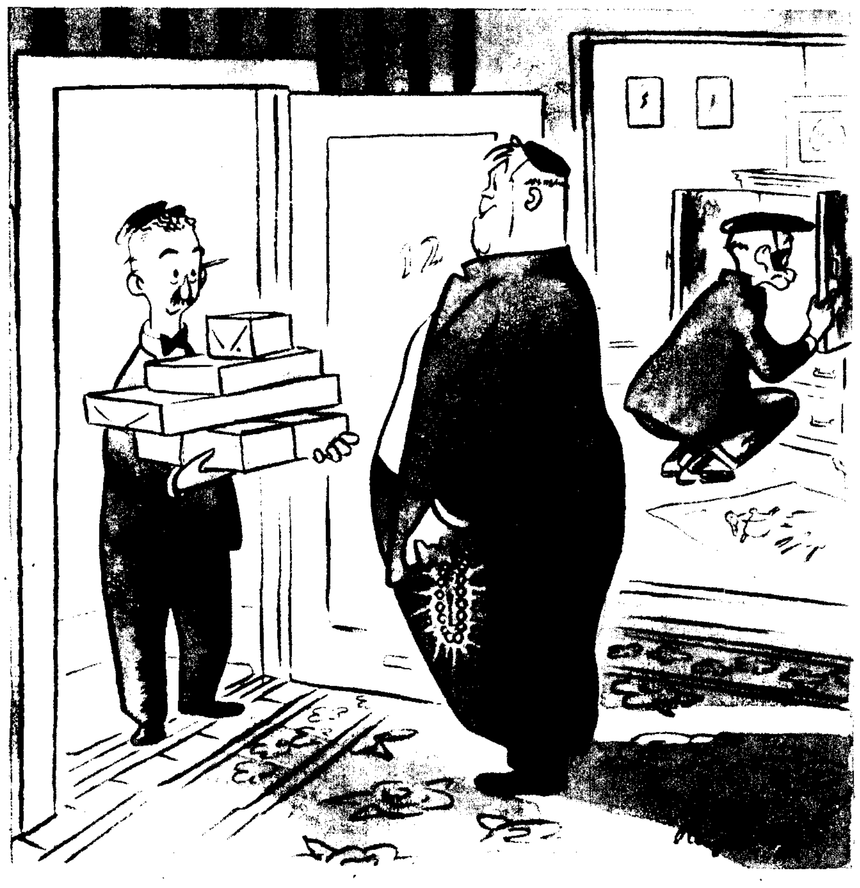
THIS represented a new puzzle—perhaps a trap—so I paid a dime for the use of one of the pay toilets in the Terminal and unwrapped my find. The one marked for "Jimmie"—who might be, I guessed, my wife Germaine—was a neat little solid-gold bracelet. The one marked "Virginia" contained a lavish diamond brooch.

"Uh-uh!" I shook my head. Whoever "Virginia" might be, she was obviously not my wife, and the Social Register had not mentioned any children, ex-wives or such appertaining to Winnie Tompkins. We can't have Winnie start off his new life by palming off mere gold on his wedded wife and diamonds on the Other Woman, I decided. So I switched the labels on the packages and returned to circulation in time to catch the 4:45 *Westchester Express. Burying my face* in a newspaper, I sat down in the smoker, directly behind the baggage compartment. The train was fairly crowded but I was able to find a seat far forward where few passengers could see my face. I decided that my strategy had been sound when the conductor, on punching my ticket, remarked: "See you're not using the club car today, Mr. Tompkins. Shall I tell Mr. Snyder not to wait for you for gin rummy?"

"Don't tell him a thing, please," I begged. "I'm feeling done in—a friend of mine was just killed in the Pacific—and I don't want to be bothered."

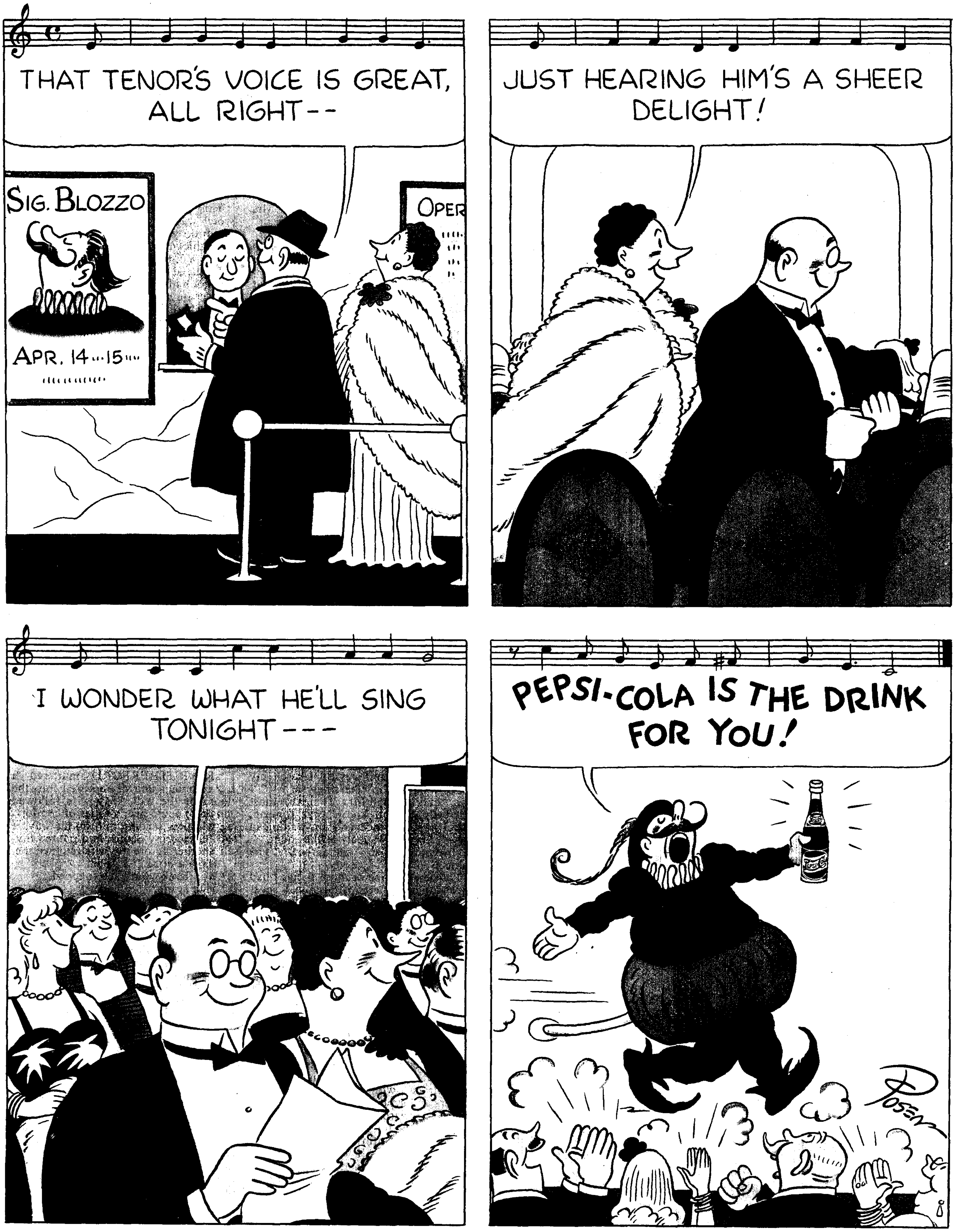
He clucked consolingly and passed on. I was lucky enough to reach Bedford

BUTCH by **LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Th' people next door ain't home? Why certainly we'll take th' packages in, my good man"

COLLIER'S


THAT TENOR'S VOICE IS GREAT, ALL RIGHT--
SIG. BLOZZO
APR. 14...15...
OPER
JUST HEARING HIM'S A SHEER DELIGHT!
I WONDER WHAT HE'LL SING TONIGHT---
PEPSI-COLA IS THE DRINK FOR YOU!
PEPSI-COLA
ROSEN

I'm Just The Guy Your Sister "No's"!
JUDY NOT ONLY NO'S ME—SHE EMPHASIZES THE NEGATIVE! I'LL BET IT'S THAT OUT-OF-TOWN WOLF WHO CROWDED ME OFF HER CALENDAR!
YOU'RE LOOPY, JIM! BAD BREATH DID THAT! BETTER SPRINT FOR YOUR DENTIST'S, AND GET "IN THE KNOW"!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
NOW JIM'S THE ONLY GUY MY SISTER KNOWS!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM twice a day and before every date!

Hills without other encounters and walked along the darkened platform until I spied a taxicab.

"Can you drive me out to my place?" I asked the driver.

"Sure, Mr. Tompkins. Glad to," he replied. "Goin' to leave your coop here?"

I nodded. "Yep. I'm too damned tired to drive home." I climbed into the cab and settled back.

Now for my first meeting with the woman I had married nearly ten years ago, according to the Social Register.

A PRETTY, dark-haired maid opened the door of Pook's Hill. "Oh, it's you!" she remarked. "Shall I tell Mrs. Tompkins you're here?"

"And why not?" I asked.

She looked at me slant-eyed. "Why not, sir? She musta forgotten to eat an apple this morning. That's why."

"Where shall I dump my hat and coat, Mary?" I asked, guessing wildly at her name. Suburban maids were named Mary as often as not.

"The name is Myrtle, Mr. Tompkins," she replied bitingly.

"From now on, Myrtle, you shall be Mary so far as I am concerned. And where, Mary, shall I leave my hat and coat?"

"In the den, sir, of course. Come, I'll help. You've been drinking again."

The girl moved provocatively close to me as she helped me off with my things.

"This way, Mr. Tompkins," she said sarcastically. I rewarded her with a half-hearted smack which brought the requisite "Oh!" You never can tell when you will need a friend belowstairs and it was obvious that Winnie had been trifling with her affections. That sort of thing must stop, if I was going to get anywhere in my run through the maze. Too abrupt a change in the manners and morals of Winfred Tompkins, however, might arouse suspicion.

"Any news today, Mary?" I asked.

"Nothing, sir, except that Ponto is better. And Mrs. Tompkins, as I said, forgot to eat her apple."

I looked at her. This was a cue. I mustn't miss it.

"And the doctor didn't keep away?" I asked.

"Him? I should say not! Mrs. Tompkins felt quite unsettled, right after lunch and phoned Dr. Rutherford to come over. He's with her now, upstairs." She rolled her eyes significantly.

"Wait a few minutes till I catch my breath and get my bearings, Mary," I said, "and then tell Mrs. Tompkins most discreetly, if you know what I mean, that I have returned and am waiting in my—" I waved vaguely at the room.

"In your den, sir," she agreed. "The name is Myrtle."

The den was one of those things I had never attained, perhaps because I never wanted to. There was a stone fireplace, over which the antlered head of a small stag presided with four upturned feet—like a calf in a butcher shop. The walls were lined with books—books in sets, with red Morocco and gilt bindings: Dickens, Thackeray, Robert Louis Stevenson, Dumas, Balzac—all highly respectable and mostly unread. Above the shelves, the walls were adorned with etchings of ducks: ducks sitting, ducks swimming, ducks nesting, ducks flying and ducks hanging dead.

In one corner of the den my still unregenerate Navy eye discerned a small portable bar, with gleaming glasses, decanters and syphons. Further investigation was rewarded by the makings of a very fair Scotch and soda. I had settled down most comfortably on the broad leather divan when I was interrupted by an angry tenor voice.

"I say, Tompkins," soared the voice. "I thought we had agreed to be civilized about this thing."

I raised my head to see a lean, dark-haired, dapper little man, with a dinky little British Raj mustache and a faint odor of antiseptics, glaring at me from the doorway.

"Dr. Rutherford, I presume!" I remarked.

"Yes, Winnie," came a pleasant but irritated womanly voice from somewhere behind the doctor, "and I too would like to know what this means."

"Is that you, Jimmie?" I guessed.

"Of course it's me! Who else did you expect? One of those flashy blondes from your office?"

"Sh!" shushed the doctor reprovingly. "What about Virginia? What have you done with her?"

This required serious thought. The Scotch was a good alibi for amnesia. "To whom do you refer?" I asked, putting a slight thickness into my voice.

"To Virginia, my wife!" he snapped. "We agreed—it was understood—"

I shook my head virtuously. "I haven't set eyes on her all day," I said. "I don't know where she is and I refuse to be held responsible for her in any particular. She's your lookout, not mine."

"Why, you—!" The doctor started forward, menacing me with his surgical little fists.

"Wait a minute, Jerry," the contralto voice ordered. "Let me handle this!"

Germaine Tompkins stepped into the room. "Tell me, Winnie," she asked, "has anything gone wrong?"

My wife was a tall, slim girl, with dark eyes, dark hair parted sleekly in the 1860 style, and a cool, slender neck. She was wearing something low-cut in black velvet, with a white cameo brooch at the V of a bodice which suggested a potentially undemure Quakeress. I noticed that she had angry eyes, a sulky mouth and a puzzled expression.

"I'm sorry, Jimmie," I replied, after a good look at her, "but I've decided I simply couldn't go through with it."

I took a long reflective pull at my drink.

"Do you mean to say—" Dr. Rutherford began, only to be hushed by Germaine. "Let me handle him, Jerry," she whispered. "You'd better go. He's tight. I'll phone you in the morning."

"All right, if you say so, dear," the doctor obeyed.

"And be sure to send me a bill for this call," I added. "Professional services and what not. And don't come back to my house without my personal invitation."

DR. RUTHERFORD muttered a comment and disappeared into the gloom of the hall. My wife followed him and I could hear a series of comforting whispers sending him on his way. I had finished my Scotch and poured myself another before my wife rejoined me.

"Have a drink?" I asked.

"No, thank you!" she snapped.

"Mad at me?"

"What do you think!"

"You have every right to be!" That answer, I had found by experience, was unanswerable.

"What do you mean?" she asked in some bewilderment. "Yes, thanks, I will have a drink after all. I thought after we had talked it all over the other night, after the Bond Rally dance, and realized how we felt about it all, the four of us had decided to be—well—civilized about things. And now—"

"I don't feel civilized about my wife," I said, pouring her a stiff one.

Her eyes glittered and her cheek was tinged with color. In spite of her anger, she responded to the idea of male brutes contesting for her favor.

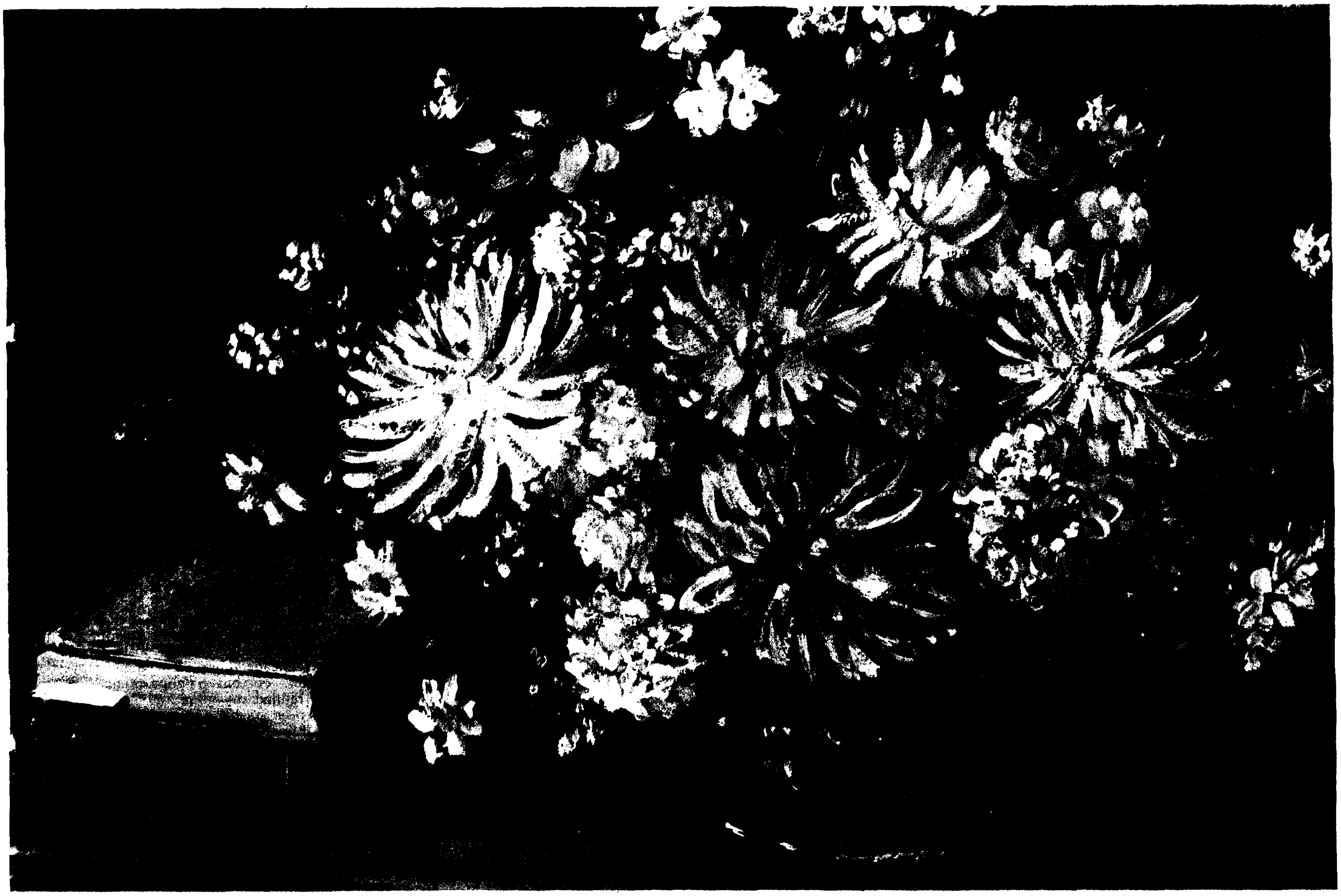
"I didn't think you cared a hoot," she said at last. "And it's pretty late in the day to make a change now. After all, there is Virginia to think of."

That was the cue to clinch the situation. "To hell with Virginia!"

She leaned forward and sniffed. "You *have* been drinking, haven't you?"

"Of course I have! Today, in town,

BY MEN WHO PLAN BEYOND TOMORROW



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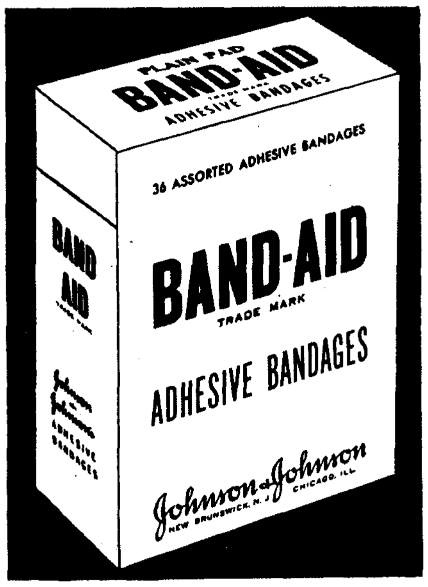
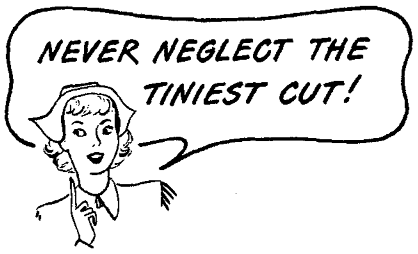
Another bouquet to enjoy is the delicate, *clean-tasting* character of Seagram's V.O. Canadian. Thanks to Master Blenders, this union of Canada's finest whiskies—none younger than 6 years—gives you a whisky of incomparable enjoyment. Legions of Americans have discovered this—around the corner or around the world. Tonight make it your own discovery...you'll tell your friends Tomorrow!

This Whisky is 6 Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.

Seagram's
V.O. Canadian

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND....OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES




NEVER NEGLECT THE TINIEST CUT!

All sparklers aren't Diamonds!

All adhesive bandages aren't **BAND-AID***

BAND-AID IS MADE ONLY BY Johnson & Johnson

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I suddenly realized what a damn' fool I'd been to throw away something really fine for something very second-rate. So I drank. Too much. And the more I drank the more I knew that I was right and that it was here that I belong with you. If you don't want me to stay, I'll go over to the Country Club for the night. I'll even phone Jerry Rutherford for you, but I'm damned if I'll go running back to Virginia!" ("How'm I doing?" I added silently for the benefit of the Master of Ceremonies.)

"Well," she said, after a long pause. "Perhaps—it's so mixed up—perhaps you'd better go to bed here and we can talk it over in the morning. All of us." Germaine's face relaxed. She smiled. "We'll see how things look to you in the morning," she said. "Myrtle didn't know you were coming back so I'm afraid there's nothing much to eat in the house."

Now was the time to play the trump card.

"Oh, yes," I said. "I brought home a present for you."

I walked over to the hanger in the corner and pulled the Tiffany packages from my overcoat pocket.

"Here you are, Jimmie Tompkins," I said, "with all my alleged love."

"Alleged is right!" But she picked eagerly at the wrappings and swiftly ferreted out the diamond brooch. "Why, Winnie, it's lovely—" she began, then whirled on me, her eyes blazing. "Is this a joke?" she demanded.

"Of course not!" I said. "What's the matter?"

Her laugh was wild. "Oh, nothing, Winnie. Nothing at all. It's just that you should have decided to give me—on *her* birthday—a brooch with her initials in diamonds. See them! V.M.R."

So that's the catch, I thought. And then I thought again. "Don't you see what I mean," I grated, "or must I spell it out for you? Some time back, when we were considering all this civilized swapping of husbands and wives, I put in the order for Virginia's birthday present. Today, I suddenly knew I couldn't go ahead with the whole business. So I brought the brooch back to you as a trophy if you want it. You can do what you like about it. It's yours. You see, Jimmie," I added, "that's the way things are. I'm burning all my bridges."

"Oh!" she said. Then after a long pause, she added, "Ah!"

"Here's something else," I told her. "I got this for you, anyhow, win, lose or draw"—and I produced the gold bracelet. "I thought it would go with that dress and your cameo and, if you still want to wear it, your wedding ring."

She cast quick glances from side to side, like a bird that suspects a snare.

"It's good," she sighed. "I guess . . ."

THERE was a knock at the door. It was Myrtle-Mary. "Will the master be staying for dinner, Mrs. Tompkins?" she asked.

"Of course I will, Mary," I said. "Is there enough to eat?"

"I'll see, sir," she replied in a manner which was practically an insult to us both.

"And keep a civil tongue in your head," I added.

She handed it back to me. "And keep your hands to yourself, sir," she said as she closed the door into the hall.

"Winnie!" It was Jimmie's hand restraining me, as I started up.

"It's my fault, I guess," I said. "I haven't been happy and I did make a few passes. From now on, I'll try to be a bit more decent and livable."

The telephone rang. Jimmie picked up the receiver and listened for a moment, frowning. "It's for you," she observed, handing me the phone. "It's Virginia calling from New York and she sounds *most* annoyed."

"Winnie!" The voice that crackled at me over the wire had all the implacable tenderness of a woman who has you in the wrong.

"Yes, dear!" I answered automatically, with a passing thought for my own lost Dorothy, marooned in Washington with a job in the O.S.S.

"What *is* the matter?" the voice continued, in its litany of angry possessiveness. "What on *earth* happened to you? I've been waiting for you since three o'clock."

"Where have you been waiting?"

"*Here*, of course. In our place. In New York. *Winnie, what's wrong?*"

"It's a bit too hard to explain, Virginia," I said, "but something came up and I don't think I can go through with it. In fact, I know I can't go through with it."

There was one of those pauses which make a whole lifetime seem like a split second.

"Something came up! And it—it's my birthday—" The voice ended in a choke which might have been a sob or a paroxysm of feminine fury.

I summoned the old voice of authority, into the well-tanned vocal chords of Winfred Tompkins. "Virginia, just stop making a fool of yourself. I'm sorry I stood you up but things have been happening. I just can't go through with it. I'll explain when I see you."

"You'd better!" And the slam of the receiver left my ears ringing.

WHEN I turned around, my wife was smiling, with a glint in her eye which was far from sympathetic. "Poor Winnie! You'd better stick to your awful office stenographers and not go picking up redheaded married women in Westchester. You haven't got a chance."

I refilled my glass and hers, in that order—a husbandly gesture which put me, I felt, on a solid married basis for the moment.

"Jimmie," I announced. "I don't need to tell you I'm a heel. Now that we've got the wraps off I wish you'd tell me what you really think of me and Virginia."

Mrs. Tompkins' nostrils flickered slightly. "I never cared for bulging redheads myself," she said. "There never was a thing in pants, up to and including scarecrows, that she wouldn't carry the torch for. When she married Jerry Rutherford it was a great relief to her relatives. She had no friends."

"A very succinct summary, for all that it should be written in letters of fire," I remarked. "And now what do you think of me?"

She took a long sip of her drink and leaned forward. "You're fat, soft and spoiled, Winnie, physically, mentally and morally," she began. "There's something about you that's— Well, after you bought me from my parent, I wanted to kill myself and then I sized you up. There's no real harm in you, Winnie. Only mush. To be frank, Winnie, it's not hard to like you, but you never were love's young dream."

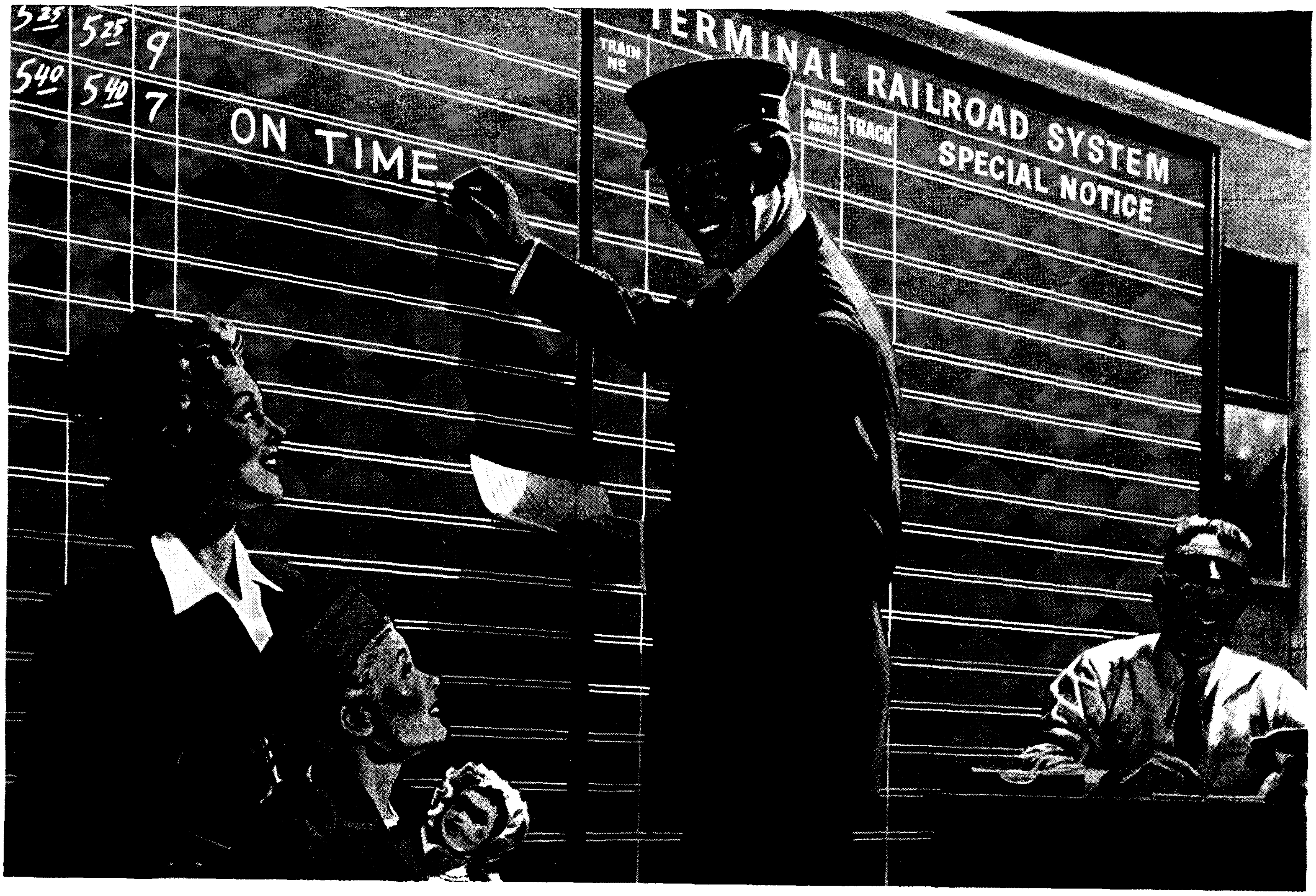
"But while we're on the subject," I said, "I wouldn't call Jerry Rutherford the answer to a maiden's prayer. After the first antiseptic raptures you'd have nothing in common but your appendix and he'd want to get away with that—for a consideration."

Jimmie giggled. "You forget that he already has it," she said. "That's how I first was attracted to him, under the ether cone. I was sick as a dog and he held my hand and told me I was being very brave."

"And sent the hell of a bill to me," I added.

"Well," she asked, after a pause. "What do you really think of me?"

"I think, Jimmie, that you're lonely, bored and unhappy. All three are my fault but they're driving you to make a fool of yourself. Nobody has tried to understand you"—this is catnip for any person of either sex, once you get them



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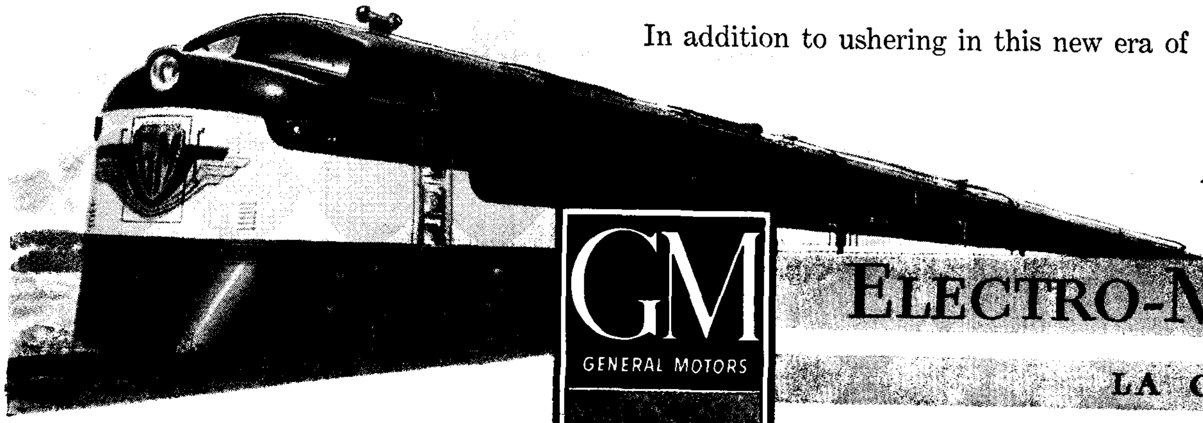

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talking about themselves—"least of all your husband. You need what other women need—children, a home."

"If this is a build-up for a family, the answer is no!"

"Skip it! I'm telling you the truth, not making a pass at you. We can talk some more about you in the morning. In the meantime let's have a quick snack and then I think I'll turn in. I'm very tired, a little tight and I've had a lousy day."

She flashed me a curious look. "All right, Winnie," she said. "I'll tell Myrtle to serve us. You need nourishment to restore your strength for the morning, if I know Virginia Rutherford."

I WAS awakened in the morning by a hand on my shoulder. It was Mary-Myrtle. "You'd better get up and put on your dressing gown," she remarked.

"Dr. Rutherford is downstairs and Mrs. Rutherford is talking with Mrs. Tompkins in her bedroom."

"Stormy weather?"

"I'll say so—and see here—" she began.

"Sit down, Mary!" I ordered.

She subsided on the edge of the bed and looked at me rebelliously.

"From now on, Mary," I announced, "things are going to be different around here. I won't refer to what is past, but if you want to stay on and really help me through a hard time, I'd appreciate it. If you'd rather go—and I wouldn't blame you—I'll pay you six months' wages in advance and you can clear out. But I can't be worried about you and your feelings when I have a big problem to clean up here. Will you go or stay?"

The girl thought for a moment, then rose, straightened her apron and gave me the first friendly smile I had received since my arrival from the Aleutians.

"I'll stay, Mr. Tompkins," she said.

"Okay! Now I'll go and kill Dr. Rutherford, if you'll toss me my flit gun. And, thanks!"

Dr. Rutherford was pacing, with surgical precision, up and down my den. He looked slightly more self-possessed than the day before and seemed to be in excellent physical condition. I glanced at the bulge beneath my black silk dressing gown and reconsidered my original plan to throw him bodily out of the house for having come uninvited.

"See here, Tompkins," he said briskly. "We're both men of the world, I hope. Things can't go on like this. I was up all night with Virginia. You're not behaving at all well, you know, old man."

I sat down in the corner of the leather lounge and looked up at him.

"Let's not mince words, Jerry," I said. "Suppose you just state frankly what you think we should do about this."

"Germaine loves me and does not love you," Rutherford stated crisply. "You love Virginia and she loves you. None of us wish a divorce. Hang it all, Winnie, we're civilized. These things happen, and we might just as well face them. We agreed that the four of us should do as we liked, and no hard feelings."

I sighed. "Jerry," I said, "what you say was true as of yesterday noon but if these things can happen, they can also unhappen. And they have. So, what do you know? For the rest, I'm willing to listen to anything within reason as a way out of this mess."

He paused in his precise pacing. "The four of us will have to talk it over."

"Okay," I agreed. "The girls are in Jimmie's bedroom. Perhaps you know the way as well as I do. I'll follow your lead."

Germaine was propped up in a frilly four-poster bed amid a wallow of small satin cushions. I barely had time to notice that she was wearing a rather filmy nightgown, when I turned to reap the whirlwind in the form of five-foot-six of red-haired determination and curves.

"Now, Winnie!" she commanded. "What's all this *nonsense?*"

I caught a telltale glimpse of uncharitable diamonds at my wife's breast and hastily averted my eyes from the monogram.

"Virginia," I replied, "there's nothing wrong. It was just that yesterday I realized that I couldn't go through with it. I don't pretend to be moral, but I've decided not to go in for mixed doubles at my age. It's undignified."

"What!" Mrs. Rutherford's mouth hung open in amazement.

"Only this, Virginia. Whatever I have been in the past, I'm going to try to be different in the future. I know it's hard on you but—"

The redhead laughed like tumbrils rolling to the guillotine. "Nothing to what a breach-of-promise suit would be to you, Winnie dear. Don't forget I have your letters."

"Now we're getting somewhere," I remarked. "How much?"

"Winnie!" my wife gasped. "It's blackmail!"

"Of course it's blackmail," I agreed, "and there are times when it's wiser to pay than to fight. This is not one of them, Virginia. I'm not interested in buying back those letters. Save them for a rainy day. I'm going to settle with your husband. How about it, Jerry?"

EASY HEROISM

Those folks are definitely the nertz
Who always try
To tell the truth, no matter how much
it hurts
The other guy.

—W. E. Farbstein

"You swine!" Mrs. Rutherford was going definitely Grade-B in the pinches. "Do you think that you can drive a wedge between me and my husband?"

"You were saying downstairs, Tompkins," the doctor hastily interrupted, "that you would listen to any reasonable suggestion."

"Check! What's your price?"

"I want out," said Dr. Rutherford. "Lend me the value of a year's practice—fifteen thousand would cover it—and I'll get in a substitute and take a crack at the Army Medical Corps. They've been after me for a couple of years."

"Done!" I said. "And if you like I'll have the bank dole it out to Virginia while you're gone."

"What about me?" asked my wife. "I thought Jerry said he loved me."

"What's *your* price?" I asked.

Germaine yawned and the shoulder strap of her gown slipped indiscreetly. "Since nobody seems to want me," she declared, "I'm going to stick around and see the fun. I wouldn't miss the sight of Winnie Tompkins trying to lead a noble life for all the doctors in the Army."

There was a tap at the bedroom door and Myrtle appeared, pulling two neatly set breakfast trays on a mahogany tea wagon.

"I thought you would rather have your breakfast upstairs with the master, ma'am," she remarked primly, in a far too English country-house manner. "Breakfast is waiting for Dr. and Mrs. Rutherford downstairs," she added.

And as she bent over the table and began to straighten out the breakfast things, the girl had the impudence to slip me a wink. . . .

After a pleasant breakfast, I excused myself and returned to my bedroom. In Winnie's bathroom I tried out the scales and found that my involuntary host weighed over 195 pounds—a good deal of it around the middle. Oh well, a few weeks of setting-up exercises would take care of that. A cold shower and a brisk rub made me feel a little more presentable and I climbed shamelessly into Winnie's most manly tweeds.

"Are you catching the ten-o'clock?" Germaine called from her bedroom.

"No such luck!" I warned her. "Phone the office, will you, and tell them I'm feeling under the weather and won't be in till sometime tomorrow."

This seemed like a good chance to do some exploring—since the Rutherfords had temporarily abandoned the field—though I needn't have bothered, since I had seen photographs of suburban houses like Pook's Hill in a score of different slick-paper prewar magazines.

There was the inevitable colonial-type dining room with dark wainscoting, the inevitable chintzy living room containing a grand piano and two or three safely second-rate paintings.

I slipped on my coat and hat and stepped out through a French window which led from the living room to the inevitable paved stone terrace. There were galvanized iron fittings for a summer awning and in the center was a cute little bronze sundial. This had an exclamation point and the inscription, "Over the Yardarm" at the place where noon should be, and a bronze cocktail glass instead of the sign for 4 P.M. All the way around the rest of the circle was written in heavy embossed capitals, "The Hell With It!" It was but definitely cute.

My meditations on this facet of the Tompkins character were interrupted by Myrtle.

"Oh, Mr. Tompkins," she called from the kitchen window, "the man from the kennels is here with Ponto. Where shall I tell him to take him? In the game room or the kitchen?"

I hurried back indoors and found a gnarled little man who reeked of saddle soap and servility, waiting in the hall.

"Well, sir, Mr. Tompkins," he beamed the Old Retainer at me. "That dog of yours had a close call, a mighty close call. Thought he was a goner. Tried everything: injections, oxygen, iron lung. No dice. Then yesterday afternoon he just lay down and went to sleep and I thought: My! Won't Mr. Tompkins feel bad! But he woke up, large as life and twice as natural, and began carrying on so that I guess he wanted to come home to his folks. Never did see anything like the recovery that dog made."

I made swift to congratulate him on his professional skill. "Let's get him out of your car," I added. "He's been like a member of the family and—"

A series of deep bass barks interrupted me, followed by ominous sounds of a heavy body hurling itself recklessly around inside a small enclosed space.

"There!" said the vet. "He recognized your voice. He's weak, but he'll get strong fast if you feed him right."

THE vet twinkled out the front door and returned shortly, leading a huge coal-black great Dane on a leather leash. Ponto did not look very weak to me, but I like dogs and I figured that kindness to animals might count in my favor. "Good dog," I said. "Poor old fellow!"

The poor old fellow gave a low but hungry growl and lunged for me with bared teeth, dragging the vet behind him like a dory behind a fishing schooner. I jumped into the den and slammed the door, while Ponto snuffled, snapped and grumbled on the far side of my defenses.

"Doctor," I called through the panels. "Take him upstairs and put him in my room. It's the one to the right at the head of the stairs. He's just excited. Shut him in and as soon as he's calmed down I'll make him comfortable."

While this rather cowardly solution was being put into effect, I sat down on the steps and thought it over.

The maid came by.

"Mary," I said, "will you take Ponto a

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bowl of water? The poor old fellow's had a rough time."

"Yes, sir," said Myrtle.

The vet departed and I listened while the maid went upstairs. Then there was a scream, the crash of breaking china and the sound of a door being slammed. I bounded up the steps to find Mary, pale and trembling, looking stupidly at the broken remains of a white china bowl and a sizable puddle of water on the hardwood floor outside my bedroom.

The door of my wife's room burst open and Jimmie appeared with a wild, "What on earth!"

"It's that dog, sir," gasped Myrtle. "When I come in with the bowl of water like you said, there he was laying on—on—your bed, like a Christian, and—and—he was wearing your pajamas, sir," she sobbed. "It's—it's—"

"Uncanny," Germaine finished.

I gave a hollow laugh. "He probably remembers that he isn't allowed to lie on the beds, Mary, and may have dragged my pajamas up there to lie on."

"Oh," Myrtle said. "Is that it? It was just that it looked sort of queer to see his legs in the pajama trousers."

"Well, don't worry about it now, Myrtle," my wife remarked firmly. "I'll go in and see that he's comfortable. Come on, Winnie! Let's take a look at him. What's the matter?" she added, noticing a certain reluctance in my attitude.

"Nothing much," I said. "It's only that he flew for my throat when he got inside the door."

Germaine raised her lovely eyebrows. "Nonsense!" she replied in the firm tone of a woman who knows better and who, in any case, expects her husband not to be afraid of a mere infuriated great Dane. "You know Ponto always puts his paws on your shoulders and licks your face every morning, just as you taught him."

My rollicking laughter was a work of art. "Of course," I agreed, "and he'd been away so long that he was overeager. Come on, let's see if we can't make the poor beast comfortable."

But I let her lead the way.

PONTO was lying panting on my still unmade bed. The flowered Chinese silk pajamas which I had worn at breakfast were indeed strangely twisted around its gaunt body. The coat was across the animal's shoulders and both of its hind legs were sticking through one of the trouser legs.

"There! Ponto! Poor old fellow!" cooed Jimmie in a voice which would have charmed snails from their shells.

Ponto gave a self-pitying whine and his tail thumped the pillow. My wife patted the animal's head and Ponto positively drooled at her. She gently disentangled him from among the pajamas and hung them up in the closet. As she turned back toward the bed, he jumped to the floor, reared up, put both paws on her shoulders and licked her face convulsively, giving little whines and shiverings.

"Poor old fellow, poor old Ponto!" she crooned. "Was he glad to get home from the nasty old kennel? There!" And she massaged his ears. "Come, Ponto," she remarked more authoritatively, "say good morning to your master."

The answer was a growl and the baring of a thicket of gleaming white fangs in my direction.

"Ponto!" she ordered, as the beast positively cringed. "Say good morning to the master!"

He slumped to the floor with the grace of a poleaxed calf and approached me slowly, ears back, hair bristling and teeth in evidence.

"Ponto!" Germaine's cry was positively totalitarian, but the dog lunged at me and I barely had time to close the door in its face.

A few moments later, Germaine emerged looking bewildered. "I've never known him to behave like this," she said. "I don't like it. It's always been you he was so fond of and he barely tolerated me. Now he seems all mixed up. After you left, he calmed right down and came back and licked my face all over again. What do you suppose is wrong with him? Can it be fits?"

I shook my head. "He doesn't act like fits," I said. "He's had a bad go of distemper and is probably suffering from shock. Dogs do get shock, you know I remember in psychology at Harvard they told us about a very intelligent St. Bernard dog which was shocked into complete hysteria by the supernatural. That is, they pulled a lamb chop across the floor by a thread concealed in a crack between the boards. The dog nearly had heart failure when he saw a chop moving by itself."

"What can we do?" she asked. "We can't have him going for you every time you use your room."

"Then I won't use it. I'll sleep in the guest room," I added swiftly, lest she leap to feminine conclusions. "You might take him another bowl of water—he seems to be all right with you—and spread a newspaper on the floor. And bring out my clothes and things. We'll just leave him there to think things over by himself."

I FINALLY managed to settle down in my den with a stiff drink. I felt besieged, bewildered, backed up against the wall. There could be no reasonable doubt about it—*the dog knew!* Ponto knew that I was an interloper, that the real Winnie Tompkins no longer existed, that a stranger was masquerading in his body and clothes. The uncanny instinct of a dog had led him to the truth when even Winnie's wife had been deceived.

This was a new twist in the maze. Of one thing I was certain: Unless I could establish some kind of personal understanding with Ponto, suspicion would gather around me. For the moment, Germaine did not doubt that I was her husband. My conduct had puzzled her but she had lived with Winnie so long that she probably no longer specifically noticed him. Virginia Rutherford would be more dangerous—she was a woman scorned and she had been tricked out of an intrigue. She had every motive for digging out the truth, but she couldn't force her way into my office and she couldn't be so ill-bred as to thrust herself into my home.

If I could appease Ponto and avoid Virginia, I had a fair chance of getting away with it.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Tompkins!" It was Myrtle.

"Yes, Mary?"

"Mrs. Rutherford is back, sir. She wants to see you."

"Tell her I am not at home," I replied in a clear, carrying tone. "And that I never will be at home to her."

"Oh, yes, you *will!*" It was the redhead. She was wearing a long mink coat and carrying a short automatic pistol. "Like it or not, Winnie, *we* are going to have a talk—now." She turned to the startled maid. "And don't you try phoning the police, Myrtle," she added, "or the first thing you will hear is this pistol going pop at Mr. Winfred S. Tompkins of New York City and Bedford Hills."

"That's all right, Mary," I added. "Don't call the police. Tell Mrs. Tompkins that I'm busy. Mrs. Rutherford and I wish to have a conversation."

As the door to the room slammed behind Myrtle, Mrs. Rutherford laid the automatic on the sofa between us, and flung back her mink coat. She was an appetizing little number.

Instinctively, I started to reach for the gun but was checked by her laugh.

"Take it, by all means," she said. "It's not loaded. I only needed it for the maid."

"Virginia," I said firmly, "I told you

earlier this morning that we were through. It's finished. All's well that ends."

She laughed again, and looked at me closely. In spite of myself, I began pulling nervously at the lobe of my left ear, a habit of mine when confused which had always irritated my own Dorothy.

"There!" Virginia said suddenly. "That's it!" Her voice had a note of finality with a touch of total triumph that I found disturbing.

"Well, have you anything to say?"

"Have *you* anything to say?"

"I've already said it, Virginia. Nice as you are and beautiful as you are, we're washed up. It won't work. So why not shake hands and quit friends?"

She took my proffered hand in hers but, instead of shaking it, examined it carefully.

"Very clever," she murmured. "You've even got that little mole at the base of your thumb."

"Of course. It's been there since birth."

"Very, *very* clever, Winnie," she continued, "but it won't do, my Winnie, because you see you aren't my Winnie at all. You're a total stranger."

"I've changed," I admitted. "I'm trying to be halfway decent for a change."

"Whoever wanted Winnie to be halfway decent?" she mused. "Nobody. He was much pleasanter as he was—a rich, friendly boob. As for you, whoever you are, I'm on to your game. You aren't Winfred Tompkins and you know it."

I put some heavy sarcasm into my reply. "How did you ever guess, Mrs. Rutherford?"

She laughed airily. "Lots of things. In the first place, you call me Virginia when we're alone instead of Bozo as you always used to do."

"I stopped calling you Bozo when I made up my mind—" I began.

"Nuts to you, buddy," she rejoined. "Then you kept pulling at your ear. Winnie never did that. When he was in a spot, he always reached in his pocket and jingled his change or, as a desperate measure, twiddled with his keys."

"Don't judge my habits by my hangovers," I insisted. "I'm not feeling well and I've had a sort of psychic shock."

"Winnie never said psychic in his life, poor lamb," she observed. "He didn't know what it meant. I don't know what your game is but I'm on to you and we're going to be real buddies or—"

"Or what?"

"The police," she observed quietly, "take a dim view of murder in this state. Now I'm willing to be broad-minded. Winnie was a louse who had it coming to him. I was playing him for a quick divorce and marriage. Three million dollars is a lot of money, and it would have been nice to be married to it. But it's even nicer this way, I guess."

THE decanter was within reach. I poured myself another drink. "Have some?" I asked.

"And why not? What's yours is mine, and we both need it."

"Why did you say it was nicer this way, Mrs. Rutherford?" I inquired.

"Virginia to you. It's because now I don't have to marry you and I still have a pipe line to the Tompkins millions."

"So you *are* going in for blackmail," I observed. "Suppose I won't play?"

"Then I'll go to the police or the F.B.I. —they're supposed to catch kidnapers, aren't they?—and tell what I know."

I stood up. "Okay, Virginia," I said, "go right ahead. There's the telephone. You can use it to call the secret service for all I care. See what luck you have with your story, when my wife is here to testify that I'm Winnie Tompkins."

Her face paled and her eyes narrowed angrily. "Jimmie too?" she asked. "Then you're both in it!"

"We're both in what?" The door opened and Germaine Tompkins stood in the entrance.

Virginia Rutherford looked trapped and she instinctively pulled her mink back over her shoulders and stood up, as though ready to leave.

"Nothing, Jimmie," she said at last. "I was foolish enough to hope that if I came back and had a talk alone with Winnie, we could pick up where we left off. He's been acting so strangely that he doesn't seem like himself at all. And so are you. That's what I meant by saying that you were both in it."

"Virginia," my wife said firmly, "my husband told you to stay out of this house—and it's my home, too—and now I find you here. Please go."

JIMMIE and Virginia exchanged appraising glances which suggested that they were both enjoying the touch of melodrama that had come into their well-fed lives.

"I came here with that gun," said Virginia icily. "It wasn't loaded but next time it will be. I made Myrtle show me in and I told her I would shoot Winnie if she gave the alarm. Then I told him what I know about him."

"And what is that?" my wife asked.

"That he is not Winnie at all," Virginia declared. "That he's an impostor, that he and perhaps you had done away with poor old Winnie."

My wife went over to her and took her hand. "Poor, darling Virginia," she murmured, "why don't you go away and have a good rest? You've got yourself all worked up for a nervous breakdown."

Virginia dashed my wife's hand away. "In other words, you think I'm crazy!"

"No, but I do think you're hysterical. This is Winnie, I'm Jimmie and you're Virginia Rutherford. Don't worry. Jerry can fix it for you quite easily and I—we both will be glad to help pay for it. After all," Germaine added wryly, "the whole thing is pretty much of a family affair, isn't it? Let's keep it that way."

Mrs. Rutherford reached over and grabbed the gun from the sofa.

"All right, Germaine Tompkins, murderess," she grated. "If that's the way you're going to play it, I'll play too. Don't worry about my mind. Start thinking about the electric chair. Remember, in this state they execute women who kill their husbands."

Jimmie waited until the door closed behind the doctor's wife. Then she turned to me with a curious weariness.

"Poor man!" she remarked. "You have got yourself into a bad mess, haven't you?"

I nodded.

"Let's see," she continued. "How many women is it you've been trying to keep away from one another? There's myself, of course, but wives don't count any more, do they? And there's Virginia Rutherford and Myrtle and there was that blond actress we met at Martha's Vineyard last summer, and Miss Briggs or whoever it is at the office."

"The name means absolutely nothing to me," I insisted. "I'll admit to a hundred women, but I'm through with all that stuff. From now on, I'm going to be a one-woman man."

Germaine faced me with an air of resolution. "Would you mind giving me a drink of brandy?" she asked. "I've something to say to you and I'm afraid you won't like it."

I went to the portable bar and poured her a pony of armagnac.

"Here you are. Down the hatch! And now what is it you want to tell me?"

"Believe me, Winnie," she said, "it's not easy for me. But I'd better say it anyhow. Who *are* you?"

"What's that?"

"Who *are* you?" she repeated. "You look like my husband but you don't talk like him. His clothes fit you but Virginia Rutherford is *quite* right—you aren't Winnie Tompkins."

"How did you guess?"

"Don't think I'll give you away," she

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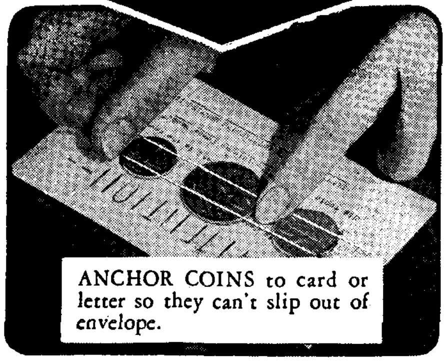
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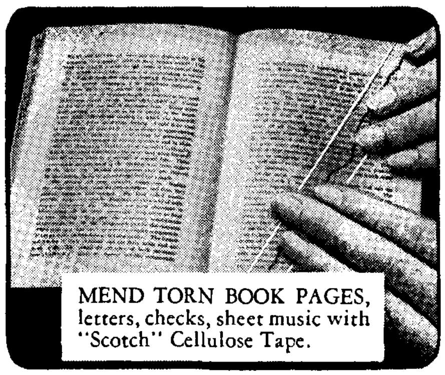
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continued. "You seem to be in deep trouble of some kind. I—I'd like to help you, if I can. Don't think I'm hard on my husband. It's been years since we—oh, you know. I married him for his money and I still don't know why he married me. Yes, I do, but I've never liked to admit it. He'd made a lot of money in the market and had built this house. He needed a wife the way he needed an automobile, a portable bar, a thoroughbred great Dane and a membership in the Pond Club. I was available, at a price, which he met—but that's all there is to our story."

I CROSSED the carpet and took her hand. "Poor Jimmie!" I said. "We're both lost, I guess. No, I'm not Winnie but I don't know who else I could possibly be. You see, less than twenty-four hours ago I was an officer on a light carrier in the North Pacific and—"

Germaine slowly withdrew her hand from mine.

"Oh!" she exclaimed softly. "Oh, Winnie! Poor old idiot! I'll take care of you and see that you get over this. Wait, I'll call the doctor right away. The Colebridge Retreat's a very nice place, and I can come over every week."

I shook my head. "You'll do nothing of the kind," I ordered. "No doctor can help me on this one. Besides," I added, "how do you know I wasn't batty before and have just come to my senses?"

Her eyes were frightened. "All right, dear," she agreed. "I like you better this way, anyhow."

My wife sat down beside me and studied me closely. "You *look* different," she remarked. "To me, at any rate. You're sort of coming to a focus."

"As near as I can make out," I said, "I've had a kind of amnesia. I know you, of course, and my name, and my house and that Ponto is my dog, even though he tried to bite me. I know the Pond Club and the Harvard Club, but that's about all I seem able to remember. I can't recall where I work or where I bank, or who my friends are or what I was doing before yesterday afternoon."

She relaxed at the holy scientific word amnesia, as though to name a mystery explained it.

"But you were saying something about being on an aircraft carrier in the Pacific," she objected.

I laughed. "That must have been part of a very vivid dream I was having at the Pond, when Ranty Tolan woke me up. It was one of those dreams which seemed so real that real life seemed like a dream. It still does. That's where my alleged mind got stalled and I'm still floundering around. Help me, won't you?"

"You didn't seem to need much help remembering Virginia Rutherford," she remarked, "but I'll try to fill in some of the gaps for you. You have your own firm, Tompkins, Wasson & Cone, at No. 1 Wall Street. It's a sort of combination brokerage office and investment counsel. You once told me that your specialty was finding nice rich old ladies and helping them reinvest their unearned millions. You bank at the National City Farmers and your car is a black '41 Coburg coupé."

"That helps a lot," I thanked her. "Now how about my friends? Business isn't so good right now that I can afford to let myself be run in as an amnesiac while my partners look after the loot."

She frowned. "I don't know much about your friends in town, since so many of them are in the war," she admitted. "There's Merry Vail, of course, who roomed with you at Harvard. Sometimes you talk about the other men you see at the Club but I've never been able to keep track of them. You'll have to find your own way there. At the office, of course, there's Graham Wasson and Phil Cone, your partners. They're both about five years younger than you."

"The office doesn't worry me," I mused. "I can handle anything that develops there. I'll go to town in the morning and see if I can't find myself."

She laughed, as wives laugh. "Tell me, to change the subject, you say that you remember me. Tell me what I seem like to you, now that you've changed?"

I closed my eyes and thought of Dorothy as she had been that last night in Hartford before she walked out and I decided to join the Navy.

"You are piano music on a summer night—cool, precise, gay. You are apple blossoms against a Berkshire hillside. You're the smoke of fallen leaves climbing into the cool October sky. You are surf on a sandy beach, with the gulls wheeling and the whitecaps racing past the lighthouse on the point. And you're a lost child looking in the window of a candy shop."

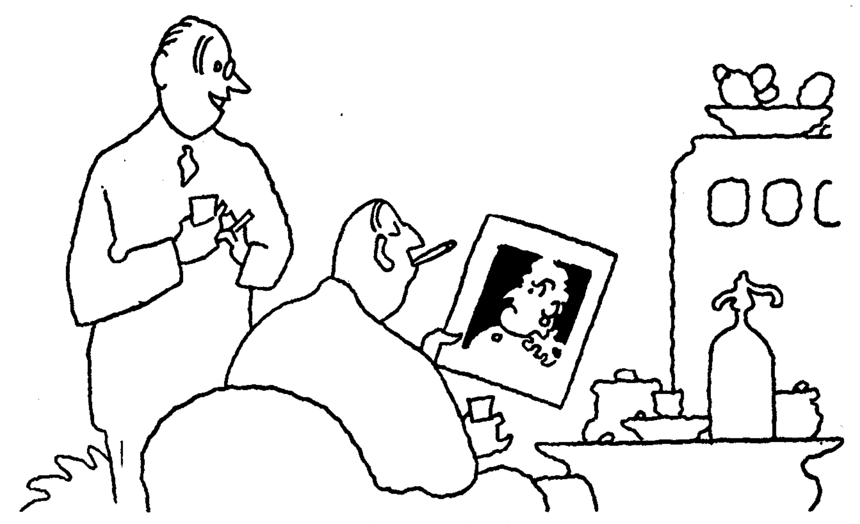
Germaine relaxed. "Except for that last bit, Winnie, you make me sound like a year-round vacation resort or an ad for a new automobile. You've mentioned almost everything about me except the one thing I obviously am."

"Which is?"

"A simple, rather spoiled woman, I guess," Germaine sighed, "who's had everything in life except what she wants."

"All women are simple," I pontificated, "since what they want is simple."

"You moron!" she blazed. "Don't you see that no woman knows what she wants until she is made to want it. You never made me want anything simple, except to crack you over the head."



"The little woman. Oddly enough, she ran away with my best friend—though he didn't know it at the time"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

After she had left, I sat for a long time. There seemed to be nothing to do or say. Winnie's domestic life was still in too much of a snarl for me to do the obvious thing and follow Germaine upstairs and into her bedroom and lock the door and kiss her tear-stained face and tell her that I was sorry I had hurt her. Before it would be safe to accept her gambits I must first explore my business connections.

MY FIRST stop, after I had been careful to take a late commuting train in to the city in order to avoid businessmen who were sure to know and greet Winnie Tompkins, was the Harvard Club.

It was a clear, cool day, and I walked briskly from Grand Central up to the modest entrance of this exclusive establishment.

I checked my hat and coat and strolled through the sitting rooms into the large lounge-library beside the dining room. A couple of men nodded and smiled as I passed them, so I nodded back and said "Hi!" in a conversational tone. In the lounge I found a chair and a copy of the World Telegram, so I decided to catch up with the war. The German armies were beginning to crumble but there was still talk of a stand along the Elbe, and Hitler was reported fortifying the mountain districts of southern Germany into a redoubt for a last Valhalla Battle. The Pacific news was good. The fighting on Okinawa was going our way and the cleanup in the Philippines was well in hand. The Navy Department discounted enemy reports of heavy damage to American warships by Jap suicide pilots but, as an old Navy P.R.O., I could tell that it had been plenty. I'd heard about the Kamikazes from some of our pilots who had seen them off Leyte and I had no doubt that they were doing a job on the Seventh Fleet. Roosevelt had gone South for a couple of weeks' rest at Warm Springs, Georgia, and Ed Stettinius was in the final throes of organizing the United Nations Conference at San Francisco—

"Hi, Winnie! Don't you speak to your old friends any more?"

I looked up to see a lean, wolfish-looking man, with a gray mustache, a slightly bald head and definitely Bond Street clothes.

"Oh, hullo!" I said and returned to reading the paper.

The newspaper was firmly taken out of my hands and the man sat down beside me.

"We've got to have a talk," he said.

"Why? What's happened?"

"There's been a lot of talk about you in the last twenty-four hours, Winnie. None of the other alleged friends we know had the guts to tell you. But I thought your roommate—"

"So you're Merry Vail," I said stupidly.

"You're in worse shape than I thought you were, Winnie," he replied. "Yes, I'm Merriwether Vail who started his lifelong career of rescuing Winfred Tompkins from blondes and booze at Harvard College in 1916. Now, if you'll just crawl out of your alcoholic coma and listen to me for five minutes, you'll learn something to your advantage."

"How about a drink, Merry?" I asked, to keep in character.

"Not before five, so help me, and you'd better lay off liquor till you hear this. Here it is: There's a story going the rounds that the F.B.I. is after you. At any rate, at least one obvious G-man has been reported in full cry."

I sat up, startled. This was too much, even for purgatory. What *had* Winnie been up to?

"What am I supposed to have done?"

Vail looked mysterious. "For all I know I may be letting myself in for Alcatraz, old man, but the dope is that you've been violating the Espionage Act, communicating with the enemy, stealing official secrets. The story seems to've originated at the Pond Club."

(Continued on page 38)

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YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

"Vest Pocket" Fire Extinguisher

All fires are small to start with, and a small extinguisher, instantly used, will kill most of them before they take hold. Speed and handiness are absolute essentials. Now you can get exactly these advantages in a tiny extinguisher the size of a flashlight. It is filled with liquid methyl bromide under pressure. A quick flip of a valve at the nozzle sprays it as a gas on the fire. Gas is far more effective than liquid, rapidly striking at the base of the blaze and smothering it. Expansion of the bromide also refrigerates and discourages the fire.

This tiny fire fighter costs only five dollars and is ideal for autos, boats and homes. It leaves no stains, won't corrode metals or harm paint. It can be refilled at the factory. One neat trick of the extinguisher is to dry up moisture. You can spray it on your ignition wires when your car is stalled by dampness and get an easy start.

Moldless Bread

Bread that will stay sweet on your shelf till you have used it up will be available as soon as experiments being made by a large baking company are applied on a commercial scale. Electronic heating does the trick. The loaves are treated after they have been sealed in their wrappers. No amount of care can prevent the inclusion of mold spores in bread, but electronic heating for 50 seconds kills them all without impairing food value, vitamin content or flavor. Once treated, loaves can be kept moist and fresh till eaten. Any kind of bread can be protected by the new method.

New Treatment for Tuberculosis

A new machine, something like the iron lung used for paralysis victims, is now helping doctors of a large New York hospital to cure tubercular cases that are hopeless under the best standard treatment. The patient is enclosed in the tanklike machine many hours a day for weeks or months and is taught actually to stop breathing, so that his chest does not move at all. Pumps and valves in the machine supply his oxygen and remove waste products. The absolute rest thus given the lungs acts as a "splint" for diseased tissues, giving them a chance to heal never before possible. Patients quickly learn not to breathe when they find that there is no sensation of suffocation. The total relaxation is very pleasant.

It Rolls Up Like a Shade

Here comes a Venetian blind that rolls up exactly like a window shade, so that you can get it completely out of the way when you want maximum sunlight or air. The slats are made of aluminum, in any color desired, and are shaped to lie snugly on the roller in the furled-up position. The usual rope guides keep them in line when they are down and work them like the ordinary blind. The whole thing can be removed from the window casing for cleaning in 20 seconds. It weighs only a few pounds.

Wash Away the Old Paint

If you're facing the tedious job of scraping and sandpapering the old paint off your car before refinishing, you have a date with the chemists. The muscle-and-grouch method has now been replaced with a simple chemical solution that actually *washes* off old paint, varnish or lacquer in fifteen minutes. Just swab the stuff on, let it work a bit, then rinse the paint off with water. This apparent magic applies the principle of "collodial swelling."

The solution, which is non-inflammable and harmless, gets between paint coat and metal, blistering the paint till it peels off like wet paper. The surface beneath is left clean and unscratched for the new coat of finish. ★★★

THE RAT RACE

Continued from page 36

I leaned back. "Nonsense. I give you my word of honor as a Porcellian that there's not a syllable of truth in it."

Vail looked increasingly distressed. "If you're really innocent, you'd better be careful. Ten to one you haven't an alibi and you'll need a lawyer. This isn't a gag. Something's cooking, even if it's only mistaken identity."

"Thanks, Merry," I said. "If the police are looking for me, I'd better go down to my office and see that things are apple-pie before they lock up the brains of our outfit. Besides," I added, "you've just given me an idea of how I can make a hell of a lot of money."

ON ONE of the upper floors of No. 1 Wall Street, Tompkins, Wasson & Cone maintained sincere-looking offices. The rooms were carefully furnished in dark wood and turkey-red upholstery, in a style calculated to reassure elderly ladies of great wealth that the firm was careful and conservative.

"Oh, Mr. Tompkins," the girl at the reception desk murmured, "there's a gentleman waiting to see you in the customers' room, a Mr. Harcourt. He's been here since ten o'clock this morning."

"He's had no lunch?" I inquired.

She shook her head.

I clucked my tongue. "We can't have our customers starve to death, can we? Send out for a club sandwich and some hot coffee. Give me five minutes to take a look at my mail and then send him in. When the food arrives, send that in, too."

She blinked her eyes behind her glasses to show that she understood, and I walked down to the end of the corridor to where a "Mr. Tompkins" stared at me conservatively from a glazed door.

My office was an ingenious blend of the 1870s and functional furniture. There were electric clocks, a silenced stock ticker in a glass-covered mahogany coffin, desks, chairs and divans and a really good steel engraving showing General Grant receiving Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House, with a chart underneath to explain who was who in the picture.

The desk, I was glad to note, was bare except for an electric clock-calendar which told me that it was 3:12 P.M. of April 4, 1945. A glance out the window gave me a glimpse of the spire of Trinity Church. There was a single typed memo on the glass top of the desk, which read: "Mr. Harcourt, 10:13 A.M. Would not state business. Will wait."

I pushed one of the array of buttons concealed underneath the edge of the desk and a door opened to admit a largish blonde in a tight-fitting sweater.

"Yes, Mr. Tompkins?"

"Please have Mr. Harcourt sent in," I said. "And when he comes, bring your notebook and take a stenographic record of our conversation and—er—what's your name?"

She raised her well-plucked eyebrows "I'm Eleanor Roosevelt, my parents named me Arthurjean—after both of them—Arthurjean Briggs—Miss Briggs to you!"

"Very well, Miss Briggs, tell Mr. Harcourt I'll see him now."

A moment later, she reappeared holding a card in her fingers as though it were a live cockroach "Sure you want to see this?" she asked.

The card read: "Mr. A. J. Harcourt, Special Agent. Federal Bureau of Investigation, U. S. Department of Justice, U. S. Court House, Foley Square, New York 23, N. Y."

"Of course," I replied. "I've been expecting him for some time."

A. J. Harcourt was a clean-cut man of about thirty-five, with that indefinable family resemblance to J. Edgar Hoover which always worries me about the F.B.I.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Harcourt," I said pleasantly, "and what can I do for the F.B.I.?"

Harcourt shook my hand, took a seat, refused a cigarette and cast a doubtful glance over his shoulder at Arthurjean Briggs, who was working semisilently away at a stenotype machine.

"Oh, that's my secretary," I explained. "I always have her take a record of important conversation in this office."

"If it's all right with you it's all right with me," he said grudgingly. "I thought perhaps you'd rather have this private."

"Not in the least," I replied. "Miss Briggs is the soul of discretion and I can imagine nothing we could talk about that I wouldn't want her to hear."

The G-man looked as though he was worrying over whether he ought to call Washington for permission.

"By the way, Mr. Harcourt," I added, "I just learned as I came in that you've been waiting for me since ten this morning. It's after three now so I took the liberty of sending out for a sandwich and some coffee for you."

Harcourt looked as surprised as though he had found Hoover's fingerprints on the murder gun, but he nodded gamely.

"Here it is now," I remarked, as there was a knock on the door and a knowing-looking boy placed an appealing trayful of sandwich, pickles and coffee in front of Mr. Harcourt.

"You go right ahead and eat your lunch," I urged. "Ask me for any information in my possession and you shall have it. And of course I'll have Miss Briggs send a complete transcript of our talk to you. First of all, if you don't mind, would you show me your identification and let Miss Briggs take down the information. It's always best to put these things in the record, isn't it?"

THE G-man gulped and produced a battered identity card, complete with fingerprints, number, Hoover's signature and a photograph which would have justified his immediate arrest on suspicion of bank robbery. Arthurjean took down the particulars, while he worked steadily on the lunch.

"I imagine, Mr. Harcourt," I remarked, "that you've had plenty of time in the last five hours to question members of my staff about whatever they might know about my business."

He looked up, almost pathetically. "I asked a few questions," he admitted. "This is just an informal inquiry. Nothing for grand jury action—yet."

"Do you think I ought to call my lawyer in before I proceed with our talk?" I asked. "I resent your reference to grand jury action. I don't even know what you wish to see me about and you have just made a libelous statement in front of a reliable witness. Is that the way J. Edgar Hoover trains his Gestapo?"

"I—well—"

"Come on, Harcourt, let's get on with it!" I interrupted. "I'm a busy man and you've wasted five hours of the time my taxes help to pay for. Something must have worried the F.B.I. to take one of their best men off his other assignments and send him down here on the chance of seeing me. What can I do for you?"

"The Bureau was asked to interrogate you, Mr. Tompkins, on behalf of another government agency. I'm not at liberty to tell you which one. I was simply instructed to ask you what you know about U.S.S. Alaska and naval dispositions in the North Pacific."

I leaned back and laughed. "Now I get it," I said. "That's the Office of Naval Intelligence and that triple-plated ass, Ranty Tolan, trying to win the war in the barrooms of New York. It all

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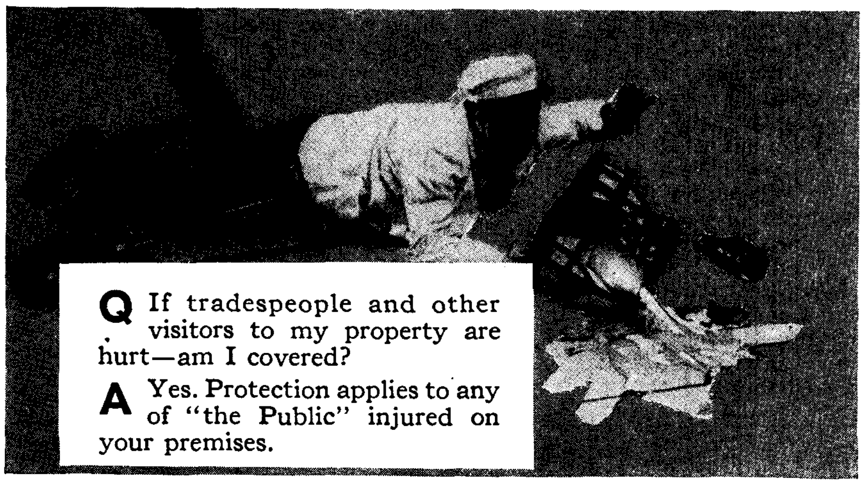

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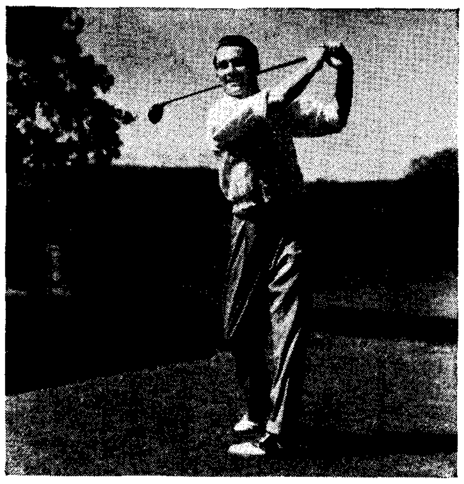

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ALWAYS BETTER...BETTER ALL WAYS

goes back to a dream I had while I was dozing at the Pond Club Monday afternoon. Something about the Alaska being blown up off the Aleutians. Tolan was there when I woke up and I passed a few remarks about my dream before I was fully awake, if you know what I mean. That's all there is to it."

The special agent made a number of hentracks in his notebook.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Tompkins," he said. "No doubt you'll be able to explain things if my chief wants to call you in. I don't think my chief believes in dreams. Not that kind of dream. Not in wartime."

I laughed again. "I'm afraid I can't help that. So far as I am concerned, the F.B.I. can believe in my dream or stick it in the files."

Harcourt coughed. "It's not easy working with O.N.I. or other Intelligence outfits," he said. "They never tell us anything. The trouble with your dream seems to be that the general public isn't supposed to know that the U.S.S. Alaska is in commission and that the Navy Department has had no word from her since last Saturday."

"Don't let that worry you," I said. "If she was anywhere near Paramushiro, she'd keep radio silence."

"Oh!" Harcourt remarked. "O.N.I. didn't say anything about Paramushiro. Thank you, Mr. Tompkins. We'll be in touch with you, off and on."

He rose, very politely, shook hands again, thanked me for the food, nodded to Miss Briggs and made his exit.

HIS steps died away down the corridor. Miss Briggs turned to me. "You utter fool!" she said fondly. "You had him bluffed until you talked about Paramushiro. Why did you admit anything?"

I looked up at her broad, pleasant face.

"So you've made a monkey out of me. I alibied you up and down. Listen, Winnie, the F.B.I. have been all over the joint since yesterday. We were warned not to whisper a word to you. There was an agent waiting to grill me when I got home last night. I told him you'd been spending the week end with me."

"You told him—"

"Sure! Why not? He wasn't interested in my morals. I told him about our place and gave you a complete alibi from Friday close of business until Monday noon. And now you have to make like a Nazi with the ships in the Pacific. Say, what is it you're supposed to have done?"

"Damned if I know, Miss Briggs."

"Lay off that Miss Briggs stuff. I'm your Arthurjean and you'd better catch the subway uptown with me and I'll cook you a steak at our place."

This was too deep water for hesitation, so I took the plunge. Taking my hat and coat I told the genteel receptionist that I'd be back in the morning. I waited for Arthurjean at the foot of the elevators and followed her lead, into the East Side subway and up to the 51st Street station, on to "our place."

It was very discreet, an old brownstone front converted into small apartments. There was no doorman and an automatic elevator prevented any intrusive check on the comings and goings of the tenants. The third-floor front had been made into a pleasant little two-room suite—a bedroom with a double bed, dresser and chairs, and an array of the inevitable duck etchings. There was a small sitting room as well, and a kitchenette with a satisfactory array of bottles in the icebox and a reasonable amount of groceries.

Arthurjean took off her hat and coat, fixed me a good stiff drink and then disappeared into the bathroom. After a good deal of splashing and gurgling, she reappeared clad in maroon satin hostess pajamas and a pair of fluffy green-gold, open-toed slippers.

"There," she said, "now I feel better."

I smiled at her. "Here's to Arthurjean!" I said.

"Nuts to Arthurjean," she replied. "How about Winnie? You've always been swell to me, and you know it. I don't care if you're a louse or a souse. Now you're in trouble with the cops, so how about me helping you, huh?"

"You're a good kid," I said. "The truth is I'm in all kinds of a jam. You see, I can't seem to remember what I've been doing before last Monday. It's like loss of memory, only worse. This F.B.I. thing is only one of my headaches."

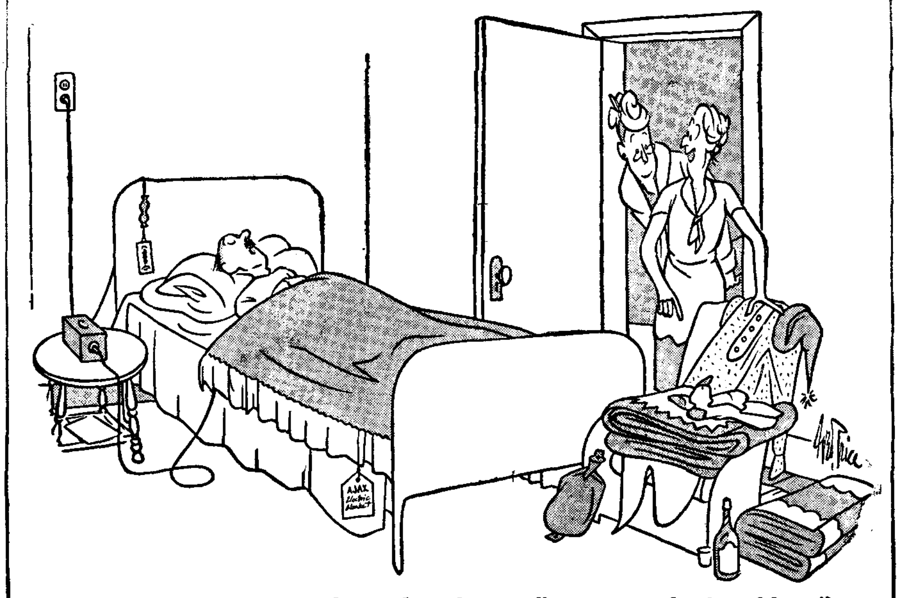
She looked at me questioningly. "So you don't remember where you were before Monday?" she asked. She slouched across the room, leaned down and gave me a hearty kiss. "Will that help you remember? It was like I told that detective. You and I were right here in this place over Easter and don't you ever forget it."

I sighed. She was corned beef and cabbage to Germaine's caviar and champagne, but I liked her. "Okay," I said. "I won't forget it."

"Attaboy!" she agreed. "Now that we've got that settled, suppose you tell me where the hell you really were over the week end. You stood me up Friday night and today's the first time I've set eyes on you since you left the office Friday morning. Boy, you may have some explaining to do to the F.B.I. but it's nothing to what you got to explain to Mama."

I hesitated only a moment before deciding to tell her the whole story.

(To be continued next week)



"He has an electric blanket. The other stuff is in case the fuse blows"

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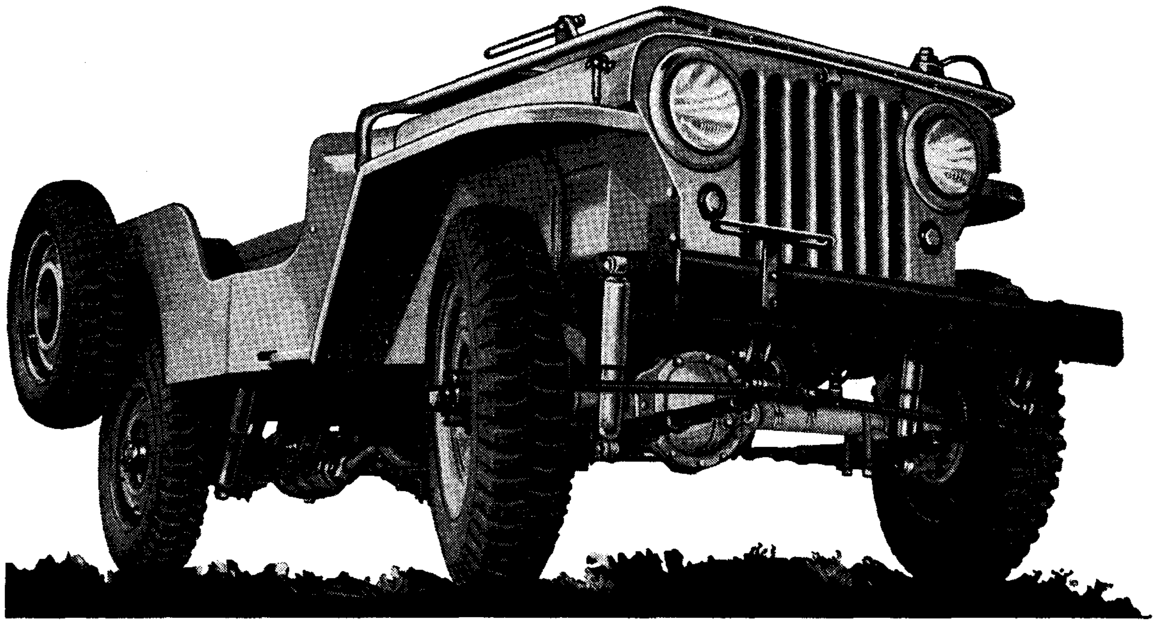


You see Universal 'Jeeps' in your town and at every crossroad, hard at work on an endless variety of jobs. They are there because they do the job better at lower cost.

ON THE FARM the Universal "Jeep" is *one* vehicle used all day, every day, throughout the year to do countless jobs on farms and ranches.

With powerful "Jeep" Engine, 4-wheel drive and range of 6 speeds forward and 2 reverse, the "Jeep" is used for plowing, discing, harrowing and other field work. Both pull-type and hydraulic-lift equipment can be used with the Universal "Jeep".

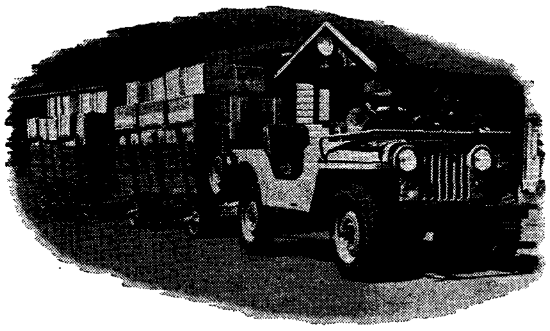
Power take-off furnishes to 30 h. p. belt power for feed mills, buzz saws and ensilage cutters. It operates sprayers, binders, power mowers and other shaft-driven farm equipment.

The "Jeep" serves as a pick-up and tow truck that travels roads and open country impassable to ordinary vehicles.

Write Dept. AD-2 for FREE booklet, "The All-Purpose Vehicle for the Farm."

IN INDUSTRY AND BUSINESS the Universal "Jeep" is used as an industrial tractor, pick-up and tow truck, field vehicle and highly mobile power unit.

Center and rear power take-off supply ample power for shaft- and belt-driven equipment. Air-compressor units and 200 amp arc welders can be mounted in "Jeep" bed, operated by power take-off from the "Jeep" Engine. Hydraulic lift unit increases ease of handling snow plows, sweeper brushes, etc.



Its ruggedness and power make the "Jeep" ideal for towing heavy trailers, and it hauls up to 1200 lbs. as a pick-up truck. It takes men and tools to the job, on or off the road.

The "Jeep" is proving its versatility for industry and business throughout America.

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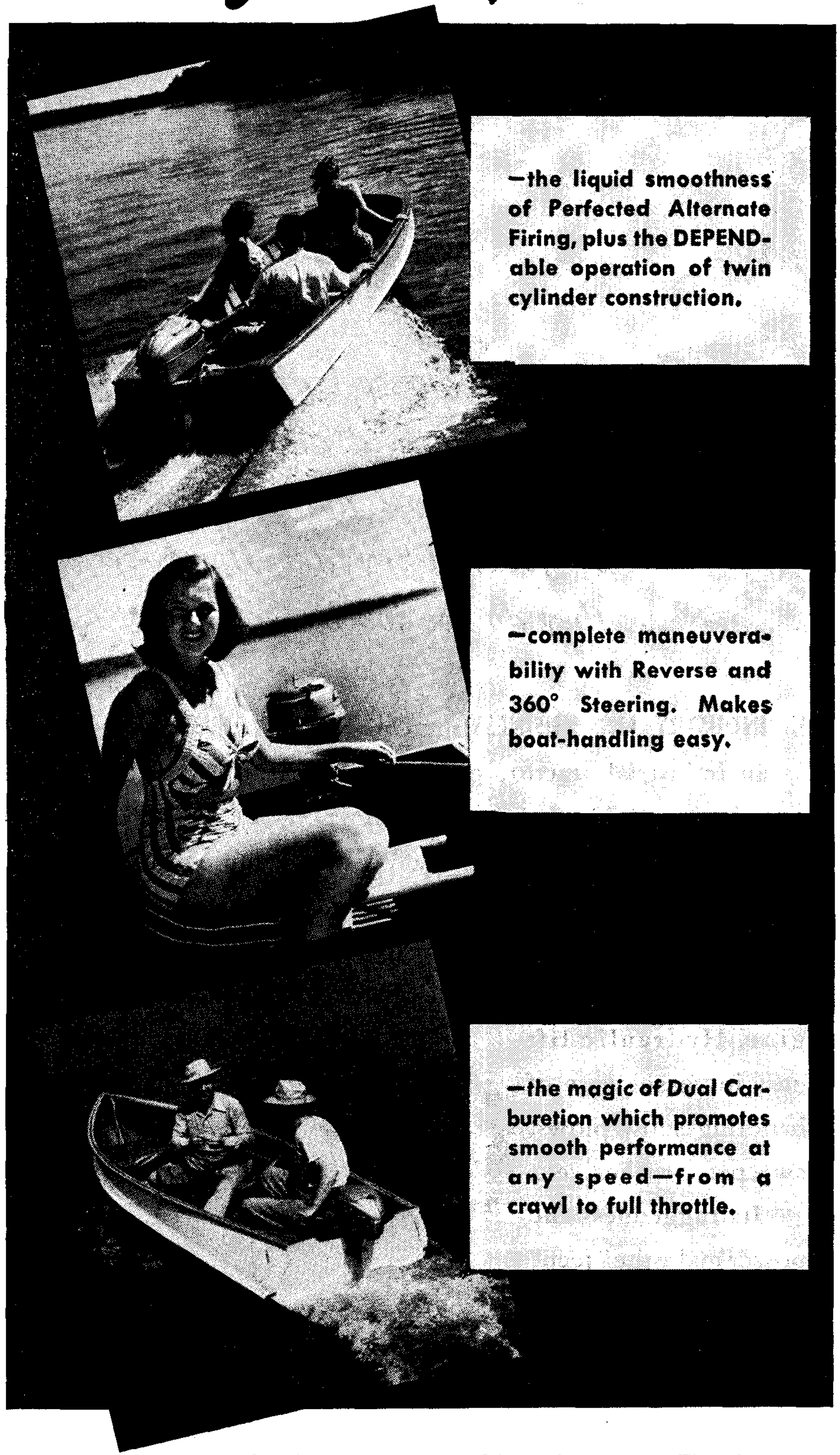

—the liquid smoothness of Perfected Alternate Firing, plus the DEPENDable operation of twin cylinder construction.

—complete maneuverability with Reverse and 360° Steering. Makes boat-handling easy.

—the magic of Dual Carburetion which promotes smooth performance at any speed—from a crawl to full throttle.

These three great outboard motor features are *Johnson* developments. Write for a copy of the new Sea-Horse Handy Chart describing all the features of the 1947 line... Johnson production in the last 12 months reached an all-time high. But demand for *Johnson* motors is still running ahead of shipments. See your dealer about delivery. Look for his name under "Outboard Motors" in your classified phone book.

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JOHNSON SEA-HORSES for Dependability

JOHNSON MAKES SEA-HORSE MOTORS ONLY—NO OTHERS

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

million homes built before 1915. These homes are mostly wood. Let us make the most of what we have in the easiest way while planning for prefabricated housing which must remain an infant industry for years to come. JEAMERS STEAVENS, Western Homes Foundation, Portland, Ore.

THAT DOOZIE, THE DUESENBERG

DEAR EDITOR: In Lovely to Look At (Jan. 11th) Frederick Borg states the Duesenberg carried one hundred and twenty horsepower, the most powerful stock car ever made. The last part is correct but the horsepower was two hundred and sixty-five in 1933. From 1929 until 1937 the hp was 265 for the unblown model and 320 for the blown. MARION ROBERTS, Buffalo, N. Y.

WE GET THE BIRD

DEAR SIR: The color photographs accompanying Mr. La Tour's article, High Fliers (Jan. 18th), were among the best bird pictures I have seen. Didn't the author make a mistake when he captioned the lower right-hand picture on page 17 as "Mrs. Mobley stops for a chat with the entertaining *toucans* . . ."? These birds are obviously macaws. The toucan is a tropical fruit-eating bird with an enormous thin-shelled beak which is oftentimes as large as the body of the bird.
J. A. LOPEZ, Wilmington, Del.

While one can macaw mistake in a caption—toucan always correct it. But toucans, or threecans . . . say, who started this?

GALLEY SLAVE REBELLION

DEAR EDITOR: Do S. B. of New York and "Ex-Navy Man who survived 44 months of Navy chow but received no Purple Heart" (Week's Mail, Jan. 25th) know that, rate for rate, the second largest number of men killed in the war were ship's cooks? Do they know that 30 per cent of the mental patients from the fleet were ship's cooks? No one can escape if his brain is cooked in that intense heat long enough.

I was cook in charge of galleys of the U.S.S. Zemlin, a name known to 'housands of the men that did the shooting. Ask the 860 casualties of Tarawa that ate Thanksgiving dinner aboard her on December 2, 1943, if that ship had a good mess.
LYNN FOSTER, Austin, Tex.

. . . Trouble with the chow situation is that the admirals and generals in charge get only $8,500 a year. . . . They could get that much as head bookkeepers of firms making yo-yo tops.
REX BRADFORD, New York, N. Y.

GLAMOR GAL

DEAR EDITOR: In A Nice Clean Story (Jan. 25th) there is a picture of a scrub lady working in an office building. Is it the usual custom for ladies of that profession to wear dark red nail polish and upswept hair-do? I'm just an ordinary housewife and my fingernails don't stay so nice during the course of scrubbing my kitchen floor.
MRS. JOHN TAYLOR, Rochester, N. Y.

Well, she was a nice, clean model scrub lady—stopped to reapply her nail polish every few seconds, and sweep up her fallen hair.

OUR FAR-FLUNG READERS

DEAR EDITOR: I have been thinking of thanking you for such a wonderful story, The Victor (Nov. 2d). You might not even print this letter as it comes from a German girl. This story wasn't only true but the streets and places mentioned do really exist. Your Heels Among Heroes was also a great story and appreciated by both American and German readers. DOROTHY MAUSER, Frankfurt am Main, Germany

BOMBARDING COURTNEY

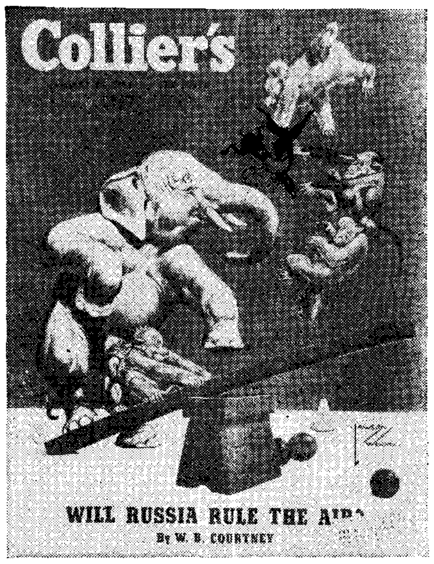
DEAR COLONEL LITTAUER: W. B. Courtney (Will Russia Rule the Air?, Jan. 25th) refers to the Air Race and how America is losing it or has lost it. He says: "Russia is in the lead on all points of foresight research and future war potentials, as well as in the advanced ideas in which German science formerly led." Does he presume to suggest that the Russians have the entire crop of German scientists? The German scientists in the last war developed the Me. 109 and the FW 190; rated above them by performance and results were the P-47, P-51 and the Spitfire. Their jets were never capable of developing longer flights than 17 minutes and as a war factor the V-weapons were practically nothing.

Now to the English paragraph: "They lead in national organized research in electronics and radar." I can see the boys at M.I.T. doing slow rolls and giving up. And her leading in the drive to sell commercial airplanes to foreign markets. That I challenge; the B.O.A. fly American planes, as do all the South American lines.
MARSHALL LEWIS, Ridley Park, Pa.

. . . In his article, Will Russia Rule the Air?, Mr. Courtney states: "Peace rests in the . . . ability to drop the 'mostest fustest.' " The condition resulting from this attitude would merely be stalemate—surely not peace. The attitude itself would precipitate war. Surely that is not peace.
ALAN JONES, Lawrence, Kans.

DONKEY BUSINESS

DEAR EDITOR: When I first saw your Jan. 25th cover, it seemed to me there was something lacking. Later, in a newspaper advt., I found what Mr. Wood had forgotten. H. G. LEFFINGWELL, Huntington Park, Cal.



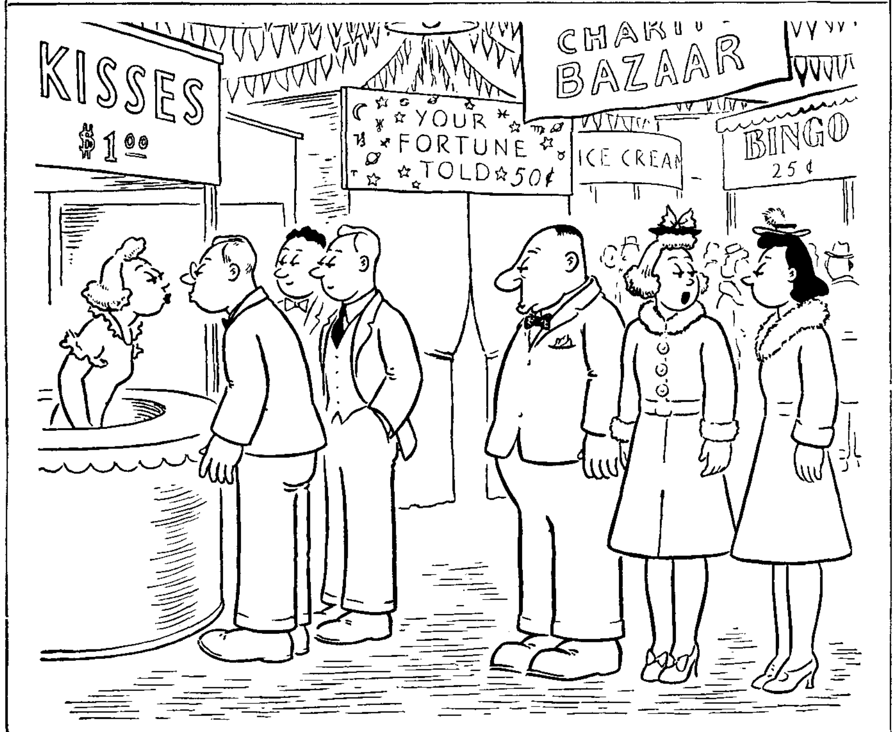
WHO'S BOSS?

DEAR EDITOR: In What to Do About Strikes (Jan. 18th), Peter Drucker paints the American workman as a psychoneurotic, worried about his job and his future. As I know him he is anything but that. Bewildered, yes. Worried, no. When he took his job the company was boss. When the New Deal came along he found that the union was boss. Came strikes and the accompanying quibbling, unfair charges, and the whole mess and it looks like the government is boss. He wants to know more than anything else: Who the hell *is* boss? M. B. WEST, Lima, Ohio

STILL WHAT IS IT?

DEAR EDITOR: In The Antickity Man (Jan. 4th), the contraption "What Is It?" I believe, is a potter's wheel for shaping pottery by hand. I saw one like it in Quimper, Brittany (France).
MISS E. HASENCLEVER, Bronxville, N. Y.

ALFRED • by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



• "Alfred believes that affection should be founded first of all on wholesome companionship and common interests"

COLLIER'S

DEMOCRACY IN OUR TOWN

Continued from page 15

After a moment's silence, Bob Laduke piped up from somewhere near the stove, and made everything familiar and easy again: "Mr. Moderator, I propose we vote. If we don't soon, I'm going to melt!"

Over in Plainfield, the doctor proposal was complicated by the enthusiastic support it got from Harry Carlson, Democratic candidate for governor in the last elections, and a relative newcomer to these parts.

As chairman of a five-man Medical Association formed by the two towns to promote the proposal, Carlson sent mimeographed reports through the mails at his own expense. This was viewed with suspicion.

It wasn't that the townfolks objected to Carlson personally so much as to being told. The feeling in town-meeting country has always held that convincing people should be done by indirection and shouldn't cost anybody a cent.

With a grim sense of humor, Carlson stuck to his guns, and characteristically the town respected him for it. The Plainfield vote was 70 to 14 for the doctor proposal.

Between town meetings, affairs are handled by the selectmen, usually three but sometimes as many as nine. Although the job is considered an honor and the town pays no more than their expenses, the selectmen have their hands full—listening to complaints, licensing dogs and auctioneers, defending the town against all legal action, and supervising and recording all spending: tax money for schools, roads, old-age assistance, insurance and the rest.

They also pay bounties on wolves, bears, hedgehogs, and other marauding animals, and their monthly meetings are frequently interrupted by small fry who come to collect 50 cents apiece for porcupine heads.

Except in wartime, Cornish, like most of its neighbors, has made little to-do over the great issues that stirred up the rest of the nation. While the abolitionist movement was at its height, a local church group resolved: "That the deplorable condition of the African race, whether bond or free, calls for the sympathy of the philanthropist and the prayers of the Christian." That was that until the Civil War, when 150 Cornish men fought with the Union army.

After the war, when reform was in the air, 80 Cornish men formed a local chapter of the Sons of Temperance and met in the basement of the Baptist Church. Things went well until they discovered a by-law requiring "abstinence from the use of cider."

"This," wrote the local historian, "led to a decline of interest from which it never rallied."

Nothing that violates the individual's freedom of choice gets very far among town-meeting folk. A few years ago, one of the books Cornish ordered for its public library under a noncommittal title turned out to be an illustrated treatise on nudism. This caused quite a stir, and a self-appointed committee of women citizens demanded its removal by the selectmen.

"The way we figure it," one of them spoke up in town meeting, "nobody is forcin' anybody to read this book. And if some folks just can't help nosin' around, it'd be a lot safer for 'em to do it in a book than in other people's business!" The issue never came to a vote.

Party affiliations scarcely ever enter into town-meeting debate or the selection of officers. In Cornish, Selectman Harry Nelson is an avowed Democrat, but according to his colleagues, "It's never made the slightest difference." Nominally, the town is almost solidly Republican. As Ford Kinsman, the staunchest of the lot, declares: "We ain't just registered, we're baptized that way."

But where every man represents himself, as he does in town meetings, his real "party" is the way he happens to feel about local problems as they come up. The final authority in town meeting, when you get to the bottom of it, is God and a man's conscience. And if any little difference of opinion still remains at this point, well, it's as one God-fearing Cornish man remarked after a long and harrowing sermon on retribution:

"God Hisself's done some things I'd hate to have on my own conscience."

THE END

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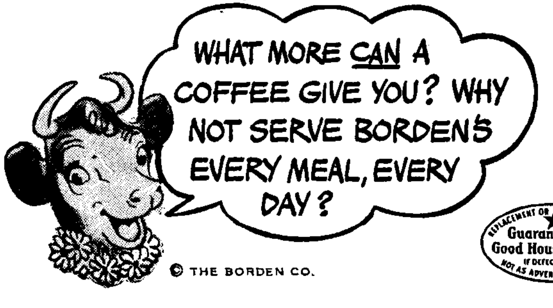
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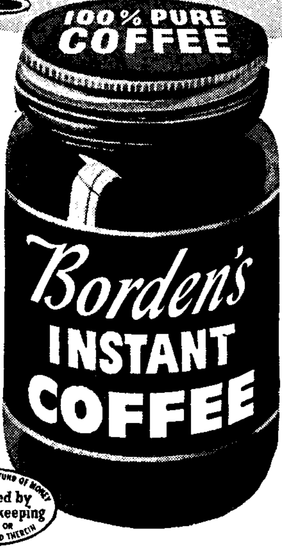

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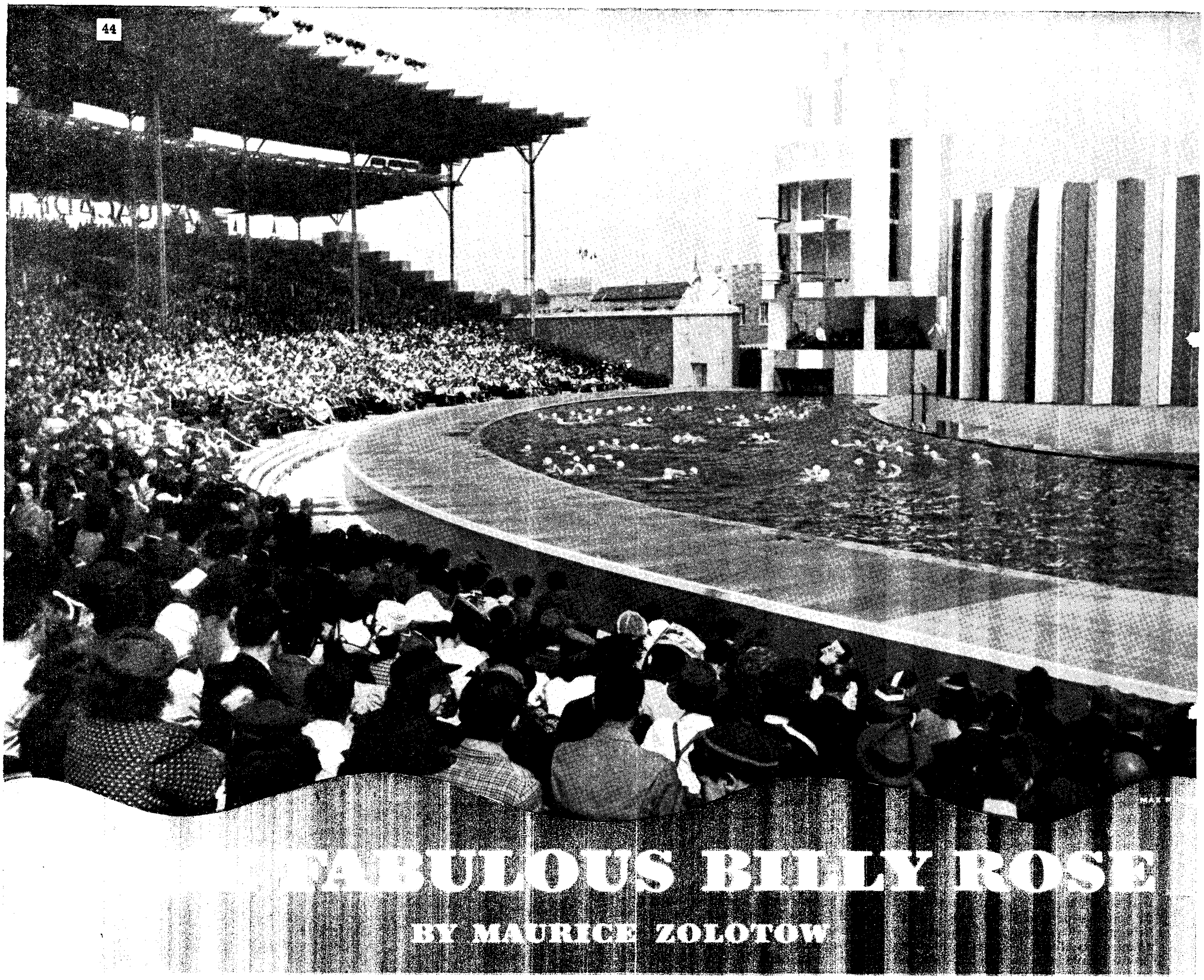
* Use at least half a jar of Borden's. Then, if you don't agree it tastes better than any coffee you ever used, send us the jar with unused contents, and we'll refund your money. The Borden Co., 350 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.



FABULOUS BILLY ROSE

BY MAURICE ZOLOTOW

After showing Texas how a successful fair should be staged, Billy Rose moved on to New York and even greater fame with his Aquacade and the unique production, Carmen Jones

Conclusion

EARLY in 1936, Billy Rose was unwittingly drawn into the feud of municipal pride between two cities in southwest Texas, Fort Worth and Dallas. The state legislature had just chosen sophisticated Dallas, larger of the two, as the site for the Texas Centennial Exposition that year, and the citizenry of Fort Worth, a sprawling cow town thirty miles away, boasting a minimum of culture, decided to put on their own show. Amos Carter, local publisher and chief Dallas hater, had seen Jumbo in New York and decided Billy Rose was the man to stage the Fort Worth jamboree.

A Fort Worth Exposition Board of Control was hastily set up, a few hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds were subscribed and several of the local Women's Clubs made plans for Indian villages and Mexican handicraft exhibits. No big national industrial exhibits were available—they had all been signed up by the Dallas fair. This was the discouraging setup when Billy arrived at Fort Worth in response to a message from Amos Carter.

A committee met him at the airport and drove him out to the exposition site. On the way, he was shown photographs of the Dallas exposition buildings and landscaped grounds. "How much are they going to spend here?" he asked Carter.

"Our committee has already raised $500,000," Carter said.

"And how much is Dallas spending?"

"About $20,000,000," said Carter, with an unconvincing offhandedness.

"Twenty million dollars of modern industrial machinery," murmured Rose. "There is only one thing that can compete with that, and that is—girls. Well, let me see the site." The challenge, the seemingly insuperable obstacle, was beginning to grip Rose.

After driving for what seemed like two hours but was actually a half hour, they arrived at a bare, lonely prairie.

"This is the site," said Carter.

"This is a wilderness, not a site," Rose said. "Do you boys realize what you've got to build here? It's not only a problem of putting up exposition buildings—but you've got to build a small city. You've got no lighting facilities here, no water supply, no sewerage system. You've got to build all that."

"And we want to open the fair on the Fourth of July," Carter said.

They returned to the Fort Worth Athletic Club, where Billy went into a small room and sat at a typewriter. Then, in about an hour's time, he outlined the details of what, with scarcely any deviations, eventually became the Fort Worth Frontier Fiesta. First, the production of Jumbo in its entirety was to be brought to Fort Worth. Secondly, a wild West show with musical interludes. Third, a honky-tonk cabaret, built in imitation of an old-style frontier saloon. Fourth, several blocks of old Western-style buildings, which would house the concessions. Fifth, a building for the

(Continued on page 52)

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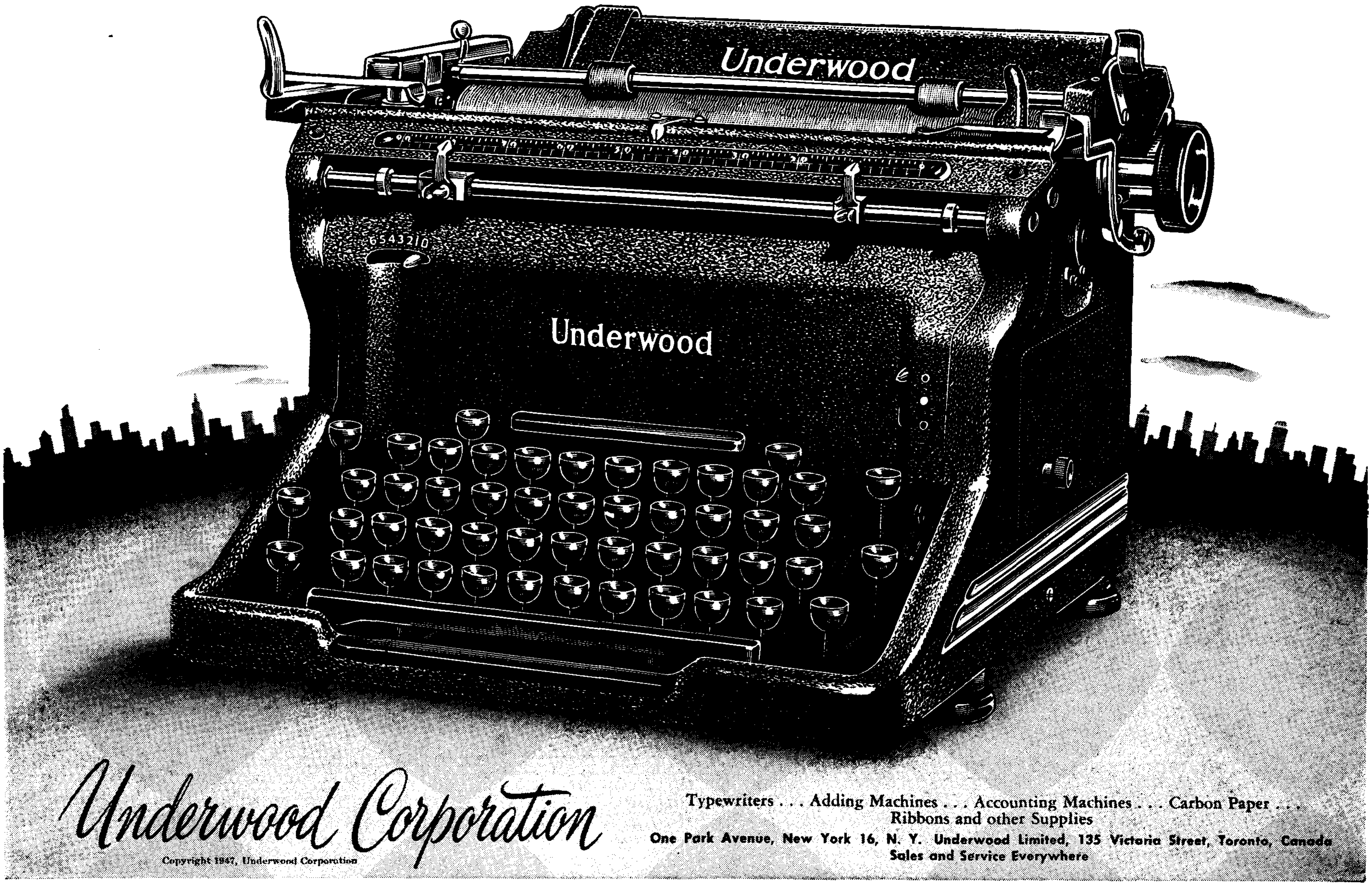

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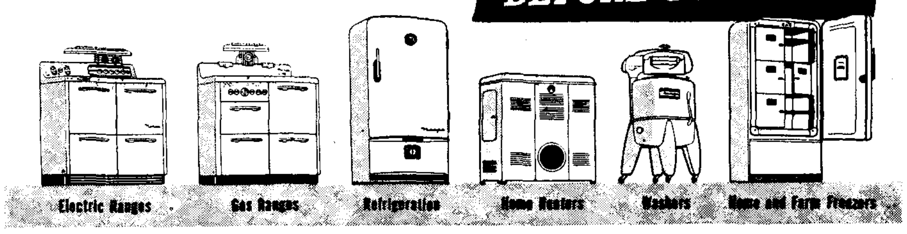


MOSCOW: PAY-OFF ON PEACE

Continued from page 19

offer, one official capsuled its significance: "All of us are holding the German bear by the tail and not daring to let go. In this treaty we're saying, 'Here is a cage of fine American steel. Let's put the bear in it so we can all walk out together.' "

Although they booted it around, the Russians carefully avoided labeling Byrnes' treaty "Reject." Apparently they still are sniffing it over. The coolish reception given the proposal does reflect one fundamental difference between peacemaking today and at Versailles. Too many solemnly sworn treaties have been shredded into confetti in recent years for any nation to be satisfied with mere verbal guarantees of its security. With Germany, European countries see "security" involving answers to questions like these:

Is Germany to have a weak government? Or a strong one? Will she be Communist? Capitalist? Socialist? What classes of society are to be purged? Which favored? How much heavy industry is to be left her? What reparations will she pay?

Iron Curtain Must Be Rung Up

And it is on such economic and political problems that the ministers must finally come to grips with the issue that was ducked through the months of haggling over the Italian and Balkan treaties. Those treaties left the so-called "iron curtain" dividing Europe untouched. If Germany's unification is to have substance—and Marshall will be determined that it shall—the curtain actually has to be rung up.

U.S. policy has always favored a decentralized, federated Germany. This was President Roosevelt's thinking and is part of the program Byrnes passed on to Marshall. Futhermore, we have presented our occupation competitors with federalism as a *fait accompli.*

A year ago General Clay ordered Germany's first elections since Hitler. There were protests that the Germans weren't ready to vote; they weren't fit to govern themselves. Looking back now, it is clear that those elections weren't simply a whim that hit Clay on a nostalgic morning, but the first step in a broadly conceived, skillfully executed strategy.

Today the U.S. zone is the only one with a complete, popularly elected governmental structure. In each of our three provinces—"*Laender,*" the Germans call them—constitutions have been approved by popular referendum, legislatures elected and ministerial cabinets are functioning. Under pressure of our example both the British and Soviets are now pushing provincial governments in their zones.

Why have we worked so persistently for a decentralized Germany? Our policy makers see a federalized Germany as a safeguard against the abrupt revival of totalitarian dictatorship, left or right. Instead of one strong, national government for some budding Fuehrer to seize in a single *Putsch,* there would be a series of governments—many citadels—to be conquered. Federalism thus becomes "defense in depth" against dictatorial blitzkriegs. A Huey von Long might sweep to power in a German Louisiana, but might well be checked before he had the whole country goose-stepping.

Establishing a centralized regime at the outset, it was further felt, would invite an immediate struggle for control of that government. In the course of it both Germany and the Allies might be ripped apart. Under a looser federal framework, the Allies would have more time and space to work out their problems.

The British, for example, recently brought the entire Ruhr industrial complex into a new province of North Rhine-Westphalia. This was done to *permit "internationalizing" the* Ruhr without amputating it physically from Germany as the French originally demanded. France's scheme, the U.S. and Britain agreed, would have created an Irredentist territorial issue and left non-Rhineland Germany a vagrant, without visible means of support.

The British have been planning to vest control of the Ruhr's industries in the provincial government, under the supervision of an international corporation of "interested powers." When one American asked the Britisher explaining the scheme to him whether the Soviets would sit on this corporation he got the reply, "You can put this down in your book. We'll let the Russians in only as fast as they relax their totalitarian grip on their zone and really unify Germany."

As a revealing footnote, the new province was gerrymandered to include a rural area large enough to make the province politically conservative and thus avoid any risk that the local Communists might capture the government. The action offers a striking illustration of Britain's split personality in treating Germany: In this case the Mr. Hyde of power-politics gained ascendancy over his idealistic other half, Dr. Jekyll. The British Labor party has been openly backing the Social Democratic party in Germany. One night at Cologne, Kurt Schumacher, the acid-tongued Social Democratic chieftain, remarked, "We had a majority in the Ruhr before our brother British Socialists took it from us with their new province."

Blueprints for Civil War

But the fault in a federalized Germany lies in the fact that checks on strong government inevitably leave loopholes for abuses of weak government. Our own federal system has produced states which specialized in easy divorces, tax refuges, gambling, low wages, gangster hideouts; a Bilbo in Mississippi, a Talmadge in Georgia. Similar variations and aberrations can be expected in a federalized Germany. Soviet propagandists have been attacking federalism as a refuge for Nazis and reactionaries, with some justice. Different provincial governments are likely to become the strongholds for rival political groups which makes a perfect pattern for civil war.

The thought of a strongly centralized Germany terrifies her neighbors—France, Holland, Belgium—all of whom are eager advocates of federalism. Questioned as to the possible disadvantages, a Belgian replied, "A weak government may mean some trouble for the Germans. We *know* a strong Reich means trouble for us."

Opposed to the American concept of federalism are the Soviets who have championed centralism. A draft of a constitution circulated by the Communist-sponsored SED or Socialist Unit party would concentrate authority in a one-chamber legislature with limited functions left to the provinces. The writing of the new German constitution could become a turning point in freedom's history. There will be some dirty work at the zonal crossroads over how the constitutional drafting body is to be selected, with the Communists trying to cover up for their political weakness. But eventually the issue will be clearly joined on how to rebuild a democratic Germany.

The Russians contend that a select group representing the "working class" must keep control and impose democracy from the top down by propaganda, purges, and bonuses for those who see the light. Against that is the American belief that "democracy" builds from the bottom up by freedom of action by the individual.

Illustrating this clash of ideologies is the deadlock over the organization of a German federation of trade unions. The Soviets have been demanding a modified version of Hitler's Labor Front—"one big union," with a central treasury to which all workers would pay dues directly. No unions would be permitted outside this body. In their own zone, where union membership is compulsory, the Soviets boast 3,500,000 "members" to 3,000,000 for the rest of Germany.

We have insisted the federation be of the A.F. of L. or C.I.O. type, in which each constituent union remains independent, with its own treasury and responsible to its own members. Union constitutions in our zone leave considerable autonomy to local bodies and protect individual workers against being expelled arbitrarily.

Soviet trade-union tactics are part of a larger strategy. Capturing the leadership of "one big union" would give German Communists a veto on any government through the threat of a general strike. Going further, the Soviets are expected to make a big play for nationalization of the basic industries with unions sharing in the management. If they could win this point, the Soviets probably would accept a politically federated Germany, for the effect of nationalization would be to set up a strongly centralized *economic* government through which the Communists could rule the country. They would be able to circumvent all the safeguards of political decentralization. They might even be able to win control of the Ruhr from the British!

With the provincial constitutions in our zone we permitted the Germans to decide for themselves whether they wanted Socialism. We are prepared to compromise with Russia and allow Socialism on the local or provincial level but not to socialize the industries in huge national combines. The difference would be whether the ownership of the socialized industries would be concentrated in one national regime or scattered among many governmental units—one or many fortresses for a would-be dictator to conquer.

Running through every aspect of American policy on Germany one finds this common theme—the dispersal of power. We have been trying to limit the size of industrial establishments to prevent cartels from reviving. We are pressing for a banking system modeled after our own Federal Reserve in opposition to British desires for a central bank. While the common vanity afflicting all the occupying powers in trying to stamp their own images on Germany is largely responsible, our efforts go beyond that. Britain and Russia are both strongly centralistic countries. Situated as they are strategically, neither could be expected to accept victory by the other's centralism in Germany. It has been our hope that they might find compromise in the decentralized pattern we have laid out, thus making possible a self-liquidating solution of the German problem.

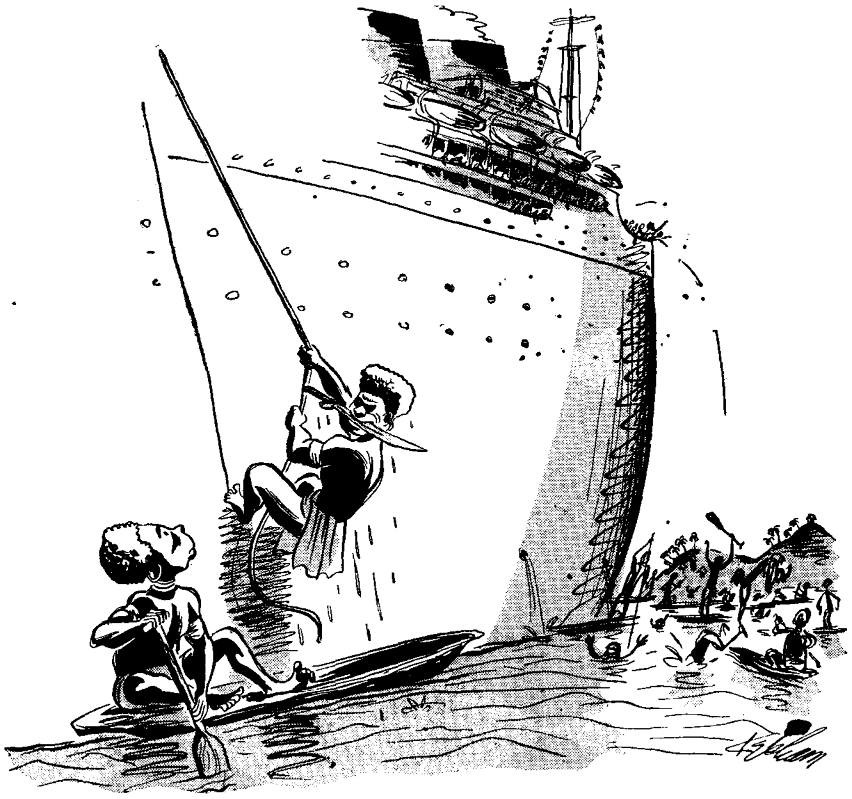
Conflicting "Spheres" Remain

With each passing month, though, it has seemed more and more as if we were swimming against the tide. Chances of getting a United States of Germany still are quite good. But that would not solve the decisive conflict. Beneath the exterior façade of a decentralized Germany, the Western powers could do as they pleased in the Ruhr, the Soviets likewise in eastern Germany. Some such "compromise" may develop. It will really be a stalemate, demarcating the battleground for the future.

Observers who have studied the pattern established by the Soviets in their zone regard it as a blueprint for the control of Germany. The zone has been organized as a solid phalanx, defensively right now, but capable of being converted into a spearhead of attack. Structurally everything is set up so a small, strategically placed minority can rule the majority.

The Russians have allowed three other political parties to operate under handicaps—and in the most recent elections these parties shellacked the SED. Nevertheless, SED leaders hold all important administrative posts in the Soviet zone and Berlin; they are spread through the management of the socialized industries and mines; they control the unions; also the one youth organization. Membership in this "Free German Youth" is not compulsory as was the Hitler *Jugend* but competing youth groups are *verboten.*

In addition to these and other Communist puppet organizations, the Russians have grabbed off near monopolies



COLLIER'S "I'm going up where the real dough is!" HANK KETCHAM

A CHAMPION WITHOUT EQUAL by Frank Williams

THE GRAND LITTLE MAN OF BILLIARDS
WILLIE HOPPE
...FOR 43 YEARS A WORLD'S TITLEHOLDER! TRY TO MATCH THAT RECORD IN ANY OTHER SPORT!
WILLIE FIRST LEARNED TO HANDLE A CUE AT EIGHT...
...AT 16 HE WON THE JUNIOR MASTERS' TOURNAMENT.
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AT 59 HE STILL HOLDS MOST OF THEM!
HE LOOKS SHARP! ...CALMLY AND CONFIDENTLY SCORING A SPECTACULAR SHOT...
HE MAKES IT LOOK EASY
...HE HAS RUN MORE THAN 15 MILLION POINTS IN BILLIARDS DURING HIS LIFETIME!
SOME HOPPE!
HE FEELS SHARP! TRAVELING CROSS-COUNTRY TO GIVE COUNTLESS EXHIBITIONS OF HIS SKILL...DURING THE WAR HOPPE TOURED USO CAMPS—OFTEN MAKING 8 TO 10 APPEARANCES DAILY!

HE IS SHARP!

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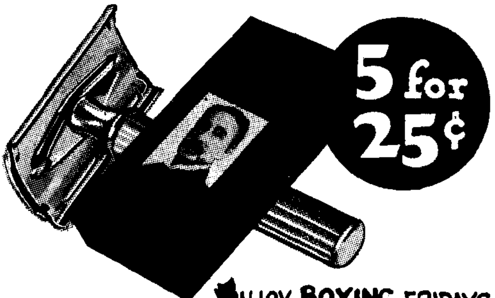
be SHARP
use **Gillette Blue Blades** with the SHARPEST edges ever honed!



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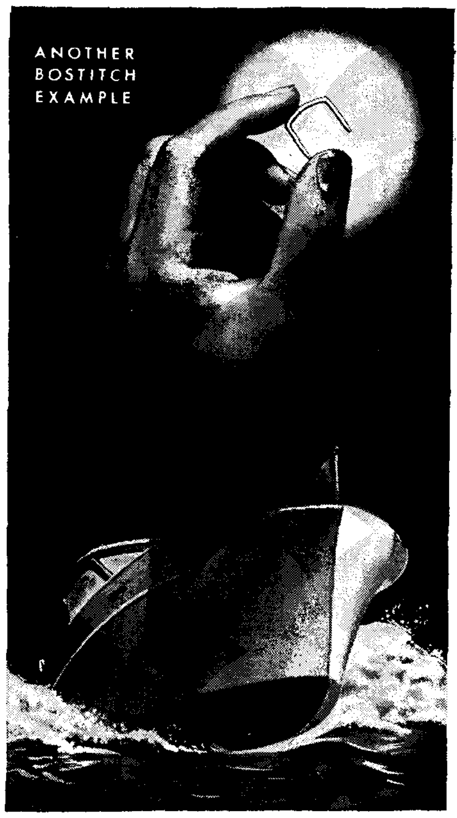

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of certain key industries. "Kombinats," with Russia holding 51 per cent of the stock, have been set up under a super-Insull holding company, the Soviet Industrial Corporation. Many Kombinat properties are plants which the Soviets are entitled to remove as reparations under Potsdam; others are not. The Soviets ship in raw materials for these Kombinats and take back the production. The Kombinats may mean the Soviets plan to keep an economic foothold in Germany indefinitely, as a "competitor of British and American investors in the West."

Can this Soviet pattern be relaxed? It was General Clay's belief the Soviets would abandon their "iron curtain" and permit us to write the ticket for Germany politically in exchange for reparations from current production. These are the goods and machinery which will be produced year by year, as distinct from reparations in factory equipment where the plant itself is carted away.

In Washington there is considerable feeling against giving Russia such reparations from western Germany. The argument runs, "We bought economic unification once at Potsdam, why make further concessions to get what the Soviets already have pledged?"

This argument overlooks the relation of reparations to how weak or strong Germany is to be. When Potsdam was drafted, the Big Three were committed to a "weak Germany," and reparations were to be limited to dismantling and removing factories. Over the last year, however, Russia, Britain and the United States have all swung to the idea of a "stronger Germany." With this altered emphasis, the Soviets and other European countries want to siphon off what they can of German production to speed their own reconstruction while slowing Germany's. The keystone of Soviet policy is to make Russia industrially stronger than Germany. Thus the Soviets logically say, "If the goose of German heavy industry isn't to be killed, we want the eggs."

Reparations from current production raise two difficulties. They must be financed. Which means borrowing from Uncle Sam. Having had our fingers badly burned after World War I, we aren't keen on helping history repeat itself.

Then, the Soviets have been asking an impossibly high figure of $20,000,000,000 in such reparations, with $10,000,000,000 going to Russia. (The Yalta formula gives Russia 50 per cent of German reparations.) Hungry for all they can get, the Soviets reason that if the figure proves burdensome they can reduce it in exchange for political concessions.

A Plan for German Industry

At Moscow, Secretary Marshall will have in his brief case a compromise reparations scheme worked out by General Clay. The idea is to use the "level of industry" agreement drawn up by the Allied Control Council in Berlin. The plan sets forth, industry by industry, the capacity Germany needs to become self-supporting by 1949, assuming an average European standard of living.

Both the British and Russians now want this industrial level boosted substantially. The British would raise the permitted steel output from 5,800,000 tons annually to nine or eleven million tons. The Soviets are ready to accept this, provided—a provision the British reject—it be accompanied by whopping reparations.

Steering between the two, Clay's scheme would lift the level of industry moderately, and allow moderate reparations. To reduce the financing burden, countries receiving these reparations would have to supply all raw materials not available in Germany. This last principle the Soviets already have agreed to informally. At present the Russians are extracting about $150,000,000 net from their own zone. If they are to agree to the economic unification of Germany they can be expected to demand more than this.

Here's how the deal might work. Say the level of industry were lifted 10 per cent. This would increase Germany's production of goods by about $750,000,000. About a third might represent raw material imports. Subtracting that leaves $500,000,000 in goods which would be available annually for reparations. Of this Russia would get $250,000,000.

In exchange for reparations, Clay would insist that the "iron curtain" go. The Soviets would give all political parties equal rights, permit free travel, pool all exports and imports, establish a common currency, and accept a single budget from which all occupation costs would be drawn. (This latter move would tend to curb the size of occupation armies.) Since these detailed measures could not be whisked into effect overnight, timetables calling for their imposition, step by step, would be set up. If the schedules weren't met, the flow of reparations from western Germany would be cut off.

Some such reparations deal, coupled with a federalized Germany, would represent an American diplomatic victory, while yielding sufficient concessions to make it an Allied victory as well. It would clear the zones for the establishment of a liberal, parliamentary democracy in Germany—a victory for Western political ideas—in exchange for equalizing the reconstruction of Germany and Russia—thus giving Russia her hedge against too strong a Germany.

Retaining the level-of-industry plan would automatically give the Soviets a voice in the Ruhr, since the production ceilings cover the Ruhr. The plan also provides a mechanism by which the Allies can regulate the rebuilding of Germany in co-operation rather than competition with one another. Should it develop that not enough industry has been left for Germany to be self-supporting, the ceilings can be raised. Currently production in western Germany is well below the permitted ceilings.

Coupled with Byrnes' 40-year demilitarization treaty, this program could serve as a basis for replacing the occupation armies with long-time controls and inspections. Not until the armies go back home can the U.N. really take over.

Of course, the Soviets may refuse to lower their reparations demands, or they may balk at the political and other concessions we would ask in return for the increased reparations. Still, it would be worth while exploring such a compromise fully, considering the alternative.

Danger If Conference Fails

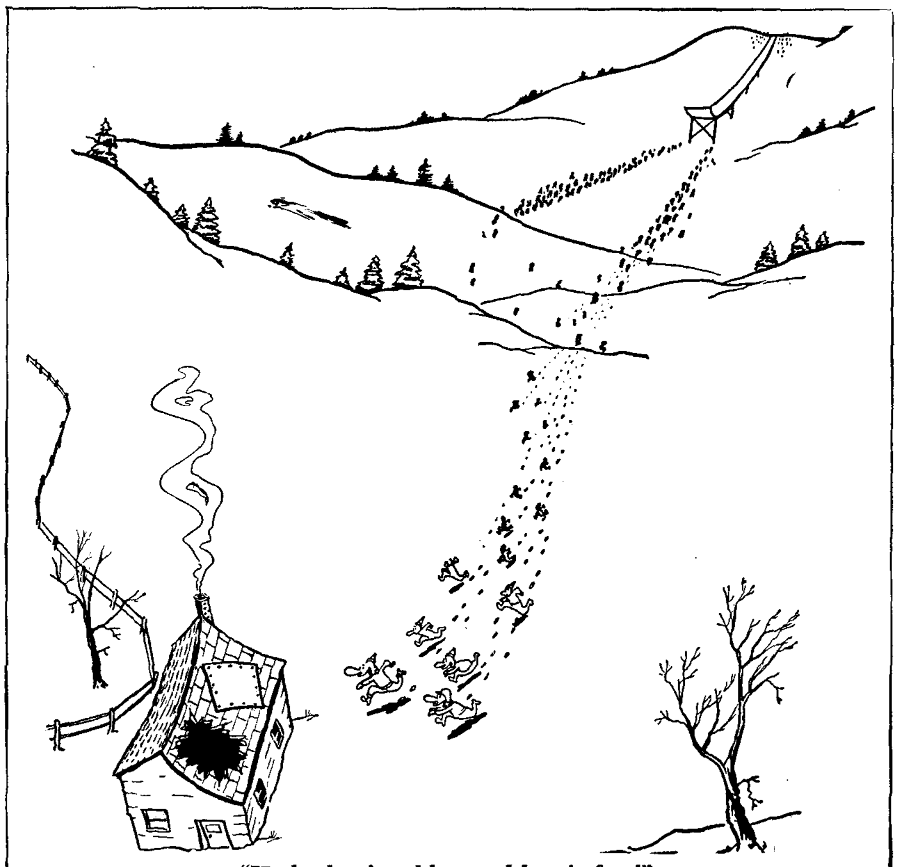
If the Moscow negotiations fall flat we and the British will be pushed into forming a virtually separate western Germany. This would develop into some form of western European "bloc" centering around an internationalized Ruhr. The line would be drawn for undeclared political and economic warfare between U.S.-British western Europe and Soviet-dominated eastern Europe.

Tensions might tighten so rapidly that, as one diplomat in Berlin forecast, "we would have war in four or five years." More likely, since neither side seems to want a formal break, negotiations would probably continue for several years. During that period any real understanding on anything vital—say the atomic bomb—would be impossible. Eventually agreement on Germany might be reached, or the wrestling of the giants could deteriorate into prolonged international stalemate which might well breed civil war in any one of half a dozen countries.

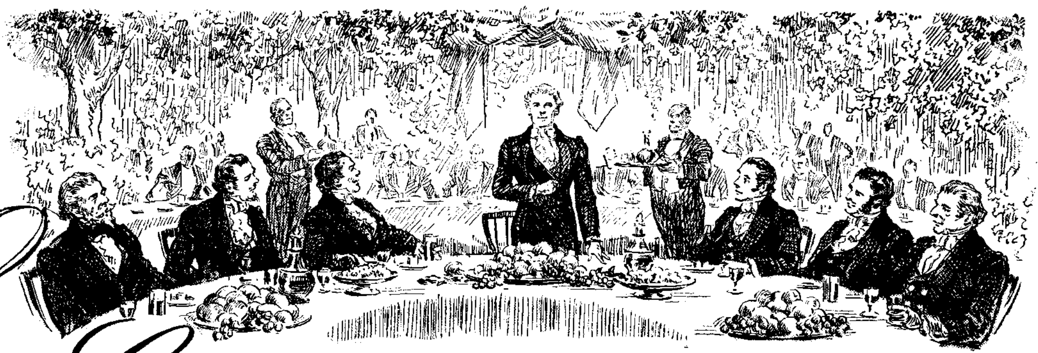
Undoubtedly the U.S. and Britain would start the western bloc with the idea of managing Germany's industries for the benefit of all of western Europe and not Germany alone. This suggestion was made in January by John Foster Dulles, the Republican party's strategist on foreign affairs. However, it is dubious that Germany can be controlled for long in the face of a hostile, competitive Russia. As Germany's economic strength was rebuilt, her swelling bargaining power would press against any alien controls. We would find ourselves either not daring to let go in Germany until we had come to terms with Russia, or letting go and having a rebuilt Germany emerge to blackmail both Russia and the West. The balance of power in the world would be held by a prostitute nation.

When did you say that rocket was leaving for the moon?

THE END



COLLIER'S "He broke the old record by six feet!" CLYDE LAMB



Col. Crow began to distill his whiskey the year of the great barbecue to

Gen. Lafayette

The year was 1825, and the flower of Kentucky gentry gathered at Versailles. What finer beverage with which to toast the honored guest than some of the excellent whiskey from Col. Crow's distillery only a few miles away!

Those in the know... ask for

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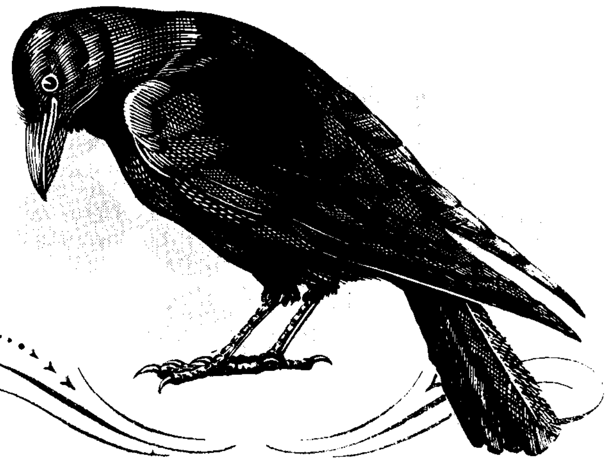

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COLD-STUFFED NOSE FEELS CLEARER *in seconds!*

So Fast—its effective medication brings greater breathing comfort in a jiffy.

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SOOTHE THROAT! Relieve Coughs due to colds

It's time for a dog-to-man talk

THERE's nothing wrong with a dog's life as long as he stays well, but lately I've been feeling lower than a dachshund's knee. My difficulty is worms, and I need your help.

My pals tell me that the fast, reliable way to clean out those critters is to use Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules. They're thorough, safe—and sudden death for worms.

Puppy Capsules are specially made for worming pups and small dogs weighing less than 10 pounds. They are another of the 19 dependable dog care products made available by Sergeant's continuing clinical research.

• *Do you have a copy of the new Sergeant's Dog Book? It's full of good ideas on dog training and care — and it's FREE. Get it at any drug or pet store, or write to Sergeant's, Richmond 20, Va.*

Sergeant's
DOG CARE PRODUCTS

THE KISS-OFF

Continued from page 24

He would wait for a pause, to insert his next line.

"Say, excuse me a second, will you?" Then he would turn away from the mouthpiece and say to the empty room, "You can set that glass down on the table, darling," or, "Would you mind handing me my cigarette, angel?"

When he turned back to the phone and asked, "Let me see, where were we?" she'd reply in a cool, hurt voice:

"Is there someone with you? I didn't mean to interrupt."

"What? No. No, I'm quite alone!"

The obvious lie of it was always the finishing touch. The conversation would die, they would ring off, and she would never bother him again—not ever. That was the beauty of the kiss-off. A woman might take any other rebuff and choose to ignore it. But the kiss-off dealt a fatal blow to her pride.

He had discovered it by accident, in a moment of sheer desperation. He liked women, as women; and women liked him, as a man—and as a possibility. If only he were either interesting or successful, instead of both. Then he would have experienced less difficulty in disentangling himself when a girl's voice and manner grew tinged with the possessiveness which was a danger signal. Once there had been scenes he didn't like to recall. Then he had stumbled upon the kiss-off, and it had enabled him to continue on his way, free as a bird.

Not that he had anything against marriage. He expected to marry when he met *the* girl. (He admitted to being incurably romantic.) And one necessary trait of *the* girl was that she must not be the first to insinuate the idea of marriage. He would have to sell her on that.

These were the things which he tried not to think of tonight, as he soaked in hot water and finished up with a cool shower, the needle spray stinging his flesh. Stepping onto the bath mat, he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. The summer's sunburn still marked off a narrow white strip which his swimming trunks had covered. But the tan was paling to the color of sauterne, and soon the white strip would all but disappear. He wasn't sure that the same thing would happen to his memories.

THE memories began with one of those incomparable blue-and-white days out on the Island. The day he met Joan. Her red head had bobbed up near him on the crest of a green wave far offshore. They had looked at each other in amazement, then cried together, "Where did you come from?" and roared with laughter at their chorus. From that moment they were friends.

He at once fell under the spell of a freshness and naturalness which were utterly charming. And when she smiled her own special smile, it was hard for him to realize that her white, slightly irregular teeth were not just out of braces.

She was staying at one of the boardinghouses in town, on a two-week holiday from an office in New York where she was a secretary. Just that. She didn't try to make herself sound like a glamorous career girl. Don enjoyed her contradictions. He didn't expect a girl with hair the color of hers to have a streak of shyness. And though Joan looked smart as paint in her simple, summery clothes, she was neither an empty-headed clotheshorse nor a brittle sophisticate. Just a nice, bright girl with her own point of view. Without working at it, she made Don appreciate her.

She was suitably impressed by his car, by his compact beach house near Montauk, and by his way of living. But she tolerated his friends only because of him. She said so. They drank too much, she said; and they were too tired. She certainly wasn't. Days she spent swimming and exploring the beach with boundless energy; at night she insisted on being taken home after her first, early yawn.

During July and August, Don found himself spending more time in town than was absolutely necessary, in order to be with her. At the end of a hot afternoon he would be waiting when Joan emerged, trim and suited, from the midtown office building where she worked. Sometimes they drove down Fifth Avenue, turning at the Square to reach her Village apartment, a gray-walled, yellow-curtained, easygoing little place. They would have dinner there or he would take her to Charles', the Brevoort, or the Lafayette. At other times they would stop for a drink at his apartment, and from there go to one of the smart, cold, uptown bistros.

It was all very pleasant and gay, and even their moments of tenderness were lighthearted, as if they forever tasted salt water and sun on their lips and would vanish from each other's sight with the first cold wind of autumn.

THEN a September storm woke him from his idyl, which had grown very idyllic indeed over the long Labor Day week end they spent at Montauk. In the city the succeeding days were unbearably hot and stuffy. Thursday was like a day under a glass bell. Not a breeze stirring! Nothing anywhere, but glare and hot, clinging air.

He called Joan in the afternoon.

"Let's go to the most air-conditioned place in the world for dinner," he gasped. "Grab a taxi to my place. I'm taking the rest of the afternoon off to go home and lie in the tub. I'll have a drink waiting for you at five."

"It's a deal," she agreed.

When she appeared shortly after five, she collapsed into a chair, sighing that she was too hot to talk or move. Don gave her a tall, cold glass. She sipped the drink slowly. He was making a second for himself, when thunder rumbled in the west. Suddenly the sun no longer shone. He fixed the blinds of the big windows, and they saw midtown Manhattan outside, fixed and motionless under a purple sky. The purple turned to a deep blue-gray, while one by one, lights flashed on in apartment and office buildings. Companionably silent, they sat in the unexpected darkness until at last, suddenly, the curtains flung away from the windows, a breeze flipped through the room, and the rain began.

It came down in such torrents that they had to close all windows and postpone going to dinner until after the storm. But at eight-thirty the wind still lashed water against the glass. Joan prowled around the kitchen, discovered some frozen chops in the refrigerator, and set them out to thaw while she investigated further possibilities for a meal.

She prepared a gala supper of broiled chops, Mexican corn, salad, hot biscuits and butter, ice-cold brandied peaches and coffee. Don remembered that meal vividly. The flavors of long-awaited food were enhanced by the glow of candles and the colors of Swedish glass. Their shadows flickered on the white walls of the dining alcove, and Joan was a picture, with her laughing red mouth and the mysterious red-gold halation her hair became in the changing light.

After supper they piled the dishes in the kitchen for the maid to wash next morning. It still rained, but the wind had dropped. They opened the windows, and winter—or at least the promise of it—poured into the rooms. The sudden cold set their teeth to chattering. After five minutes, Don would have shut it out,

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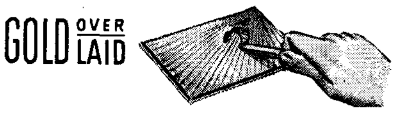

metal, CeeTee designs retain their beauty and mirror-like finish for years. Ask your jeweler about this special quality, technically known as "gold filled." It is ideal for personal use, — welcomed as a gift.

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HOTEL AND BATHS

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W. E. CHESTER,
General Manager

ONLY SPA WHOSE WATERS ARE OWNED AND RECOMMENDED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT

but Joan wouldn't let him. "Light the fire! Light the fire!" she pleaded. "I've never seen a fire in your fireplace."

To humor her, he stooped and held his lighter to the paper. The fire had been laid since spring and the paper was damp; but it caught in a few minutes and the flames began to roar up the chimney. Joan flopped down on the sofa and curled her legs up under her, her eyes shining in the firelight. Don stared in amused admiration for a moment, then switched off the lamps and sat beside her on the deep cushions, pulling her over to him to kiss the nape of her neck and smell the perfume he had given her.

Watching the fire, they talked and talked. It was so very intimate and peaceful and gay, until suddenly he found himself really listening to her. Not to what she was saying, but to the words she was using. They were perfectly good words, except that they no longer included "I" and "you." She spoke of a mysterious "we," whom he did not recognize. He felt a warning tremor ripple along his nerves, and he thought bitterly: Next thing I know she'll want to redecorate this apartment, or pick out my ties, or have me stop wearing flannel suits.

He drove her home at midnight, through the cold, brisk rain. The tires sang on the wet asphalt. Down Fifth Avenue, right turn at the Square, easing into the little side street. At the door of her apartment he kissed her—a sad, nostalgic kiss. A kiss yearning for sand, sunshine, seaweed and starfish. She drew away with a questioning, surprised look; but he was already tossing a quick "Good night" over his shoulder.

He would have seen her a few more times, but he hated to spoil the memory. Let it stop there, he told himself—while he still had something left from their companionship—the flavor of all the pleasant things without an aftertaste of disillusion.

As he had done before with other girls, he avoided places where he might accidentally bump into her. He had known that she would call him in a few days. But the days passed; and little groups of seven days each made weeks. And still no call. Well, she would call—tonight, tomorrow; it didn't matter when. True to the pattern that had never yet been broken And tonight, after that idiotic question of Baker's, he was listening for the phone to ring. . . .

Now his finger played idly with the dial of the phone resting on the arm of the sofa GR 8-1624. He dialed the combination twice before he realized what he was doing. Gramercy 8-1624. Her number! Annoyed at himself, he plunged back into the work which he had brought home. His pencil followed the lines of the typed prospectus, making changes here and there.

He awoke to the fact that he was reading the same paragraph for the third time. He threw down the papers in disgust.

Brrr-ring! He started at the sound of the bell, but he let it ring again before he picked up the instrument.

"Hello!" he said directly, charmingly—as he always said it.

A man's voice replied; his neighbor upstairs, wanting him to come up for a nightcap. Don refused almost brusquely. As soon as he hung up he regretted the refusal. He would call back and accept.

But when he lifted the phone he dialed GR 8-1624—with a growing feeling of panic—let it ring once, then hang up, glaring at the infernal black thing.

SUDDENLY he saw the humor of the situation. He laughed aloud, and in the lonely rooms the sound was strange to his ears. He hadn't realized before just how much she had got into his blood; he who had always *known* when it was time to quit. In this instance he had been too sudden. Perhaps he should see her a few more times—let the attraction die a natural death.

He dialed her number and waited, counting the rings until the receiver at the other end was lifted.

"Hello!" Joan's voice, light and quick.

"Hello, Joan! Don. How are you?"

"Don—of course!" Her tone was like raspberry sherbet. "It's nice to hear from you. What are you up to these days?"

"I've been a very hard-working fellow—slaving morning, noon, overtime, and nights. Been working all evening, as a matter of fact. I've thought about you a lot. How've you been?"

"Splendid, Don. Excuse me just a minute, won't you?" And then he heard her voice continue, faint but distinct, as if she had put her hand over the mouthpiece and failed to cover it completely. "If you're looking for your tobacco, darling," she said, "you'll find it where you left it—in the kitchen."

Listening, he had the strange feeling that he had been through this before. But in a dream. It couldn't happen to him in real life. He must be imagining it.

"Hello! Still there?" she said to him. It was not imagination.

"Yes. But I didn't mean to disturb you. Got company?" He was gripping the phone hard, too hard.

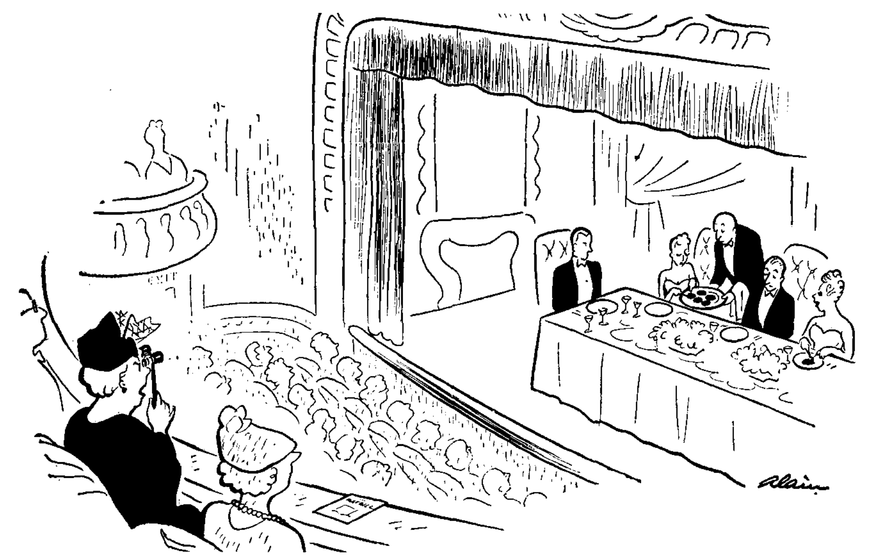
"Why, no—there's no one here. Why did you think there—? Don, what on earth are you laughing at?"

"Myself!" he exclaimed, still chuckling. "When I picked up this phone I didn't know it was loaded." His thoughts were racing ahead. How in the world had this happened?

"I'll call you tomorrow," he said. The laughter was still on his face, but his voice was serious.

After all, he must find out!

THE END



COLLIER'S "Filet mignon nothing! That's plain old hamburger!" DANIEL ALAIN

Clyde Last
Style 2374
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Leather Sole and Heel

It is Frankly the Nunn-Bush Purpose to Sell You at Least *One Hundred* Pairs . . .

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The Nunn-Bush idea is never simply to sell you a pair of Nunn-Bush shoes. Instead, the Nunn-Bush business is conducted, and Nunn-Bush merchants are selected, with the purpose of giving you satisfying Nunn-Bush experience *from now on!* That is why we exert all our determination and skill to make the world's finest shoes for men. It is why we have developed *Ankle Fashioning*... to give you greater comfort and added miles of style.

See Your Local Nunn-Bush Merchant
NUNN-BUSH SHOE CO. • *Manufacturers* • MILWAUKEE, WIS.

THE FABULOUS BILLY ROSE

Continued from page 44

West Texas Chamber of Commerce, which would house industrial and agricultural exhibits. And, lastly, a mammoth outdoor café, the Casa Mañana, the house of tomorrow, which eventually became the chief attraction of the fair.

At three o'clock he rejoined the committee. They watched him as, going to a blackboard, he began to chalk up his diagrams. Suddenly, he paused.

"I ought to say this. What I am laying out for your committee is pretty big and if—"

"Nothing is too big for the state of Texas!" howled Carter, jumping up. The committee let out a series of war whoops and yippees.

Indian Lore Takes a Back Seat

"That's all I wanted to know," said Rose. "First of all," he continued, "the pueblo village and these Indian wigwams and Mexican handicraft nonsense is out. We have to give them girls and more girls. Your only chance of bucking Dallas is entertainment on a grand scale, with a strong Western flavor, but meeting big-time standards in every way."

He suggested that the first step in ballyhooing the Fort Worth exposition was to hold a series of beauty contests in every town and village of Texas in order to select the most beautiful Texas girls for the various exposition shows.

"And," concluded Rose, "I have dreamed up a slogan for you."

"What is it?" asked Carter.

"DALLAS FOR EDUCATION, FORT WORTH FOR ENTERTAINMENT!" said Rose.

The Fort Worthies howled in approbation. Eventually, eleven Southwestern states were plastered with billboards showing a curvaceous cowgirl, twirling a lariat, and saying, DALLAS FOR EDUCATION, FORT WORTH FOR ENTERTAINMENT!

When Rose had finished, a committeeman asked: "Mr. Rose, what will this here shindig of yours cost?"

"Between $1,000,000 and $2,000,000, because this is outdoor construction and we have to start from scratch. We haven't even got electrical conduits or water pipes. And let's get this straight. Your fair is not going to make any money. Your bondholders will lose their entire investment. You can't build what amounts to a small town and expect to amortize it in 90 days, which is how long your fair is expected to run. The fair as a whole will lose about $1,000,000."

Everybody in the room was impressed by Rose's straightforwardness.

"And," said Rose, "if it's any consolation to you, while Fort Worth is losing $1,000,000—Dallas will be losing $20,000,000."

"Well," someone asked, "what fee do you want for yourself?"

"I would like," said Rose, "a flat $100,000."

"But that is almost $1,000 a day," spluttered one.

"So it is," Rose agreed.

Carter requested Rose to leave the committee room while they had a conference. About ten minutes later, Carter emerged from the room and extended his hand to Rose.

"Pardner," he said, "you got yourself a deal. How soon can you get started operatin'?"

"I better get started this afternoon. Time is very short."

Rose received a $25,000 advance. He cabled John Murray Anderson, who was in Paris, "Have interesting job in Fort Worth, Texas. Can you leave immediately?"

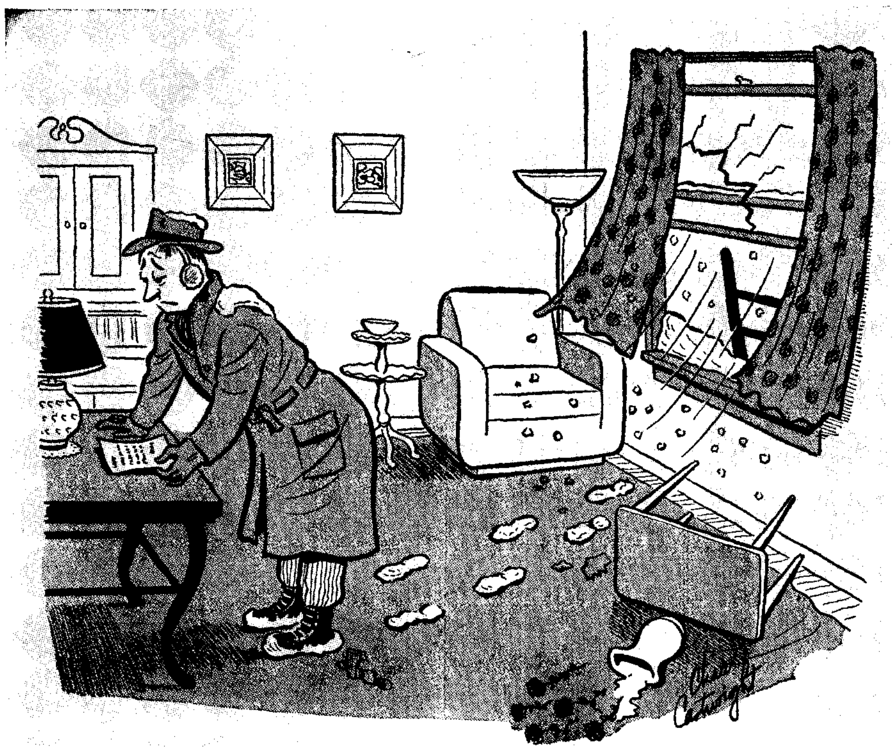
Anderson cabled back, "Have left."

Rose had about nine weeks in which to cast and rehearse five shows, as well as supervise the building of a miniature city. No delays and postponements were possible. The Fort Worth Fiesta *had* to open in July!

Rose planed to New York and returned with several of his myrmidons, including Raoul Pène du Bois, Albert Johnson, dance director Bob Alton, Will Morrisey, Ned Alvord, Engineer Carlton Winkler. Johnson began designing a set of buildings and even before his blueprints were completed, excavations were begun.

A local overall factory began manufacturing $100,000 worth of costumes, to Du Bois patterns, for the Casa Mañana revue.

Rose was now laboring twenty hours a day, traveling to New York and back to Fort Worth twice a week, signing dozens of specialty acts and headliners, dancers, show girls. After the first month of work it was necessary to raise more money and a mass meeting was held, which Rose addressed. He concluded his exhortation by wisecracking:



"Leroy: Had to run over to Maude's a minute—door key is on porch under rug, love, Helen."

COLLIER'S CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

"String along with me AND I'LL MAKE TEXAS THE BIGGEST STATE IN THE UNION!"

Another $500,000 was raised.

Ned Alvord told Rose that he hoped the Centennial Committee could be persuaded to spend $15,000 for billposting. Rose met the committee, while Alvord fidgeted outside. When Rose emerged, Alvord asked: "What have I got to spend?"

"I've gotten you an appropriation of $80,000."

Alvord, who had always worked for pinch-penny circus grifters, gasped in admiration.

Alvord and his crew of billposters now proceeded to snow Texas under a hailstorm of Fort Worth posters. Rival billposters from Dallas would cover the Fort Worth paper which would in turn be re-covered by Alvord's guerrillas. The billposters soon began to fight with each other.

On July 11, 1936, the Fort Worth Frontier Exposition opened on a lonely prairie, where only gophers and geckos had recently flourished. Now a fantastic wonderland had been created. The Casa Mañana show was done in a huge outdoor building, colonnaded with Moorish arches, in the style of the Alcazar. The streets leading to the entrance were lined with trees and sprayed by fountains. Inside was row upon concentric row of tables, arranged in tiers, and declining to an enormous stage, with a revolving stage—the largest in the world—some 130 feet in diameter.

The theme of the Casa Mañana show was the World's Fairs of St. Louis, Paris, Chicago and Texas. A cast of 300 performers, working in period costumes, attempted to do pastiches of the celebrated aspects of the first three fairs. Ann Pennington, for example, did a reprise of Little Egypt and her *danse du ventre*. Sally Rand encored her bubble dance, the famous attraction of the 1936 Chicago Fair.

Rose brought the drama critics and the gossip columnists from Broadway, Hollywood and Chicago to Fort Worth in specially chartered planes. When Damon Runyon took a look at this Arabian Nights city and this elaborate spectacle in a desert, he remarked, "It's like holding the World Series at Walla Walla."

Interviewed by a reporter for the Star-Telegram, Rose confided he was "nuts" about Texas and that he did not miss Broadway. He stated that he was happier than he had ever been before and, besides, he was now getting seven hours of sleep a night.

"Have you gone in for the great outdoors?" asked the reporter.

"My exercise," replied Rose, "is a brisk walk to the bathroom every morning."

Staging The Last Frontier

The Pioneer Palace, Rose's elaborate pastiche of an 1870 frontier honky-tonk, was a continuation of the planned nostalgia Rose had experimented with in his Music Hall. A feature of the show was the Rosebuds, six beefy chorus girls, who weighed a total of 1,360 pounds. The Last Frontier, the wild West show, was given in a natural arena against a background of artificially constructed dirt hills that seated 10,000 spectators. A cast of 400 Indians and cowboys from Cheyenne and Pendleton took part in the show—all the great marksmen, broncobusters, steer wrasslers and rope artists in the country.

On his way back to New York after the end of the Fort Worth Centennial, Rose stopped at Cleveland to inspect the Great Lakes Exposition there. Among the fair and exposition men from all over the country who had come to Fort Worth and applauded the Rose productions had been Lincoln G. Dickey, head of the Great Lakes Exposition, which in its first season had been a disappointment. The city intended to run it a second year. Dickey had been impressed by the Casa Mañana and he wanted Rose to set up a similar outdoor theater-restaurant at the Cleveland fair.

It was a chilly, gray afternoon when Rose arrived at the shores of Lake Erie. He shivered in a long plaid topcoat that went almost down to his ankles. He admired the industrial exhibits and was bored by the tedious midway. As they were about to leave, he heard waltz music over a loud-speaker.

"What's that?" he asked Dickey. "A concert?"

"No, it's a free water show we give every two hours."

"You mean — they swim — in this weather?"

They walked toward a bleak pier, occupied by a handful of spectators. A cast of three clowns, one diver and six chorus girls, all blue with cold and with their teeth chattering, went through their paces courageously.

Inspiration for the Aquacade

Rose watched two girls swimming rhythmically to the strains of The Blue Danube. He could not keep the excitement out of his voice.

"By God," he cried, "this is magnificent. Do you see what I see? Pavlova with water wings. Nijinsky in a bathing suit. If it looks this good with two girls—imagine how it will look with seventy-two girls. We will have the water lighted—blues and ambers. The girls weaving through the water, in and out, like fishes, mermaids, in formations. Say, I'll build you a Casa Mañana right on the lake."

"It sounds fantastic, Mr. Rose, but then everything you do is fantastic."

"You tell the guys running this exposition I'd like to use Lake Erie for a stage and Canada for a backdrop."

Rose explained his plans to the fair board. They agreed to pay him $100,000 for producing a water fiesta and a version of the Pioneer Palace. Meanwhile, he was to stage a new edition of all his shows at Fort Worth during the 1937 season for an additional fee of $100,000.

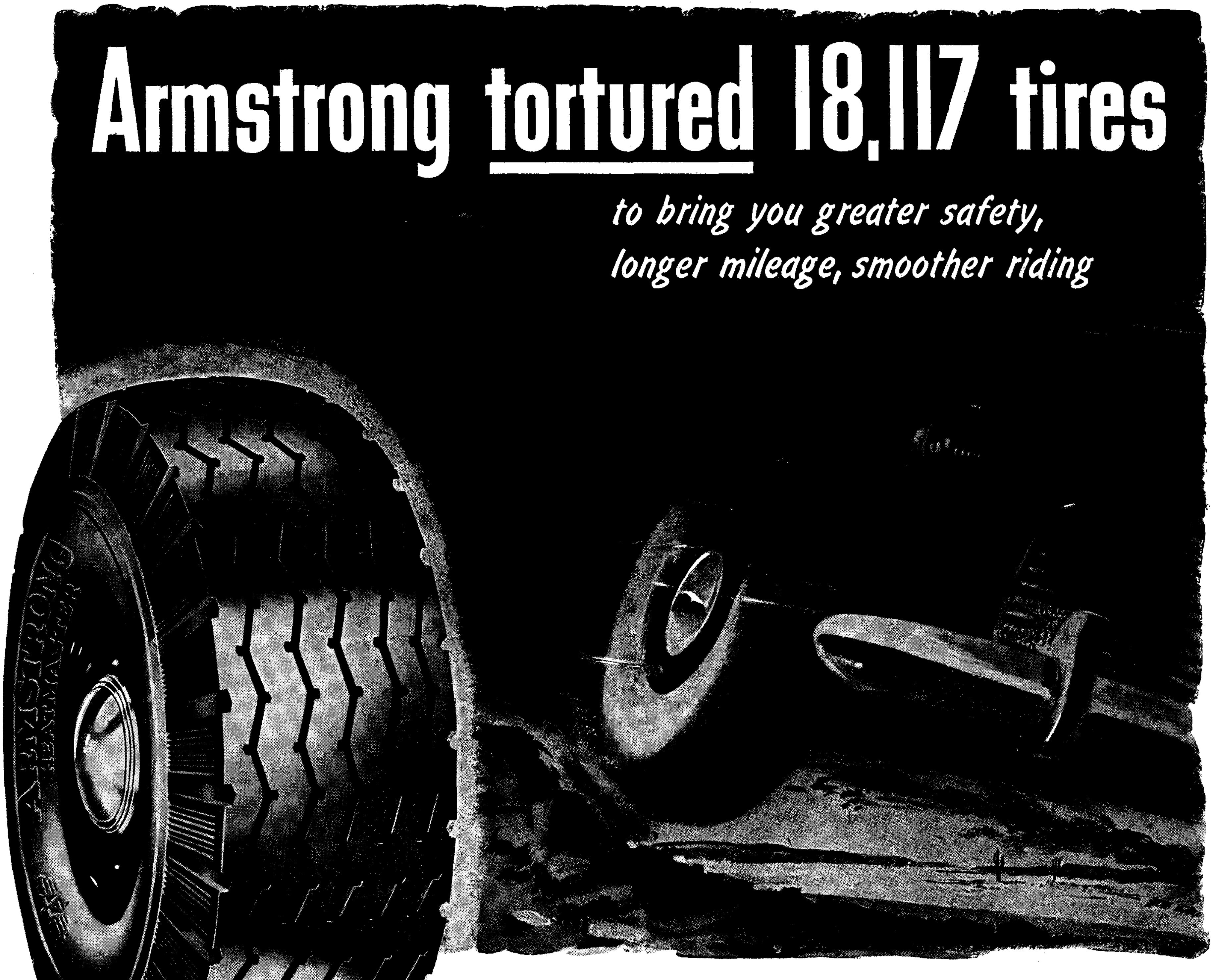
When he returned to New York, he decided the Aquacade needed two inevitable stars—John Weissmuller, the swimming champion and Eleanor Holm. Miss Holm was the greatest backstroke swimmer the sport had ever seen.

Born in Brooklyn in 1913, Miss Holm was the youngest child of a Swedish fire captain and an Irish mother. She had begun swimming at the age of 10 at Long Beach. Her natural, easy, relaxed motions, had attracted the attention of a professional swimming coach. In two years, she quickly developed into a swimmer of championship caliber. By 1927, she was on the Olympics team and by 1928, she had won 28 national awards and broken every world's record in backstroke swimming.

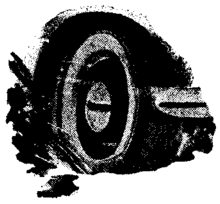
Billy Rose called her agent, Lou Irwin, who brought the 24-year-old swimmer to Rose's office. The producer caught his breath when he saw her loping casually across the carpet toward his desk. A man may fall in love immediately with

Armstrong tortured 18,117 tires

to bring you greater safety, longer mileage, smoother riding

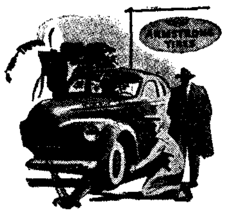


You put safety first when you insist on Armstrong Rhino-Flex Tires



Racing across "The Devil's Causeway" 15,000 miles a day, speed Armstrong's great Test Fleet of 14 cars. All known brands of tires are tested . . . over rocky roads, burning concrete, jolting ruts . . . around skidding curves, sharp corners. Each car carries a double overload of dead weight more than 1,000 miles every 24 hours—days and nights on end. Tires purposely are underinflated...

Such brutal treatment of tires has shown Armstrong engineers how to build tires that are safer, tougher, longer-lasting. Armstrong has learned that plys must be cut to exact lengths before being applied to the tire carcass—to prevent stretching and distortion; to prevent weak spots; to lengthen tire life. Perfect tire balance has been found essential for uniform tread wear—to prevent accident-causing wheel shimmy . . .



18,117 Tires were tortured to bring you Armstrong's amazing new Rhino-Flex Tires. They wear longer, more evenly, resist more road shocks. The tougher, more flexible carcass has tighter-twisted cords that "give" with impact, snap back faster, surer. They have a wider, flatter tread for quicker, safer stops; a smoother, cushioned ride. See—compare Rhino-Flex Tires with any other made today. We are confident you'll agree they're the *finest tires ever built.*

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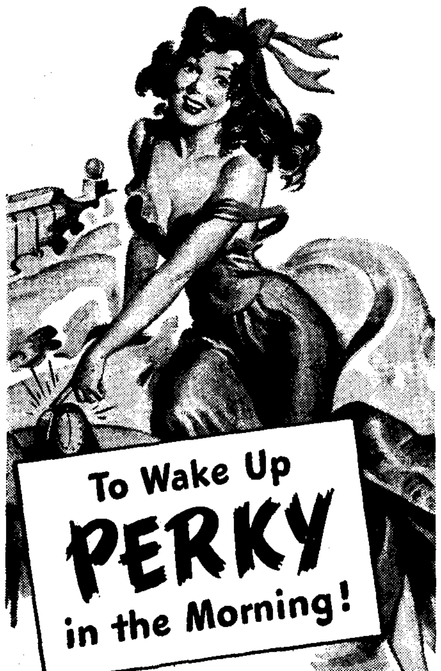
ARMSTRONG *Rhino-Flex* TIRES



Just try this at bedtime tonight!

There's more fun in life—when you're fresh and bright in the morning! So why don't you do what thousands do to waken fresh as a daisy? Just drink a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime.

For here's how Ovaltine acts, to give sparkling morning freshness.

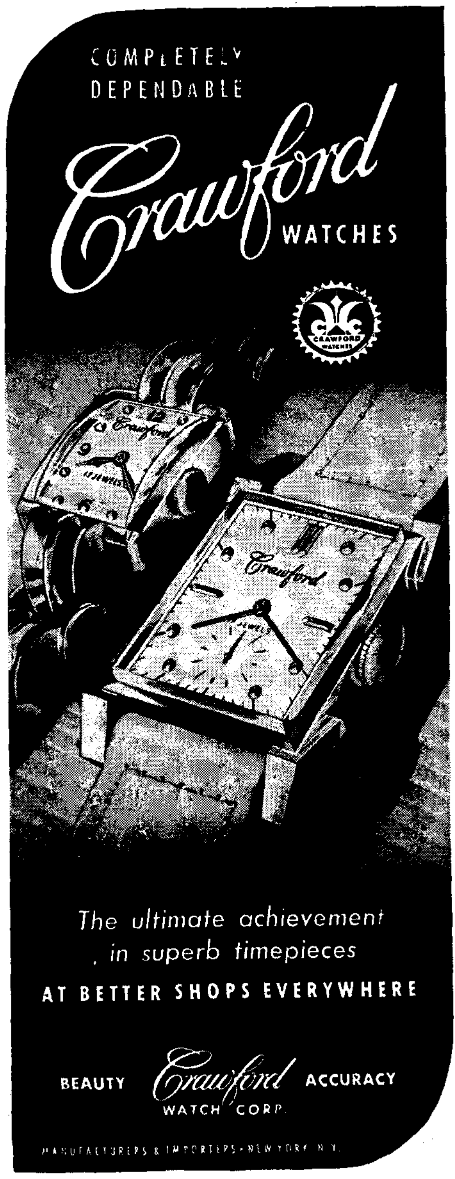
First, taken warm at bedtime, it promotes sound sleep, without drugs.

Second, it supplies specially processed food elements to rebuild vitality while you sleep!

Third, it furnishes extra amounts of vitamins and minerals in a delicious, natural way for all-round health and vigor.

So why don't you turn to Ovaltine for better sleep—starting tonight!

OVALTINE



a woman; this meeting proves it. Eventually, Eleanor Holm was to become the great passion of his life and, after he was divorced from Miss Brice, he married her.

She was about as tall as he was, 5 feet 3 inches. She weighed 116 pounds and had a firm, sun-browned, perfectly proportioned body. Her eyes, grayish blue, twinkled mischievously.

She listened as Rose explained how he would stage his Aquacade: It was to be a show, a real show, with production numbers, with tempo, with a design, with music and singing. Like an extravagant Broadway musical revue—except that it would take place in the water.

He communicated his excitement and she signed a contract to appear in the Aquacade at $750 a week. With Eleanor Holm bagged, it was easy to sign up Weissmuller. That winter Rose traveled through Florida signing up Olympic divers, water clowns, crawl-stroke champions, backstroke champions, breaststroke champions.

The Aquacade opened in Cleveland in May, 1937, and it was an instantaneous sensation. A mammoth semicircular stage was floated on steam launches so it could glide back and forth on the cue. There were water ballets, comedy numbers, diving stunts. The Aquacade ended in a burst of patriotic music, flags, the cascade of fireworks and the crash of drums and guns and blaring of trumpets.

In 1939, Billy started on a new edition of the Aquacade to be staged at the New York World's Fair. Following a long verbal struggle he finally had talked his way into the good graces of Grover Whalen, impresario of the fair, but now Billy encountered another human obstacle, one Robert L. Moses, commissioner of parks in New York. Billy needed permission to lease the marine amphitheater of the New York State Building, which had a seating capacity of 10,000. Moses had taken a deep dislike to Billy Rose, his personality, mannerisms, bluster and big adjectives. He disliked Billy Rose's Aquacade and he opposed leasing the amphitheater to him. Then he opposed Rose's alterations. Rose kept battling Moses all the way. Rose invested close to $300,000 and built diving towers, a steel tank, a sweeping flight of chromium stairs, and a roof over the spectators' seats, in case of rainy weather. Moses disliked the roofing.

The Battle of the Signs, however, was the severest. Rose submitted plans for a mammoth neon sign reading BILLY ROSE'S AQUACADE. The New York State Building was approximately five blocks long. Rose's sign was almost as long as the building, and the letters were eight feet high.

Mr. Moses Fires the First Shot

Whalen consented to the sign and Rose had the sign manufactured but before it could be mounted, a man from Commissioner Moses' department told him it could not be put up.

Rose telephoned Moses at the Department of Parks. Moses was as frigid as Central Park in January. "I am strongly opposed to vulgar, blatant display advertisements," he said, "and anything of the nature that you propose violates the spirit of the fair."

The following night, at about two in the morning, Rose secretly led a crew of electricians to the site of the Aquacade. Posting guards armed with baseball bats who were instructed to "subdue" anybody resembling a henchman of Robert L. Moses, Rose supervised the mounting of the sign. Moses threatened to call for the New York State Militia to dismantle it.

The fight was eventually taken directly to Governor Lehman and the legislative committee for the fair. To counter Moses' charges that he was using the Aquacade to ballyhoo himself, Rose had sent a photographer on a motorcycle to take photographs of parks and civic projects which were under construction, with particular attention to billboards on which Commissioner Moses' name was painted in big letters.

"Moses isn't above giving himself big billing," said Rose. "Why does he object to my billing—particularly when the taxpayers' money is not involved in my case?"

Governor Lehman and the committee finally voted him a 30-day trial period during which his signs could remain up. A month later, the fair visitors being under the impression that Billy Rose's Aquacade was the whole state of New York and attendance at the other state exhibits being almost nonexistent, the New York State Fair Commission ordered the removal of Billy Rose's name from the sign but the word AQUACADE remained.

As a publicity stunt to emphasize the gigantic nature of the Aquacade, Rose issued a chorus call—in Madison Square Garden—and 20,000 candidates turned up and rioted when they were all not immediately auditioned by Monsieur Billy Rose. The police riot squad was called out and escorted about two thirds of them out of the Garden.

Rose's assistants selected 600 possibilities, both men and women, all of whom insisted they were excellent swimmers. After more weeding out there were 200 Adonises and Dianas. Taken to the pool of the St. George Hotel and asked to show their vaunted swimming abilities, half the 200 promptly sank!

Finally 48 pretty girls were secured—mainly from high-school swimming teams—and there were 24 men swimmers, collegiate athletes. The 72 swam like otters and almost lived in the water before they were finished rehearsing the Aquacade.

Eventually, the Aquacade cost Rose $280,000 to do. He borrowed $100,000 from the Chemical Bank. The pool was 250 feet long and 35 feet wide. It had to be aerated by a filtering system known as an ozonator which cost Rose $40,000 and made the water as pure as drinking water.

A series of complications and troubles now supervened as the opening drew nearer. On February 14, 1939, when the construction on the pool had finished, a christening ceremony took place. Eleanor Holm smashed a bottle of champagne over a catwalk. The glass splintered wrong and pieces of glass flew into her flesh and cut her badly. Two show girls were also scratched. It was the first hard-luck sign.

The cast seethed with grievances. Their pay was $35 a week, and they received no money for six weeks of rehearsing. Rose promised to pay them for two weeks of rehearsing—if they were with the show until it closed.

He said he would put the money in escrow. The cast said they wanted the money in their pockets.

A plumbing contractor tried to nick him for an extra $45,000. Rose talked him out of it. A girl attempted suicide by jumping out of a window backstage at the Aquacade.

An Ultimatum From the Star

There was a 48-hour dress rehearsal. The weather was chilly, 45 degrees. The cast said it was too cold to swim. Eleanor Holm said she was going in. She dived in and swam around briefly. Then she told Rose, between bluish and chattering lips, "Billy, if you make those kids go in, I'll never talk to you again." But Rose, who could sell Eskimo Pies to Eskimos, persuaded her and the cast to swim.

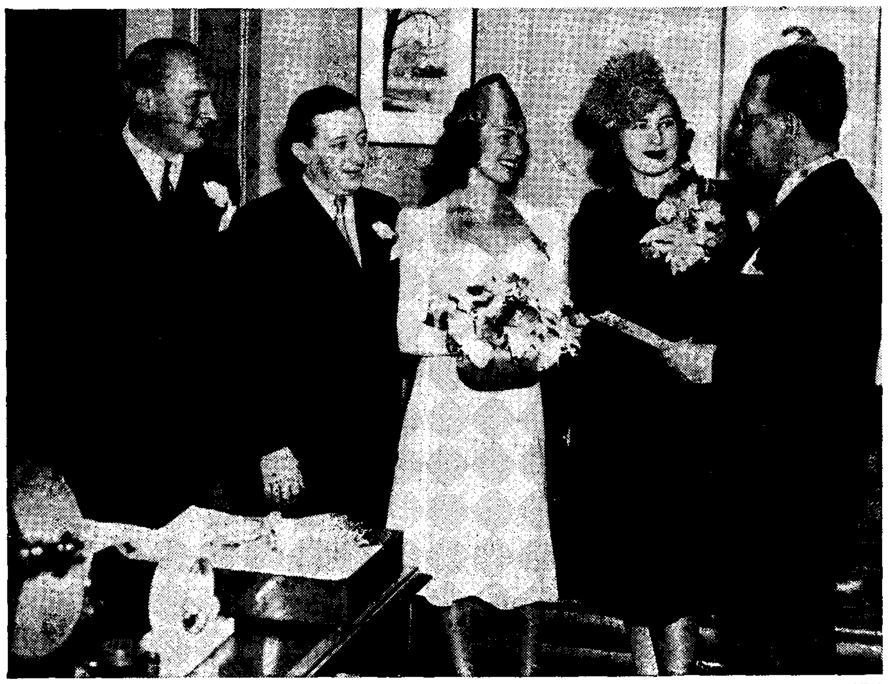
On the second day of the dress rehearsal, the musicians' union informed him that he would have to fire his old maestro and hire a new leader. He had to hire a Vincent Travers, who had never seen the show, was totally unfamiliar with the music, the hundreds of cues and exits and entrances. Travers, however, went over the score once and got it down perfectly and he has always worked for Rose since then.

At eight o'clock the night before the *première* the costumes were destroyed. They were being delivered in a large truck and the truck had caught fire on the road. Everyone was afraid to tell Rose, and finally Eleanor Holm was deputed to be the bearer of evil tidings. She told him. He took it with inhuman calm, telephoned the Eaves Costume Company and they assembled a crew of seamstresses to work all night long and make new costumes.

Rose had not slept in 72 hours. He was absorbing enormous quantities of coffee and smoking one cigarette after another. A few moments before the opening he said to Eleanor Holm, in a hoarse voice, "With such labor pains, it's sure to be a big baby."

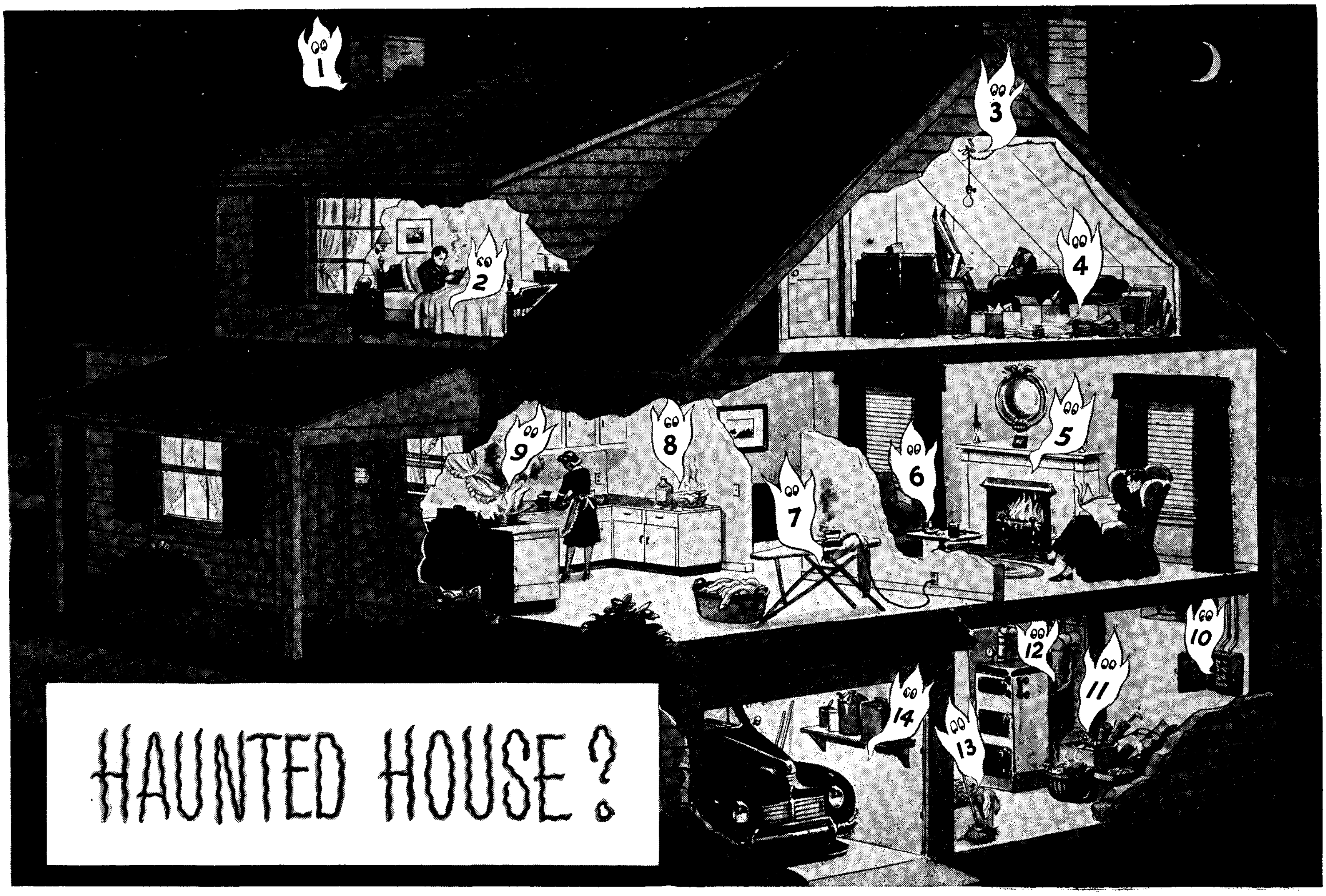
And it was. That night the critics and an invited audience saw a crisp, smartly paced revue that ran for 56 minutes, and not a minute was wasted.

The theme Rose had chosen was scenes



INTERNATIONAL

Left to right, Ben Bernie, Billy Rose, Eleanor Holm, Mrs. Bernie and Justice Ferdinand Pecora at Billy's second marriage ceremony



HAUNTED HOUSE?

It may surprise you, but that happy home of yours is haunted. Dozens of fierce little fire hazards are lurking from cellar to attic . . . waiting to burst into flame when you least expect it! Scared? *You'd better be*... last year fire snatched away 10,000 lives, devoured over one-half billion dollars worth of property!

Better check *your* house now...and clean out these and other hazards that threaten your life and your home!

1 *Keep chimneys and flues clean and repaired*—hot gases and sparks escape from cracks!

2 *Don't smoke in bed*—your life and home may be at stake!

3 *Avoid makeshift wiring*—replace frayed cords—short circuits cause many fires.

4 *Throw out the tinder in your house*—get rid of papers and litter!

5 *Prevent spark damage*—use fireplace screen to save woodwork, rugs, furniture and perhaps your home!

6 *Handle matches carefully*—keep them covered, out of children's reach!

7 *Don't leave iron on*—when you leave, detach plug!

8 *Beware of inflammable cleaning fluids*—some vapors can be exploded by tiniest spark!

9 *Curtains burn fast*—don't let drapes, curtains touch lamps or heaters or blow over stove!

10 *Use proper fuses* — they're "safety valves"; never use coins or other metal!

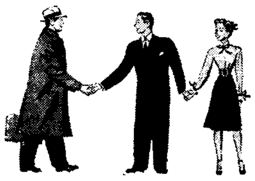
11 *Clean out cellar*—never store rubbish near furnace!

12 *Keep furnace and heating pipes cleaned and repaired*—watch for sagging, holes or cracks!

13 *Don't leave oily rags or mops around*—spontaneous ignition causes many fires!

14 *Don't store gasoline*—a spark can destroy garage and car!

If you want to know 46 other ways to prevent fire in your home, in your business or elsewhere, write the Hartford Fire Insurance Company.



FIRE HAZARDS GONE?

Good work! but there are unpreventable hazards and sometimes lapses in care. Ask your Hartford agent or broker to protect you from loss with adequate insurance to cover today's higher values—see him today!

Hartford Insurance

Hartford Fire Insurance Company • Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company
Hartford Live Stock Insurance Company

Writing practically all forms of insurance except personal life insurance • Hartford 15, Connecticut

REYNOLDS

Senior ROCKET
BALL PEN

LOOK!
NEW IMPROVED
BALL POINT!

LOOK!
NEW IMPROVED
SATINFLO* INK!

LOOK!
NEW IMPROVED
INK CONTROL!

LOOK!
All of Reynolds' Precision "Know-How" Perfected in Producing 8,000,000 Ball Pens! Yet Look at the Price!

$2.69
NO LUXURY TAX

Covered by U. S. Patents Nos. 2,192,479, 2,249,163, D-143,508 and D-145,-586-7. Other Patents applied for. Copr. Reynolds Pen. Co. 1947.

Has All the Features of the Most Expensive Ball Pens!

Only Reynolds—America's ball pen pioneer—could bring you value like this in the famous pen that writes under water! It writes years, years, years, without refilling. Writes instantly on any paper, on cloth. Makes 6 to 8 carbon copies. No refill cartridges to mess with. No blotters needed—new *permanent* Satinflo* ink dries as you write. No cap to fuss with or lose—just click the *exclusive* Ball Point Guard! Color combination is rich jet black and gold. Now—the only pen given "on-the-spot" service at your dealer's.

Click it... WRITE! Click... PARK IT!

If Your Dealer Cannot Supply You, No Need to Wait . . .

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Reynolds Pen Co., Dept. 11, 1550 N. Fremont St., Chicago, Ill. Enclosed is my money order (or check) in amount of................, for..........Senior Rocket Pen(s) at $2.69 each, plus 10c per pen to cover mailing cost. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Name..
Address ....
City..............................Zone.........State..........
My Dealer's Name Is.....................................

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

at various beaches in various times. There was a Florida beach, a Riviera beach, Coney Island in 1905. Eleanor Holm swan-dived into the pool and swam like an enchanting mermaid to the strains of Yours for a Song sung by Morton Downey and the Fred Waring Glee Club. At the climax of the song, the chorus of Aquabelles and Aquabeaux leaped into the water and performed a precision ballet. Then Johnny Weissmuller enacted a love interlude in the water with Miss Holm.

There were four shows given daily and from the first day on there was rarely a vacant seat. Rose's show was playing to popular prices—there were 8,000 seats at 40 cents and 2,000 reserved seats at $1.10 which later, in the face of capacity business, he cut to 99 cents. On some days, the queues before the Aquacade stretched for twenty blocks. On week ends, people waited from two to six hours.

The operating expenses of the Aquacade were $28,000 a week. During the first six months of its operation, it never played to less than $100,000 a week, and even in its worst week during the second year of the fair the Aquacade played to $62,000, so it never failed to show a profit.

At the end of the first season of the New York World's Fair, Billy Rose had netted $1,400,000 from his Aquacade while the rest of the Fair was carrying the crying towel and looking at numbers in red.

Outside of Rose, almost every promoter and impresario in the midway had gone broke that first season.

Reaction to Being a Millionaire

Rose had always felt that he would be a millionaire someday and now that it had come he did not feel any elation. He felt a sensation of solid quietness. After the last evening performance, he and Eleanor Holm would ride back to New York and he would tell her the crazy, lurid figures. "Well, this week I banked $96,500." "This week, $103,000.49." "This week, $99,000."

Billy Rose's magic touch at four world's fairs has given him a golden aura, and almost every city contemplating a world's fair now consults with Rose. He has already been invited to lend his talents to the Miami World's Fair of 1948, the Mexico City World's Fair of 1950, the Detroit World's Fair of 1952 and the Los Angeles World's Fair of 1956.

Billy makes no secret of his success formula. "Most fairs wind up in the red," he says, "because every new world's fair makes the same mistakes. A fair is dreamed up by the local bright boys, who are reluctant to use the services of experienced showmen, outsiders.

"The fundamental fraud in connection with all fairs and expositions is to sell bonds as if it were a genuine investment. They make you think you can get your money back. It is impossible to amortize the cost in the running time of the average fair.

"My suggestion is to put up a permanent fair. The permanent fairs are all solvent. For fifty years, the industrial fair at Leipzig has drawn visitors from all over the world. The Canadian National Exposition in Toronto has been operating successfully for years.

"Now, about the midway: Most fairs, on the entertainment side, wind up being a second-rate carnival that was stale 50 years ago. The industrials do a great job at a fair because they hire the best brains, spare no expense and can proceed without hindrance from the fair officials, a bunch of pinheads usually. Because the mayor's cousin once ran a dance and raffle in the schoolhouse, it doesn't mean he can supervise a series of shows thousands of people will want to pay money to see.

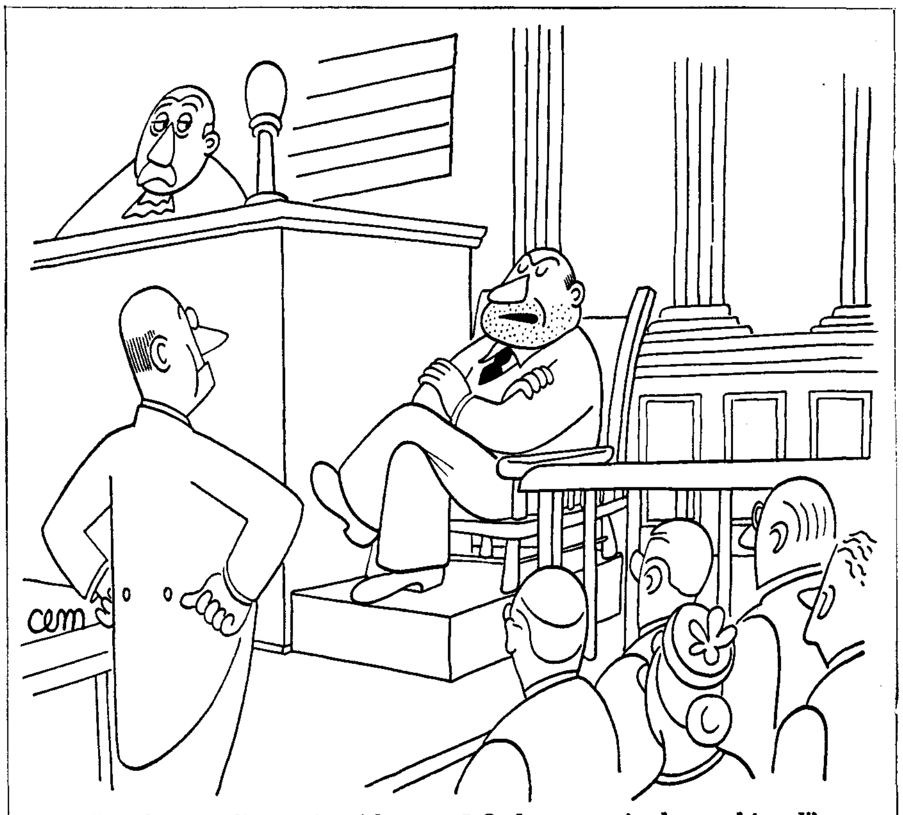
"Finally, there is the question of price levels. The New York Fair officials thought they were producing a fair for their own kind of people. They forgot the average man can't or won't throw away his money. When the New York Fair wanted 75 cents admission at the front gate it automatically cut its own throat. And when they heard in Decatur, Illinois, that it cost twelve dollars to dine at New York's French Pavilion, Mama and Papa counted the money in the piggy bank and decided to listen to Bing Crosby on the radio."

Rose had always been one of that small group of song writers who believed that Oscar Hammerstein was the greatest writer of popular lyrics in the profession.

One night at the Diamond Horseshoe, Hammerstein asked Rose if he would be interested in producing a script he had written.

Rose asked, "Is it that Negro opera?"

Hammerstein said it was. The following day he sent the script of Carmen Jones to Rose. Written a year before, Carmen Jones had been optioned and surrendered by over a dozen producers.



"I refuse to discuss it with you. I find your attitude too biased"

COLLIER'S CHARLES E. MARTIN

The chief problem was one of casting, as Carmen Jones was a Negro version of Bizet's French opera, Carmen, and there were some twenty principals, plus a large chorus of men and women. The previous producers had not been able to find enough trained professional Negro opera singers to handle the principal roles.

Rose read the script and was on fire. He saw the imaginative and lyric rendering, in North Carolina dialect, of the Carmen theme. Hammerstein had kept every note of Bizet's music but the trite, cardboard characters of grand opera had been infused with life and given a human speech. The locale of the opera had been changed from Spain to North Carolina. Instead of being employed in a cigarette factory, Carmen works in a parachute factory. The bull ring became a prizefight ring.

Rose leaped into the problem of casting and staging Carmen Jones with his typical monomaniacal enthusiasm. For weeks, he combed the lists of professional Negro actors and singers. He auditioned many and talked to more, but the results were negative.

Finally Billy appealed to John Hays Hammond, Jr., who for the last twelve years or so has devoted all his time, with dogged intensity, to preaching the gospel of good jazz music. He would listen to records all day and journey about to obscure gin mills and dance halls in Harlem, in Chicago, in Kansas City, wherever he had heard there was a good pianist with a solid left hand or a small band playing inspired music.

Hammond accepted the difficult assignment of casting Carmen Jones, and set out on a three-month pilgrimage to every part of the country to find talented amateurs who could sing grand opera and also act. He auditioned thousands of girls and boys. He went to Negro universities like Fisk and Tuskegee, talked to glee-club coaches and heads of music departments. For Hammond, it was a labor of love and he refused to accept any salary from Rose, which, naturally, made Hammond the ideal employee.

Muriel Smith was a clerk in a camera shop in Philadelphia, and she had never been on a stage until she sang the role of Carmen in the show. Luther Saxon, who played Joe, was a timekeeper in the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Glenn Bryant, who played Husky Miller, was a New York City policeman. With the exception of William Jones, who played a comedy part, the cast was entirely made up of amateurs.

The rehearsals proceeded with the usual amount of internecine conflict between Rose, his assistants and the cast. Most of them resented Rose's impatience and toughness during rehearsals. Fortunately, Georges Bizet was dead and he could not get into the arguments.

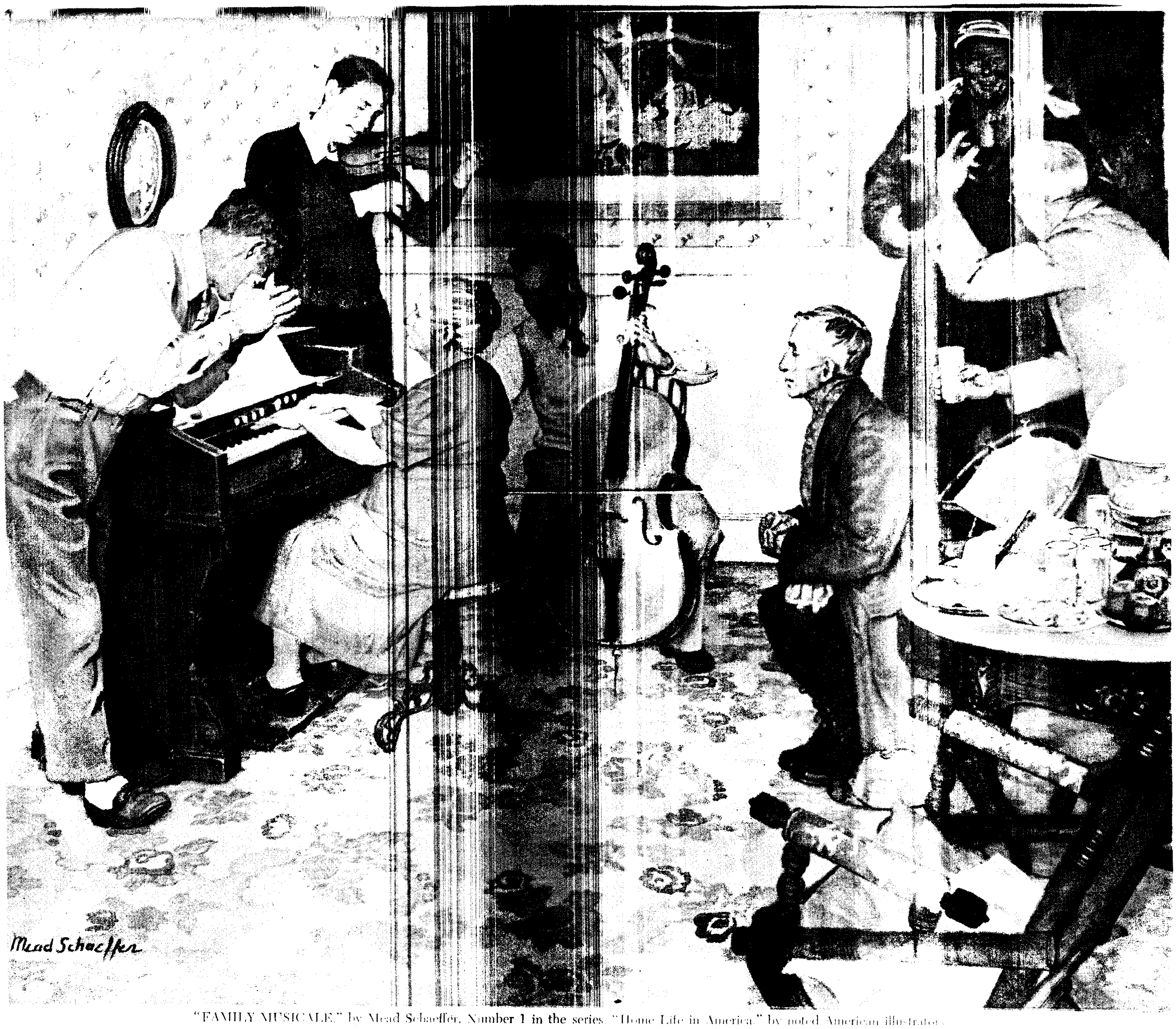
The show opened in Philadelphia in October and it received rave notices. The Philadelphia Record carried a front-page story on Carmen Jones, on the theory that it was inaugurating a new epoch in the Americanization of opera.

After the New York opening, the dramatic critics threw their hats in the air. One reviewer wrote:

"Carmen Jones is as much theater as it is opera. It is one of the most exciting shows that have come to town in years."

Almost all the commentators, including many of the music critics, considered that even the best Metropolitan performance of the traditional Carmen came off second best in a comparison with Rose's Carmen Jones.

THE END



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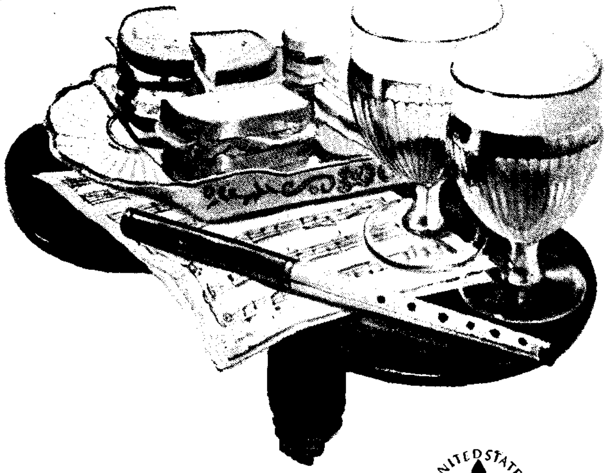

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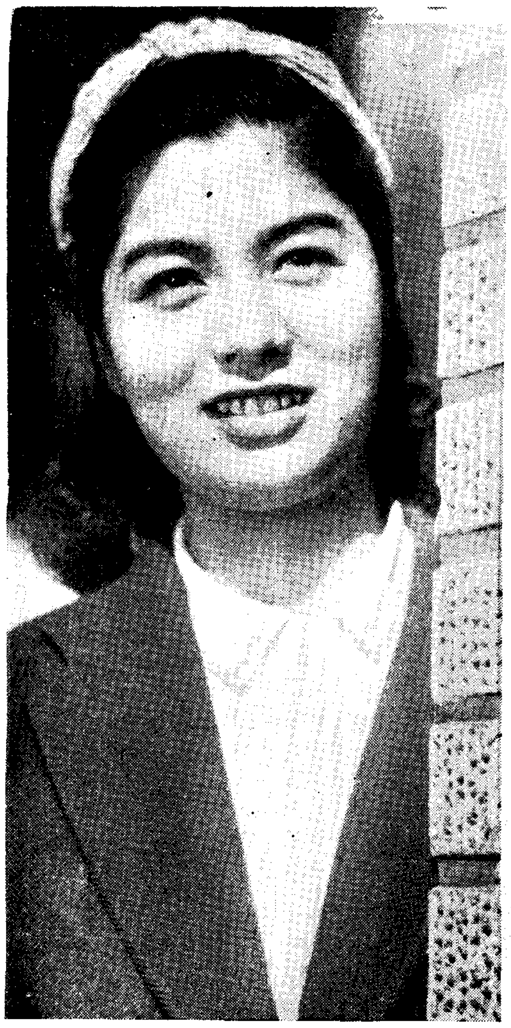

THE $80,000 KISS

BY WELDON JAMES

How Earnest Hoberecht from Oklahoma became a Tokyo millionaire and the most famous writer in Japan simply by embracing a Japanese movie queen

Actress Hideko Mimura (left) was shocked when Earnie kissed her. But his fans seek his autograph (right) and buy his books to study democracy

THE numerous friends of Mr. Earnest Hoberecht, most of whom are foreign correspondents, are worried. They think that Earnie is working too hard. This leaves him very little time to sit around and gossip with his friends—and to correspondents this is an alarming situation indeed.

But Earnie isn't worried. For he is sitting on top of the Tokyo world. He is a nationally famous literary figure, an admitted (and respected) expert on love, manners, and—er—democracy. His first novel is still Japan's Number One best seller, and everything he writes nowadays sells like hot cakes. He can't keep up with the demand, even with constant burning of the midnight oil, dictating to a secretary half the time and jabbing at his own typewriter the rest. To date such activity has put more than 1,200,000 yen (better than $80,000, if he could only get the dollars at the legal military rate) within his welcome reach.

"Pretty good for a country boy," says the happy Earnie, a stocky, sandy-haired, sandy-mustached, blue-eyed young man from Watonga, Oklahoma.

By day, from 8:30 to 5:30 Earnie is a hard-driving United Press correspondent, acting manager of the Tokyo bureau. But at night he is a different man. He becomes the "literary big shot." He is lionized at Japanese literary teas. He confers with his agent, or with his six or seven different publishers. And he writes, and writes, with a calculating eye on the not-so-almighty yen.

"There is a golden vein in love," he quips, "*and I must mine it while I* can."

The twenty-nine-year-old Oklahoman, who has been writing one thing or another since he was ten, is the first to admit that a well-placed kiss has played a considerable part in his rise to literary eminence.

It seems that Earnie, in line of journalistic duty, was on a Japanese movie lot one day—Shochiku Studios—when the place threatened to fall apart because the leading lady, Miss Hideko Mimura, had just found out that the script called for her to be kissed before the camera. The Japanese studios had never filmed a kiss before. Miss Mimura had never been kissed before, publicly or privately, in all her twenty-six years, and she wanted no part in creating precedent. She explained this patiently to Earnie.

The young Oklahoman recalls nowadays that he seen his duty and he done it. General Douglas MacArthur, he told Miss Mimura and company, had suggested that kissing scenes in movies would be "a step toward *democratization.*" He would, he said shyly, count it a privilege to teach Miss Mimura, a beautiful and charming girl, just how to kiss for the screen.

Earnie kissed her—and newspapers throughout the world carried the story. Actually there has been kissing in Japan since time immemorial, but in recent decades it has been restricted to married couples and certain kinds of night-lifers, and few unmarried, respectable Japanese girls knew much about the matter until the G.I.s arrived.

Earnie himself describes The Kiss as a prairie-twister. But the results were not exactly what he had expected. Miss Mimura came out of the clinch with a dazed if not faraway look in her eyes, promptly downed three or four tablets (vitamins, maybe, says Hoberecht), retired to her dressing room, and wrote him that after what had happened, clearly they ought not to see each other again.

Anyway, The Kiss made Earnie famous in Japan. When his first novel, Tokyo Romance, appeared a couple of months or so later, telling *all about the way an American correspondent* wooed and won a famous Japanese movie actress, it was a smash hit. Japanese stood in queues three blocks long to buy it. The first edition of 100,000 copies disappeared in less than a fortnight, indicating that only the paper shortage might keep sales short of a million. The lad from Watonga was in.

Swamped with requests to do magazine articles, newspaper serials, movie scripts, short stories, and a few dozen more books, Earnie set to work with a grin and a will. In no time flat another Hoberecht offering was being gobbled up by the Japanese public—this time Tokyo Diary, Earnie's journal of the war and of the first few months of the occupation.

Next came Fifty Famous Americans, and then Democratic Etiquette, which the fond publisher believes will ultimately be adopted as a standard school text.

"I'm proud of this book," Earnie will tell you without prodding. "It's not just a rewrite of Emily Post. I *think it will have a big effect in spreading* democratic practices in Japan.

"For example, I say in it that it is all right for engaged couples to see each other more than once a week—and without a third party present, as now required by Japanese custom."

Too Busy to Get Married

The sales of Tokyo Romance have not been hurt at all by the widespread belief that the hero, Kent Wood, was none less than Earnest Hoberecht himself, and the heroine, if not Miss Mimura, some other well-known actress. Actually Earnie lives in a house with two other correspondents, and sees a number of Japanese friends on occasion, since obviously his research must not be altogether academic. But he keeps his bachelor standing intact, and anyway he works too hard to have time for marriage.

"I have been married twice," he says reflectively. "And I never had an argument with either of my wives. I think I just worked so hard, all the time trying to write, that they couldn't *put up with it.*"

Present regulations won't permit Earnie to convert his yen fortune into dollars, or to buy land or to invest in business enterprises. All he can do is spend or save, and since there isn't much to spend on, he's bound to save. The legal value of the yen is just under seven cents, but the black-market value is about two cents, and nobody knows what it may drop to.

Still, even at the lowest rate, Earnie has a fortune at the moment worth more than $20,000; he feels rich enough anyway just being a literary big shot.

"The trouble is," Earnie explains, "I have to get a different publisher for each of my books. No one has enough paper. To bring out one of my masterpieces a publisher has to use up his ration and then draw on his reserves."

Possibly, Earnie is the only truly modest author alive today. "I know I don't write literature," he says, "but the nice thing is that the Japanese like to buy and read my stuff and I like to turn it out. Everybody's happy. And," he concluded wistfully, "you never can tell about translations. Maybe they do change my stuff into literature. I can't read Japanese, so I'll never know!"

Earnie may be modest about his writing, but he has no doubt that he can be an actor. He may play the lead role in the Japanese production of Tokyo Romance if he can get time off from UP ("I made the hero look like me, anyway, so it ought to be easy"), and if he can pick the heroine.

Meanwhile the Japanese are so curious about everything in America, and so eager to read anything about it written by an American in Japan, that Earnie has agreed to let an importunate publisher bring out an edition of The Hitherto Unpublished Short Stories of Mr. Earnest Hoberecht.

This has led him into a rash of correspondence with his father, E. T. Hoberecht, a businessman and former banker, his mother, a former schoolteacher, and assorted friends scattered through Oklahoma and Tennessee. The elder Hoberechts are not exactly surprised by their son's literary industry. *He began filling the attic with* manuscripts some 20 years ago, proved he could make money by publishing a one-man magazine at the age of fifteen, and finally convinced them that writing and not banking was clearly the thing for him. Now all he's asking is that they mail him any old rejected manuscripts he might have left behind.

"I am a heartless wretch," Earnie admits happily. "But the Japanese did lose the war, after all, and they must expect to suffer a little." ★★★

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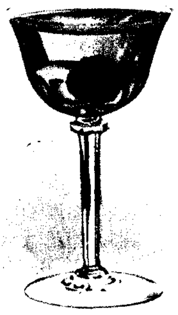

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SPIRIT OF HATTIE

Continued from page 23

nut. He was watching the milky wall of mist walking stealthily toward the rocking lightship on the Swiftsure Bank. The ship was anchored on station there, and it couldn't get away. The best it could do was start in wailing with the diaphone when the first thin smoky fingers reached it. Then it vanished altogether, and Jesse sighed. The wet dank smell was sharp and strong on the Makena now. The pool of open water around her shrank. Then the cloud of vapor settled down, dripping with salty moisture. The third mate rang up standby on the telegraph and flipped the automatic whistle switch.

◆

CAPTAIN JESSE nodded to him absently, so he altered the course, shaping in toward the coast to pick up the horn on Umatilla Reef. The Makena's whistle began to blare. Jesse sighed again.

"The whole damn' ocean's out there. That's what's out there, Dan."

"Do tell."

Mr. McCoon gave the skipper a quick sly look. He thought Jesse's voice had a dreamy sound. Jesse's face was all wrinkled up, and his seraphic little eyes had a puckery faraway stare.

"About once every other trip," said Jesse, "I get me a good quick look. I bet it's full o' sunshine over beyond that ocean hill. I been cogitatin' on it a helluva long time now. Sorta workin' out my philosophy."

"Your what?"

"Y'take Hattie now," Captain Jesse went on solemnly. "Y'know what Hattie always wanted to do? Hattie wanted to be raisin' turkeys somewhere out Kansas way."

"Do tell," said Daniel McCoon, thinking it wise to indulge his old friend's mood. "And why didn't she?"

"That's it. That's the point o' the whole damn' thing. Why didn't she?"

The Makena began to roll. And Jesse blinked his eyes at the fog. "Ain't enough downright honest fun in the world. That's what gets it all loused up. People oughta do what they got a heart an' a mind to do so long as they don't cross no one else's bows. They get mean, if they don't. Hattie got mean as hell sometimes, sorrowin' for all them poor unborn turkeys. She was first rated, Daniel. She—"

"You mean frustrated."

"Aw'right, frost rated. People get like that, they ain't happy. An' when people ain't happy they're mean as hell. First thing y'know some bastard in a big top hat starts promisin' everybody fancy unnatural things. He starts in talkin' wild again. People who ain't havin' any fun snap up any kinda wild raw meat. Y'get enough o' 'em together an' the world's loused up again. First thing y'know, y'got another war."

"Do tell," said Danny McCoon. "And all on account of poor Hattie's turkeys."

"Ain't right," said Jesse, "not right at all. Feller oughta do what he's got a heart an' a mind to do. That is the sum an' substance o' my new philosophy."

"Y'mean you're frustrated too?"

Captain Jesse studied on that in silence while the Makena's whistle spluttered, blared, and showered down a steamy spray. Absently tapping out his pipe on the palm of his big red hand, Jesse suddenly realized he was emptying the ash on the bridge gratings underfoot. He never would have done that while Hattie was alive. He never would have dared. But he went right on with it deliberately now, the weird and mischievous gleam growing in his eyes. Daniel McCoon saw it, and for the first time Dan got worried. He began to think the evil witch of the coastal fogs had got to the skipper's mind at last. He was wrong, of course. It was just the spirit of Hattie, lightly brushing past on the misty bridge.

"Why'd you go to sea in the first place?" The twinkle was fiercer than ever in Captain Jesse's eyes. "Honest now, Dan. Why?"

"Now ain't that a helluva question to ask? I was young and full of vinegar—and there was the whole wide cockeyed world to see. I—"

"How much did y'see?"

"Well, hell, Jesse, y'know how it goes. I just—"

"Sure, I know how it goes. That's the point o' the whole damn' thing. But it's still out there, ain't it? Just t'other side o' that goddam fog. An' here we are still pushin' holes in the groundswell off the coast. Blind as bats. Smellin' nothin' but fog an' lumber, watch in, watch out. Coffee an' overtime, that's us. Steam-schooner style. Why, I ain't seen even Hawaii in forty years. A windjammer, it was. A full-rigger, Dan! An' sunshine on that deep blue water all the world around! I got me a damn' good notion to—"

EYE BAWL

Blow, wind, blow! Have your jolly fling
In line with all of Nature's wintering.
Go on and blow! But won't you even try
To leave your dust in someone else's eye?

—S. H. Dewhurst

"Now look here, Jesse!" Mr. McCoon spoke with sternness and severity. "You got to get a holt on yourself."

"Bellywash!" said Jesse. "I just got a notion to up-helm an' go."

Daniel McCoon laughed loud and long. But his laughter had a hollow sound. It didn't hide his wild alarm. "You can't do that," Dan said. "You know damn' well you can't."

"Why?" asked Captain Jesse.

"Because . . . well . . . For one thing, there's the ship. She—"

"What about her? She's old, but she's sound. Are you castin' reflections on my seamanship?"

"Hell, no. But Hattie's brother, Old Isaac Hartburn, owns half of her. He—"

"Ike's in Clallam Bay. He ain't out here. You an' me an' Hattie, we own the rest. An' Hattie's share is mine." Jesse was staring off into misty space. Globules of moisture clung to the bushy red crags of his brows. The inspired look of a prophet was in Jesse's eyes. "Are we men," his voice asked softly; "are we men or are we mice?"

"That's entirely beside the point. The cargo," said Mr. McCoon, "happens to be consigned to Dago."

"T'hell it is." Jesse never stirred. "The lumber ain't consigned to no one." Jesse was standing erect now. In the swirling fog his stature grew. "The cargo goes where I take it."

"How about the articles? How about the Maritime Commission?" Mr. Daniel McCoon kept thinking of hundreds of piddling irrelevant things, in the habit of narrow earthbound minds. "How," Mr. McCoon demanded triumphantly, "how about the unions? And how about the men?"

Captain Jesse Blescombe tilted his head with an air of magnificent ethereal disdain. "Johnny," he called to the third mate in the wing, who was listening to a whistle blast he thought he heard in the fog. "How'd you like to go to Honolulu this trip? How about it, Jawn?"

"Honolulu?" The third mate grinned. "I'd like it fine. Got a piece of honey down there, Cap'n. Met her in the war. Honolulu? I'd like it fine."

Jesse smiled. His eyes took on a happy glow. And right there on the Makena's bridge Mr. Daniel McCoon, the chief engineer, saw the miracle performed of a man grown suddenly whole. Entirely whole and complete. It frightened him.

The spirit of Hattie moved strongly in Jesse, and he poked his head in the wheelhouse door. "Port the hellum! Dammit—I mean right rudder."

DAWN found the Makena rolling sweetly on a wide, blue, windy sea. It found Captain Jesse perched on the bridge rail, his legs at a comfortable dangle, humming a merry tune. Jesse had a weatherbeaten sextant in his fist, but he wasn't putting it to any particular use. He was watching a pair of wide-winged albatross planing and soaring with an exquisite grace across the Makena's snowy wake. And Jesse's round red face was alight with joy.

"Just looka them birds," he said, waving his battered sextant aft when the mate came out of the wheelhouse door. "Them birds," said Jesse, "is beautiful."

Mr. Hoggenhorn blinked his eyes like an owl. He was more than a little astonished. The Makena's whistle was still. He could see all around the horizon, and the foam-tipped ocean in between. The seas kept up the steady rush of their whispering, but the quietness was everywhere—the half-forgotten quietness that lives at dawn wherever deep water rolls.

"See over there!" said Mr. Hoggenhorn, pointing to the east in his amazement. "There!" he said. "The sun."

Jesse nodded, "That's what it is, all right." He took a long breath of the salty air. "I was gonna get me a stellar sight before it got too light. But I got so interested watchin' what was goin' on aloft in the dark, I plumb forgot. I sure enough did. The stars at sea, Mr. Hoggenhorn, are downright wonderful." Jesse Blescombe sighed. "Ah, well. Don't matter much. When the sun gets high

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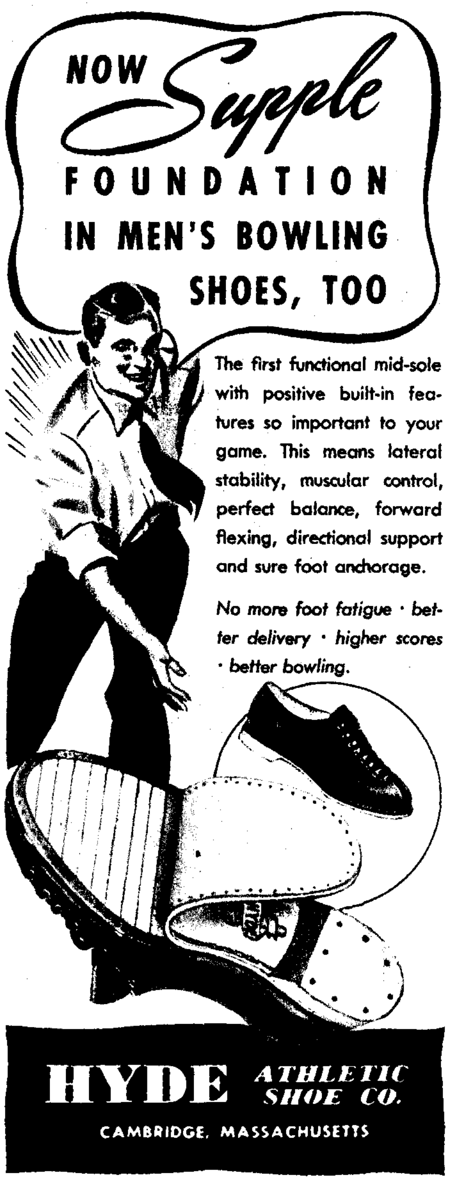

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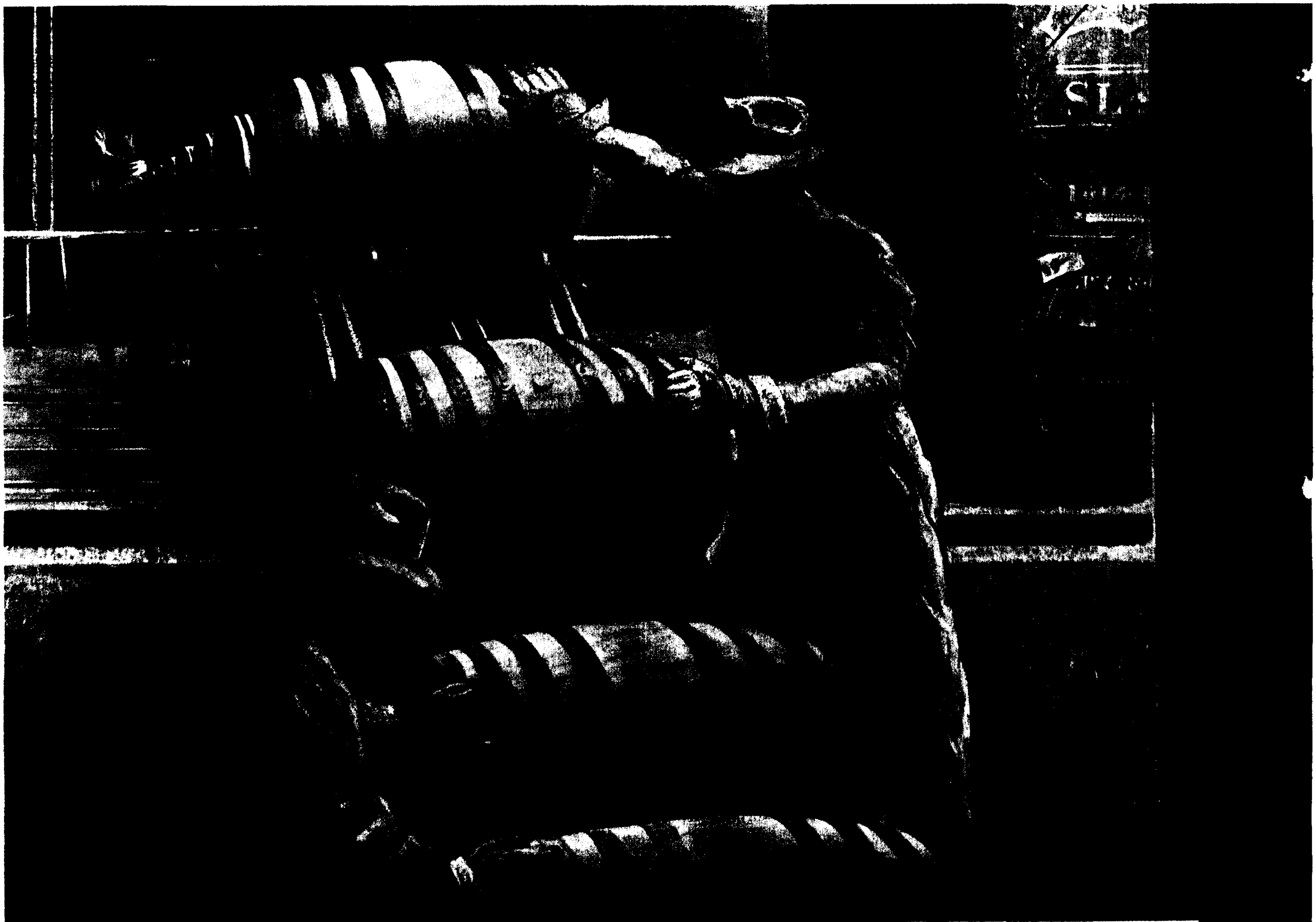

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enough, I'll take me a observation for the longitudinal position."

"Won't do us very much good, Cap'n. The chronometer is stopped. It ain't been wound for a week."

"T'hell y'say. We'll sure have to get it fixed an' set first thing in Honolulu. An' I gotta get some charts. You remind me."

Jesse hopped down off the bridge, just as Mr. McCoon came up with the coffee mugs.

"Now what?" he wanted to know, alarmed by what he'd heard. "Jesse, you can't spit in the ocean and tell where you are by the coastal drift. The by-guess-and-by-God stuff ain't gonna work out here."

"I can figger, can't I?" Jesse lightly brushed aside with his sextant a matter so inconsequential as that. "I can still figger out a ship's day's work o' dead reckonin'. Let's eat," he said. "I'm hungry as hell." But before his bald dome disappeared down the starboard ladderway, he turned. "If the boys ain't happy," Jesse said, "you tell me right away."

SO THE Makena went bouncing along to the south and west, as carefree a ship as ever sailed the water since old Noah's time. Her three-legged reciprocating job just kept on wheezing down below, the same homey hiss of escaping steam on every L.P. stroke. And in her own good leisurely way the Makena picked up the flow of the northeast trades. The boys off watch played acey-deucey on the lumber deck, and the bosun brought his concertina out. It was like old times. Jesse heard the music: Jesse smelled the wind: and it made Captain Jesse feel very fine.

"We oughta see flyin' fishes pretty soon," he said. "Hattie would never believe me, Daniel, when I told her a fish could fly." Jesse scratched the bristles of his red mustache, and the faraway look came into his eyes. "I sure wish Hattie was here to see them fishes fly."

An enormous drop of water fell singly and all by itself on the top of Jesse's bare bald head, the minute he mentioned Hattie's name. He looked up, surprised, and quickly thrust his pipe in his pocket. He was just in time to see the dark shadow of a cloud come rushing across the ocean floor. Jesse watched the squall march down from windward on the sunlit sea. When it struck the Makena, he smiled. He let the warm rain pelt him, and his eyes kept twinkling brightly at the drum of the deep-sea rain, the loud wash the Makena made, her scuppers all soughing and gurgling.

"They don't fly," Mr. McCoon was saying, coming out of the wheelhouse shelter when the squall began to thin.

"What don't, Daniel?"

"Fish."

"T'hell y'say."

"As a matter of scientific fact, they merely—"

"Looka there!" Jesse pointed to the ocean. Sure enough, there they were. First one. Like an arrow of silver. Then another. Then a whole glittering school, catching dazzling shimmers of sunlight before they plopped back in the water off the Makena's bow. "Now if that ain't flyin'," Jesse cried, "then I—"

"That's entirely beside the point," interrupted Mr. McCoon. "The point is, Jesse, where are we?"

"Oh, we're pretty near there."

"We better be. How far is pretty near?"

"Well, the way I figger, Dan, we're two, three hundred mile northeast o' Makapuu Head. Four hundred at the most."

"Do tell," said Danny McCoon. "Now, if it's two hundred, I could just about get you there. Three hundred is very doubtful indeed. And if it happens to be four hundred, y'better hook on to them flying fish, 'cause we ain't got oil enough. My fuel pumps, Jesse, will very soon start in sucking air."

Jesse wasn't a bit perturbed. He knew by now he had nothing whatever to worry about. "We better get the forepeak rigged in Honolulu for a reserve fuel tank. You remind me, Daniel." Idly he watched the rainbow of color where the squall was walking off in the west. It left behind it a dark blotch against the sky, over a little in the north. Jesse appraised it a moment before giving his judgment. "There's a ship yonder. We'll just go have a gam." He turned his head. "Port the hellum," Jesse said.

The helmsman spun the wheelspokes. "Right rudder, Cap'n," he grinned.

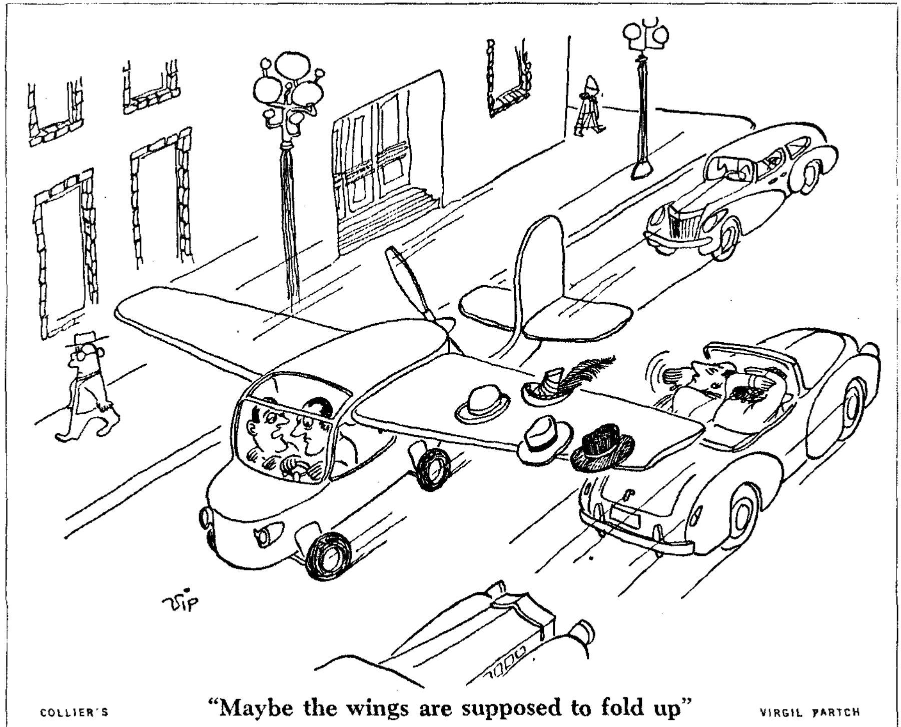
"Yeah. That's what I mean, Joseph. Right rudder. Shape up for that vessel there while I give her a hail."

"And how," Mr. McCoon wanted to know, "how will you catch a fast, big, cargo ship like that? I bet we ain't logging as much as six knots."

"We'll catch her, Daniel." Jesse's eyes were extraordinarily sharp. "She's flyin' two black balls on the forestay. She's stopped an' out o' control."

"Damn right she is." Mr. Hoggenhorn offered his binoculars. "You watch her counter lifting, Cap'n, when the swells go by. If her rudder ain't gone, I'm blind."

Captain Jesse Blescombe gave the chief engineer a scornful glance of withering dignity. "You keep me abeam on the loo'ard side," he told Mr. Hoggen-



COLLIER'S "Maybe the wings are supposed to fold up" VIRGIL PARTCH

"Did you say WOMEN were vain?"

ED: That I did. That I did.

JEAN: But MEN aren't vain. Is that it, de-ar?

ED: That is it, Ever-loving. Women are always primping. Yes—and looking in mirrors on weighing machines.

JEAN: So-o? Well how is it that *you*—a *man*—happen to be home sick with a cold, may I ask?

ED: Oh—just picked up a small sniffle.

JEAN: "Picked up a sniffle," is it? You know *perfectly well* you caught this cold at the BPOE dance. You caught it by not wearing your muffler because you wanted to show off your new Arrow Shirt! You made it worse by not wearing your coat in the office next day. Wanted to exhibit that "Mitoga" figure-cut design—or whatever it is. Then—

ED: Gee, hon—don't be so tough on me! After all, it's been *years* since I've been able to buy Arrow Shirts and—aw, don't cry, honey!

JEAN: (*sniffle sniffle*) I'm NOT crying! I just get worried over you acting so foolish. *I* know how handsome those Arrow Shirts are and how they've even got the Sanforized* label. But I worry when you get sick, you big lug.

ED: Aw—shucks, sweetie. Don't you know nothing but *good* can happen to a guy when he's wearing an Arrow shirt? That is, usually. *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

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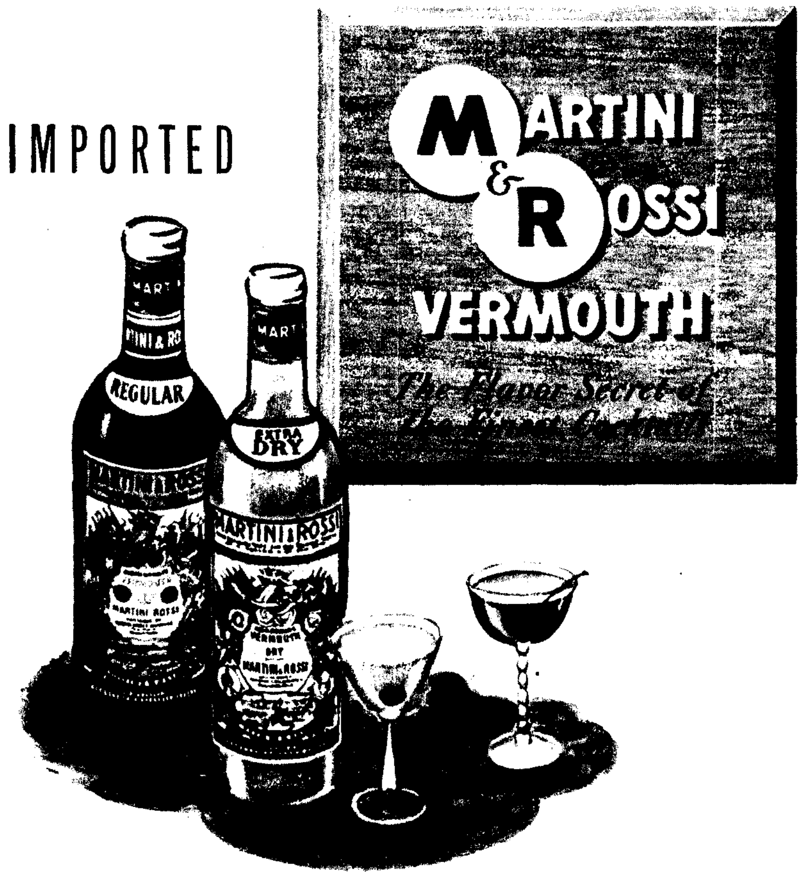
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horn. And he picked his speaking trumpet up. "Ahoy there!" he bellowed presently in a most magnificent voice. "What is your position, please?"

A lean-cheeked man moved against the wing of the high, luxurious, teakwood bridge over there, showing golden oak leaves on the peak of his cap and four splendid stripes on his uniform sleeve. Jesse thought he had a disdainful look. He showed small respect for the funny little craft he saw bouncing below him so close to the spotless hull of his fine command.

"Steamer Paladin," he called back icily, in the very best quarter-deck form. "Captain Percival Rasmuss. Vancouver for Honolulu. We are temporarily out of control, and I'd thank you to stand clear of my chief mate's paint. You are in latitude 21:54 North, longitude—"

"Hold on there! Never mind all that," Captain Jesse interrupted in his Stentor's roar. "Just gimme the course an' distance from here to Makapuu Head."

"Four hundred and eight miles. The course would be two-twenty-eight degrees." And Captain Rasmuss' voice grew sarcastic. "True," he said. "Not magnetic. You understand?"

"Thank you kindly." Jesse waved his speaking trumpet, because he didn't need it any more. "This here is the steam-schooner Makena. Captain Jesse Blescombe. Puget Sound for San Diego. Can we—"

Three heads on the bridge up there snapped round in perfect unison. Captain Rasmuss leaned head and shoulders as far out over the rail as he dared. "Did you say Puget Sound for *San Diego?*" His voice was shrill with astonishment. He laughed, and his tone went dry. "You certainly must have had head winds!"

"Sure did," said Jesse, with an air of breezy nonchalance. "But there's more'n one way to get there. We might even go by way of Cape Horn." He put his forearms comfortably down on the rail. "I see," he said, "I see you're a single-screw job an' your rudder is gone. Might we be of any assistance?"

"You might if you've got a carboy of sulphur dioxide to spare. Or even a flask of carbonic acid gas."

"Sorry." Jesse shook his head. "We don't allow no drinkin' at sea. I wisht we could give you a tow," he went on, "but the Makena ain't got the strength. An' besides, t'tell the truth, we're a little bit short o' fuel oil."

Captain Rasmuss seemed suddenly relieved. "Did you say you were short of oil?"

"That's right. I can't tow, but then again I can steer. On the other hand, you can't steer—but with a fine, big, powerful ship like that you can sure as hell tow. Looks to me like a place for a neighborly swap. You pass me a coupla good wire lines from your port an' starboard quarter bitts an' I'll hook 'em on to my windlass. In a fine sea like this we can heave up pretty short. That way you go boomin' right along with me tailin' close astern an' heavin' your fanny one way or t'other accordin' to how the compass says. Save you a heap o' time, Captain Rasmuss, an' save Danny McCoon here from worryin'. My chief engineer, I am sorry to say, is a very worryin' man. But you just say the word an' first thing y'know we'll all be swimmin' in Waikiki. Now ain't that fair enough?"

Captain Percival Rasmuss turned away for a hurried consultation with his people on the bridge. Then he came back to the rail, smiling blandly across the water, every shadow of his worry gone. Captain Rasmuss smiled down on Jesse the way a man might smile at the innocent little kid with the candy bar in his fist.

"Drop aft, Captain Blescombe," Captain Rasmuss said, all kindness and brotherly love. "Put your heaving line aboard. We'll be glad to take you as far as Diamond Head."

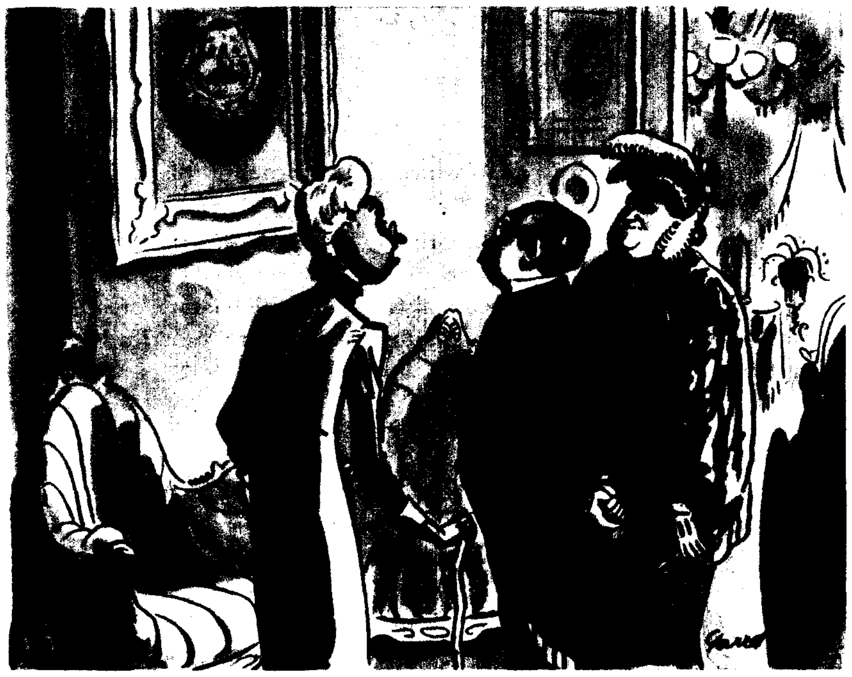
AND that's how the lumber schooner Makena came to Honolulu town, making the finest run of speed she had ever logged in all the years of her long and wonderful career. To be sure, the courses they steered were somewhat erratic, to say the least, but Captain Jesse was mighty proud of that run. Few people in the Makena had ever moved so fast afloat. Looking overside, they all got pretty dizzy, watching the water go rushing by. Not Jesse. Jesse sat perched on the forward rail of his bridge, enjoying the lively breeze and waiting to see the mountain peaks of Oahu again after forty long eventful years.

"Imagine us steerin' a ship like that," he mentioned with pride to Mr. McCoon, his eye on the broad counter of the steamer Paladin swinging along ahead with the bridle wires hove taut to the Makena's windlass drums. "An' a right smart savin' in fuel oil, to boot."

"No question," said Daniel, "no question at all. But I begin to smell a very large rat."

"Oh, I been smellin' that right along. You wouldn't think such a fine big ship would allow a smell like that."

"That ain't what I mean," said Danny



"And this is cousin Randolph; he ran away from home at the age of 39"

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Or maybe you like to mix the practical and the smart — a blend of opening-night correctness with wide-open-spaces informality. Especially for such tastes there is the SUPER Estate Wagon, that smart and handy equipage in which city and country blend so neatly.

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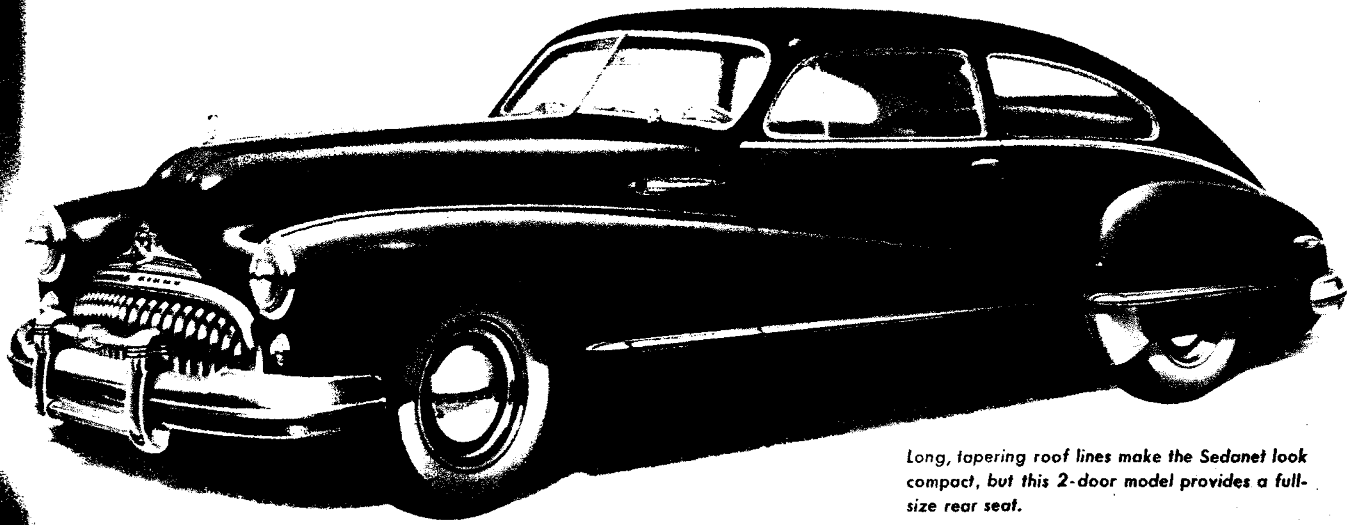

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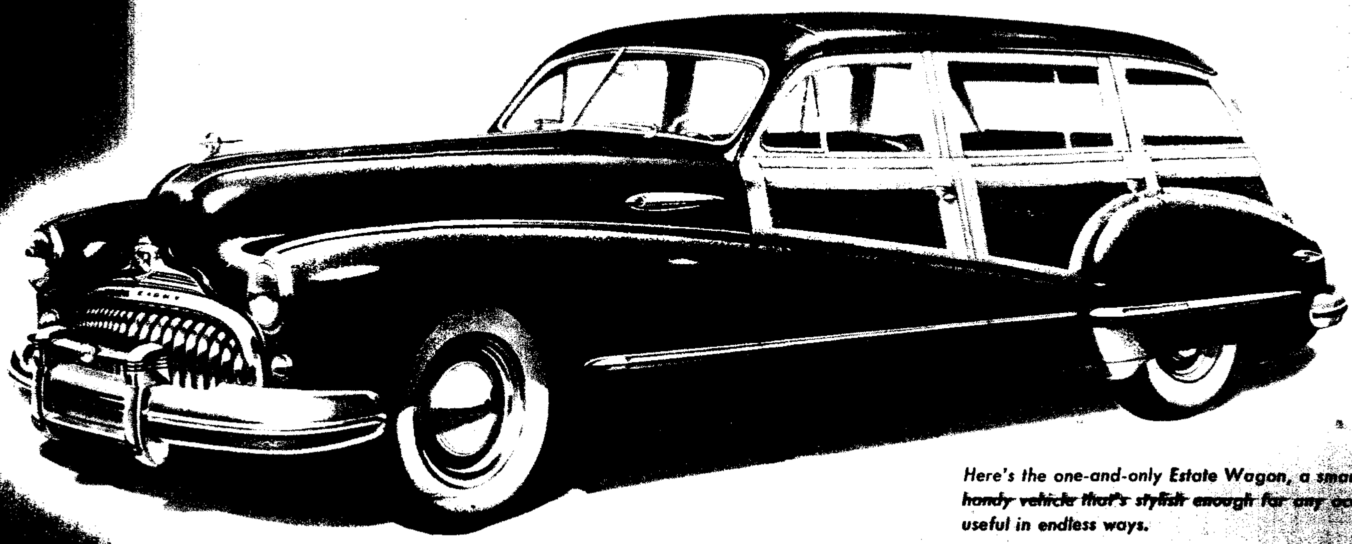

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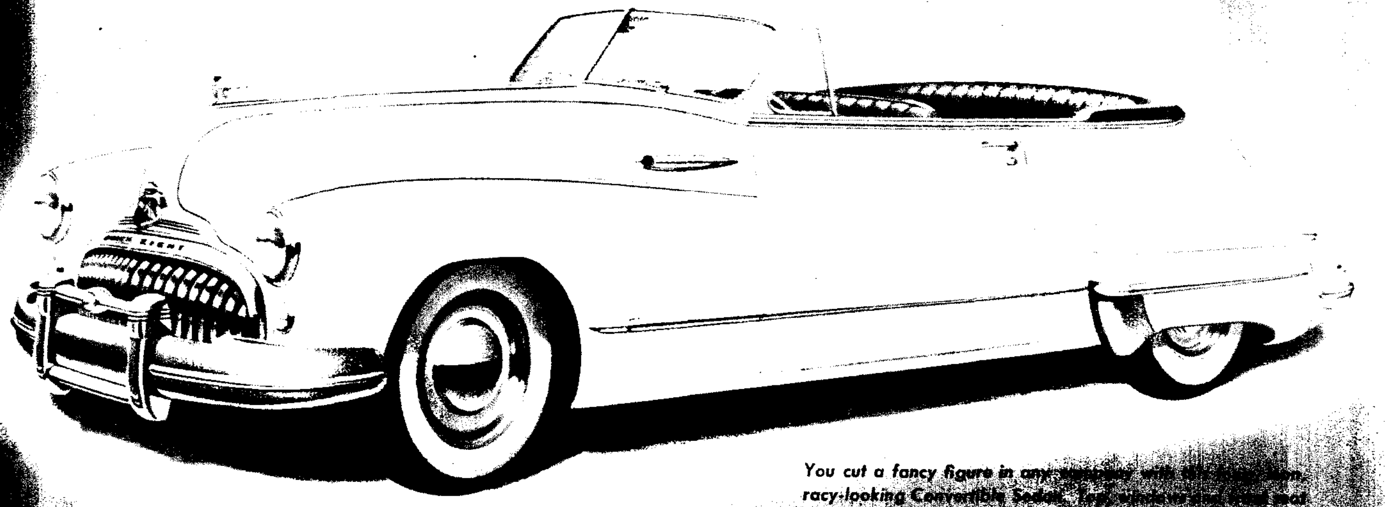

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[illegible]TEWEIGHT [illegible] [illegible] action, with [illegible] bearings.

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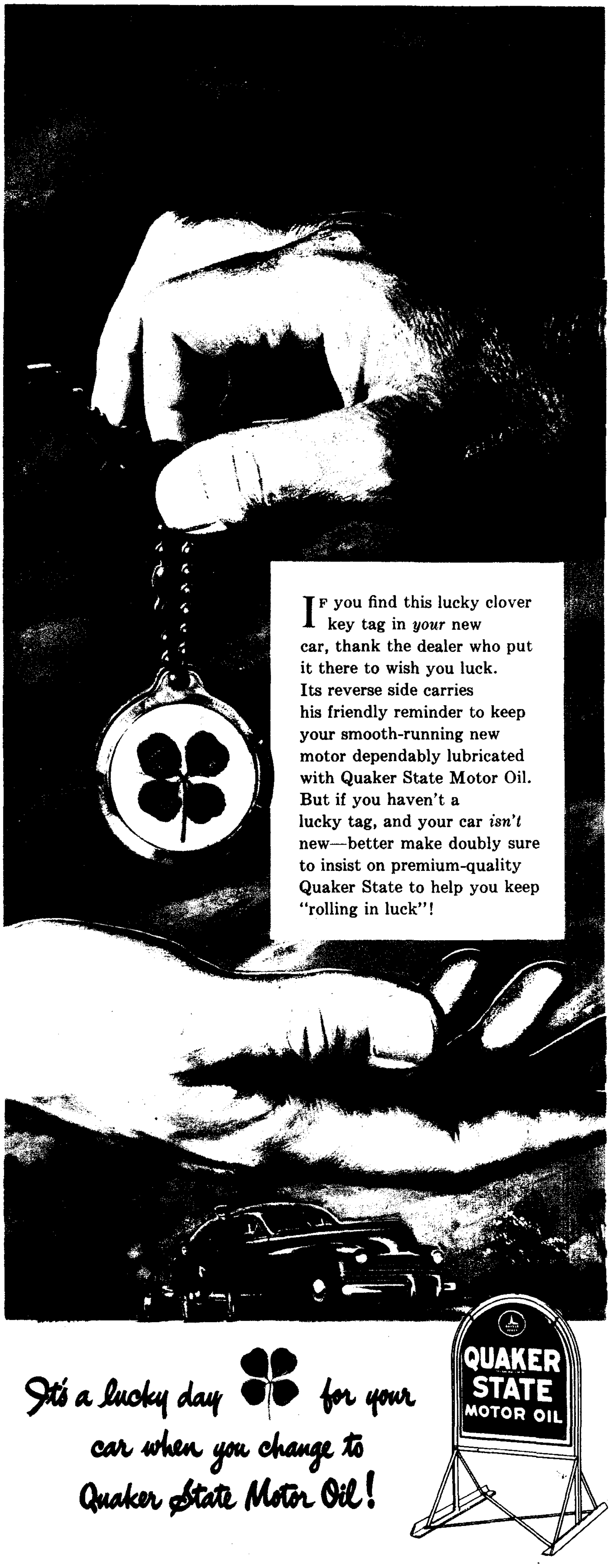

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McCoon. "What you smell over there is ice machines, but what I smell is a rat. That skipper just sent a wireless in. Sparks says it pretty near tore his eardrums out, so he couldn't help but read it. Quote imperative number one and two reefers be discharged immediately on arrival unquote. And—"

"An' what might a reefer be?"

"A refrigerated hatch. That feller is hauling a cargo of fresh meat."

"T'hell y'say! What'll they think of next?"

"That's entirely beside the point. The point is he also advised his agent—name of Cobblecook—that he has us in tow, us being short of oil. And he wants two tugboats to meet him off Diamond Head. For him—not us."

"Well, we don't need no tugboats. We'll have plenty oil left to anchor an' dock. What's wrong about that?"

"The way he puts it, Jesse, we were on the high seas in distress. Which, in a manner of speaking, we were. Suppose he slaps down a salvage claim?"

"Daniel, y'sure are a— Looka there!" cried Jesse, hopping down from the railing. "There's Makapuu Head. Stand by, all hands! Pretty soon we're gonna see Waikiki!"

AFTER that, Jesse had no time for the petty affairs that are always befogging prosaic minds like Mr. Daniel McCoon's. Captain Jesse was kin to Magellan and Francis Drake when faith and vision are rewarded, when after the long travail the green land looms against limitless blue. Jesse hauled the Paladin's tail around for Kaiwi Channel in a long great-curving arc, leaving a wake like a sailing ship standing down on the homeward tack. And Jesse's eyes were joyful when they cast the towlines loose off Diamond Head.

"Thank you kindly, Captain Rasmuss!" He waved a friendly arm and left the Paladin to her tugs. "Full ahead, Mr. Hoggenhorn. Steady the hellum, there! Now ain't that fine?" asked Jesse, eyeing the sundrenched shore. "My, how the place has grown! That there must be the Moana Hotel. An' that primped-up joint abeam is the Royal Hawaiian, I bet. Looka them combers roll! That there, Mr. Hoggenhorn, is Waikiki Beach."

So the little Makena, all drowned in lumber to the eyes of her bridge, with her stumpy funnel sticking aloft far aft, rounded to off Sand Island, her hooks on the bottom of Old Quarantine Anchorage.

"You tell the boys who ain't standin' anchor watch, Mr. Hoggenhorn, they can go in swimmin' if they want. That's what I'm gonna do." And Jesse went down to change his clothes.

He came back on the bridge dressed in purple-and-green-striped swimming trunks, a robust and happy and very hairy man. He found Mr. Cobblecook's launch alongside by the Jacob's ladder, the Kanaka in the cockpit looking the Makena over in good-natured disbelief, never having seen a vessel of the classical steam-schooner breed before. He also found Captain Percival Rasmuss, assisted by a small-browed man in a straw hat and spotless drill with a brief case under his arm, diligently talking to Mr. Daniel McCoon. And Mr. McCoon looked worried again. So Jesse just swung himself over the forward rail and dropped easily down on top of the two-by-twelves.

"Just the way I suspected," groaned Danny McCoon in gray despair. "Here they are with the towage charge."

"We are being very fair, Captain Blescombe," said shrewd little Cobblecook, the lawyer of marine. "Captain Rasmuss has explained to us his small difficulty, and we have taken your help in account. Of course, you made no written financial arrangement out there for the towage. That's regrettable. But let us be reasonable. That's what I always say. Lumber is extremely high down here in these times. Considering the great value of your cargo, we think seventy-five hundred dollars would be a moderate charge. Very moderate, indeed. Especially since we are prepared to waive all other claims. I have all the papers here." He tapped the brief case under his arm. "Shall we go to your cabin and sign?"

"Seventy-five hundred dollars?" Jesse wrinkled his brow. "For what?"

"Towage, Captain."

"T'hell y'say! I steered him, didn't I? Then it's steerage against towage. Or visus versus. Let's make it seventy-five hundred bucks apiece. That comes out even. You write that down, an' I'll sign. Let's get it over," Jesse urged. "I come all the way down here to go swimmin' in that blue water."

"You don't seem to grasp the point." Captain Percival Rasmuss spoke slowly, smiling down on Jesse with a bland and pompous dignity. "The point is, you were out of fuel, in serious distress. You asked for a tow. It is you who are liable. Isn't *it* clear?"

Jesse looked at Cobblecook, and then at the captain's canny face. It began to dawn on Jesse that these people weren't friendly.

"An' here I thought," said Jesse sadly, in the pang of a painful disillusion, "here I thought we was just bein' neighborly in the true tradition o' the sea."

"Business is business," grinned Mr. Cobblecook.

"If you refuse to sign, we would be forced to put a libel on your ship," said Captain Rasmuss.

"Which means you couldn't dispose of your cargo and you couldn't discharge," Cobblecook explained. "Not without posting bond. I have those papers ready, too."

Jesse never stirred. He just scratched his belly where the purple-and-green-striped swimming trunks tickled his curly red hair.

"Captain Rasmuss, you didn't have no rudder," murmured Jesse, looking off at the flatly shimmering sea. "The Makena brung you home. You was the one in distress."

"That's nonsense! The sea was calm. There was never the slightest danger. I had already wirelessed for tugs. It's *all* in the log. Besides, my dear fellow, it's a simple matter to rig a jury rudder. For a competent seaman, that is," Captain Rasmuss added sarcastically.

"True," Jesse had to agree. "Very true, indeed."

"You might just as well sign the papers, Jesse." Mr. McCoon was hopeless. He recognized stark defeat when he saw it, and tragedy when he heard it. "If Hattie was only here," mourned Mr. Daniel McCoon, "we would never have got in such a awful cockeyed mess."

"That's right," said Jesse, brimful of the sad, sweet memory. "Hattie always done the paper work."

THREE dazzling silver arrows leaped out of the sunlit water on the Makena's beam, the minute Jesse mentioned Hattie's name. And all of a sudden Jesse smiled. When he turned around, his mild blue eyes were full of a strange bright light.

"'Business is business. Y'gotta bake a duck t'eat a duck.' That's what Hattie always said. Now I observe it clear."

"Well," beamed Captain Rasmuss, "we are certainly glad you see the light."

"Sure do," said Jesse, his sunburned face taking on that uncanny look Mr. Daniel McCoon was beginning by now to recognize. "Sure do. I accept the legal pie crust, Mr. Cobblecook. I also accept the towage bill." Jesse breezily waved the matter aside. "Y'can charge it off against my claim on the Paladin."

"Your claim? What for?"

"Salvage, Captain Rasmuss."

"Utter nonsense! My ship was not in distress!"

“No. But your cargo was. You was haulin' fresh meat an' your ice machines was bust. I remember the smell. Your wireless message this mornin' said quote an' unquote imperative number one an' two reefers be discharged immediately. That's in the log books, too. That's right, ain't it, Daniel—reefers? Now, if it was imperative to discharge this mornin', then the smell an' the spoilage would sure be desperate in another day or two. It woulda took you at least that long to rig you a jury rudder or wait for tugs to come haul you in. Y'sure as hell woulda lost that meat. Two hatches fulla fresh meat oughta come to a coupla hundred thousand bucks at least. Meat's high too, these days. But let's be reasonable. That's what I always say. I'll settle for ten per cent. Twenty thousand. You take my towage bill offa that.”

Captain Percival Rasmuss sputtered, getting a little bit pale around the eyes. Mr. Cobblecook was waving his brief case in wild alarm.

“Absurd!” he cried. “If that's how you feel, I'll forget all about towage. I'll counter with a salvage claim myself! I'll—”

“That's right!” stormed Captain Rasmuss. “It's you who were in distress! You were out of fuel! You—”

“I was never no such a goddam thing!” The spirit of Hattie moved strongly in Jesse, and right then and there he got mad. “I said I was short o' oil. Which we were. But oil ain't the only fuel in the world. I got a million-an'-a-half feet o' lumber in this ship. Why, while the boys was sawin' the lumber up, my chief engineer, Mr. Danny McCoon, could slap grate bars under them boilers as fast as a flyin' fish can fly. I was never in no distress. I—”

“Neither was Captain Rasmuss,” croaked Mr. Cobblecook, grasping thinly at a straw. “The weather was fine. He didn't have to accept your help if he—”

“He most certainly did!” snapped Jesse. “I didn't—but he did. That's the point o' the whole damn' thing. A shipmaster is bound by legal an' Admiralty law to take every measure to protect perishable cargo against spoilage. If he refused my help when I offered it, that meat woulda spoiled. He sure woulda been responsible for all them corpus delecteyes. Y'take the case o' Whittleby an' Bobbinbane. They lost a quarter million dollars just because—”

“Now look here, Blescombe,” said Mr. Cobblecook in a voice cut suddenly down to proper size. “Let's all be reasonable. That's—”

“That's what I always say,” agreed Jesse, who wanted no trouble at all. “Fact o' the matter is, I need a little workin' capital to give the boys some cash for a bit of a time ashore. I'll cut my net claim down to ten thousand, both o' us waivin' all other claims. You put the money on deposit for me in Stockley's Bank. Draw up the papers an' we'll sign 'em there tomorrow.”

Captain Percival Rasmuss and Mr. Cobblecook said nothing. They just climbed down the ladder to the waiting launch. And Jesse stood on the lumber deck, watching them waving their arms at each other savagely while the launch curved a glittering wake toward the harbor mouth.

“Y'know what, Daniel?” Jesse said, palming the sweat from his glistening dome. “I left them sea buzzards off too easy. Hattie woulda wrung their necks.”

“H'mph!” snorted Daniel McCoon. And then Danny snorted again, “H'mph. You sure converted my fireroom from oil to wood in no time at all. What the hell makes you think I could slap grate bars under my boilers as fast as a fish can fly? Why, I ain't had a grate bar in the ship for nigh on twenty year.”

JESSE studied on that a moment. Then he murmured, “I thought you said them fishes didn't fly.”

“They don't.”

“Well, then I didn't tell no lie.” Jesse brightened at once. “We oughta do right good with the lumber, Daniel. When I go ashore tomorrow, I'll sell it off an' rustle us up a cargo for somewhere else. Mr. Hoggenhorn, you see if the boys got any special place they're hankerin' to go. Happen it's a likely port, I'll see what I can do.”

Mr. Daniel McCoon groaned loudly, but that didn't perturb Captain Jesse. Not in the least. He was looking forward where the men were getting ready to dive overside from the fo'c'sle head. They looked happy there, and it made Captain Jesse feel good. So he waved to them. They grinned, and waved right back.

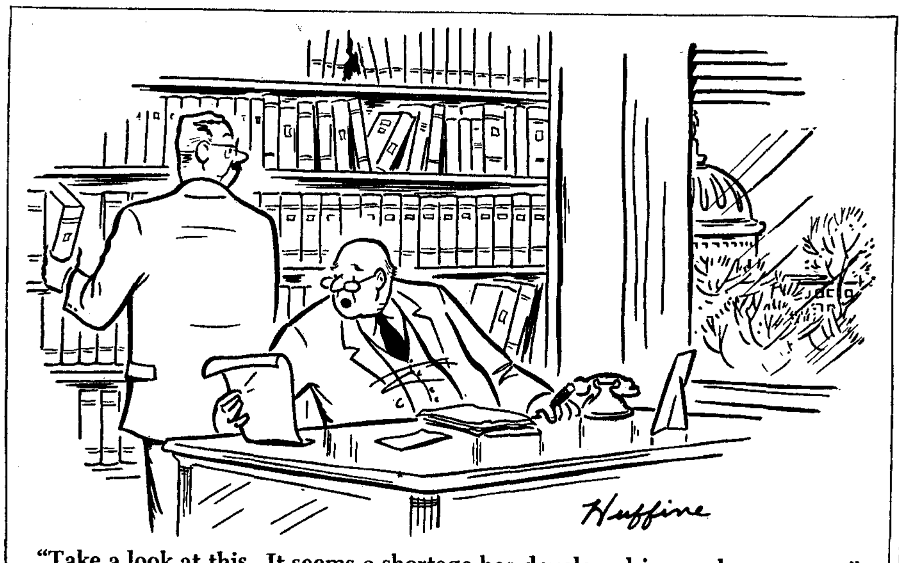
“Last one in the drink is a rotten egg!” Jesse cried out joyfully. And with that he walked to the edge of the lumber deck and jumped feet first. He made a most magnificent splash. He went down like a stone. Danny waited a long time before he saw Jesse's bald head breach the water. He came up spluttering and blowing. “My, ain't this fine!” Jesse called aloft. “We might not make much money, Daniel, but we're sure gonna have some fun.” And he splashed again.

Mr. Daniel McCoon shook his head in helpless disapproval. But he kept on watching Jesse in the water, gleefully breaking the surface and rolling and sounding and rising again like a curious and very delighted porpoise at play. Till Danny just couldn't stand it any more.

“I do believe,” said Danny McCoon, sliding the tip of his tongue with a singular distaste along the polished plastic palate of his brand-new upper teeth, “I do believe I'll go in swimming myself.”

Which he did.

THE END



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LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

A TASTE OF FREEDOM

Continued from page 16

were always together, through high school and later at the university, and I don't really believe either one of them had more than half a dozen dates with anyone else. I know that Helen was the first woman that Harry had ever slept with—he told me that himself—and that happened after they were married. I doubt if Helen ever kissed another man.

"Now, Helen," I said, "start at the beginning and tell me the whole thing."

Helen shook her head. I could tell she didn't want to talk because she was afraid if she did she would begin crying, and she didn't want to cry, even in front of an old friend like me.

I WENT over and put my arm around her shoulder, and slowly she stopped that awful trembling and seemed to collect herself. She got up and stood at the window, her back to me.

"There isn't any beginning," she said evenly. "Harry got up early this morning and started packing his clothes. I asked him what he was doing and he didn't answer. He didn't say anything until he reached the door. Then he turned around and said he was leaving me."

"I don't know what's the matter," Helen said. "This morning I've tried to figure it out, going back to things that I have said or done. I can't understand it. We saved for this home, and it's a nice home, and I love it and I thought Harry did. I waited for him during the war and I was lonesome but I knew he would come back and it was all right. And now he's gone."

She shook her head, in a small, bewildered motion that I found pitiful.

"I'll help, Helen," I said.

"Would you, Tom?" she said. "I wanted to ask but I couldn't. Well, I'm not proud any more. Maybe he's sick. That's what I keep telling myself anyway, he's sick."

"Do you know where he is?"

"Yes. He said, 'I'll be at the Queens Hotel for a little while.' It was just like he was a traveler."

I left then, and Helen saw me off in the doorway, watching in that puzzled fashion.

I drove downtown toward the Queens and I had to admit that Helen was probably right when she said Harry was sick. Harry had been in the war a long time but he hadn't seen any combat. I was surprised that he had ever gone, because he was oldish. But there had been a lot of talk around the office about going and Harry had written a school friend who was then in public relations in Washington.

I guess the Army was pretty desperate for public-relations men because some colonel wrote Harry right back and offered him a commission as a captain. I think Harry was surprised, but once the offer was made, it sort of put him on the spot and he accepted it. He left one day in his officer's uniform and he confided to me that he didn't even know how to salute. Before he could send for Helen he was shipped overseas. He was away better than three years and none of us in the office heard from him, but Helen said he was in Africa and Italy and England and finally wound up in France. . . .

When I knocked on the door of Harry's hotel room, Harry answered and I walked in. Harry was the same age as Helen and I, forty, but the Army had done a lot for him. Before he went away he was bald and fat and didn't stand up straight. The Army didn't grow any hair on his head but it improved him otherwise; Harry had lost about twenty pounds and looked better for it. Although he had hunched over a copy desk for years, he now stood up straight and held his stomach in and his shoulders back. Harry had always been a sloppy man, careless about shaving and getting his hair cut, but he looked slick as a whistle when he came back from the Army and he stayed that way. He still was no Adonis, because Harry was a little man with a big nose and weak eyes that needed glasses, but he was a much better-looking man than he had been before the war. As a matter of fact, his new air of confidence improved his appearance as much as anything did.

"Now look, Harry," I said irritably. "I don't feel too good and I wish you would get this over quickly so I can go home."

"Hello, Tom," Harry said. "You've come up here to talk me out of leaving."

"I've come up here to see if you're out of your mind, which I believe you are, and to arrange for hospitalization."

"Don't you want to know why I'm leaving?" I thought Harry sounded a bit disappointed at my attitude.

"I can probably tell you myself," I said. "You think you don't love Helen any more. But the point is, Helen has been a good wife to you and you haven't any right to toss her in the ash can just because you've entered your second childhood."

"Now that we're divorced, the least you can do is give me my old job back!"

COLLIER'S AL ROSS

"It's something else," Harry said.

"Another woman," I groaned.

"Yes, if you like," Harry said. "Another woman. But it's not what you think. It's more than just another woman. Do you want to hear about it?"

"I want to hear something sensible darned quick," I said.

"I discovered a funny thing about war," Harry said. "I found out that war is freedom for some men. The first real relaxation they have had for years. You don't have to struggle because it's useless to struggle. You don't have to worry about paying the grocery bill or buying clothes or paying the rent. All those things are provided. You send your allowance home to your wife and if she can't get along on it, it's just too bad, because there's nothing you can do about it. There's nothing to worry about, because there's no use worrying. What are the things men worry about? Paying bills, getting ahead in the world, is the boss mad at you, keeping on the good side of your wife. In the Army all that is either taken care of, or there's not a damned thing you can do about it. It's real freedom."

"Is that why you left Helen?" I said.

"Partly. But I just told you that sort of to warm up, to explain how that feeling of freedom led to other things.

"I might as well tell you, Tom, that I had a very good time in the Army. I was one of those lucky guys who wasn't shot at, and except for a few bombs now and then I was in no danger whatsoever. Overseas, I dreaded coming home to the old humdrum life. But I would have come home, and would have stayed, because it was the easiest thing to do.

"I would have come back and stayed all right if it hadn't been for a trip I made. It was last spring. I hadn't had any leave for three years and there was a fellow around the office named Eric looking for somebody to drive down to Cannes with him. The Army had taken over Cannes as a rest camp for officers and some of the men in our office had already been down there. I asked the boss if I could go and he said okay.

"Eric had been in Germany and had brought back a civilian car with him. It was a roadster, painted blue, and it looked wonderful.

"It was raining when we left Paris but about 50 miles out it stopped and we put the top down. We went down the Loire Valley and then through what the Frenchmen call the château country. The places are set back off the highway among the trees. You get just a glimpse of them as you whiz by, and they seem like castles from out of your childhood.

"Eric wanted to spend the night at Vichy so we turned off the highway and drove over there. The French army had taken over most of the big hotels for hospitals. The streets were full of wounded. They turn off the street lights at ten o'clock, but we sat out in the park until eleven, smoking and talking. I heard someone singing. He came toward us out of the darkness, a French soldier on crutches. His leg was off below the knee. He wasn't drunk; he was just singing.

"We left next morning at dawn and drove hard all day. It's a long way from Vichy to Cannes and we didn't get there until midnight. I was dead tired, and we got a room at a hotel and went right to bed. I was awakened the next morning by the sound of the sea.

"I had the definite feeling that something wonderful was going to happen to me in Cannes. I can't explain it, I just knew that it was going to happen. It was just a matter of where and when it happened and what it was to be.

"THAT evening I went up on the terrace of the hotel next to ours and sat watching the sun go down. There were about twenty French civilians staying at the hotel, but everyone else was military—a few nurses and Red Cross girls and many paratroopers. Big, slim-waisted, devil-may-care guys they were, laughing and drinking and roughhousing each other around.

"A girl came up from the beach. I couldn't see her very well, because the sun was at her back. She sat down at a table by herself and then I saw her.

"She was incredibly beautiful, medium height; and she held herself straight as a spear. Her figure was soft and rounded, almost childish. She had a short, upturned nose, a firm chin, and very large brown eyes. She grimaced in the sun and showed her teeth and they were somewhat irregular but very white and I liked it because her teeth weren't perfect. Her hair was jet-black and hung down to her shoulders.

"There was something about her, the way she held herself, a sort of confidence in herself, a repose, a calmness about her, that got me. I just sat there, knocked out, just sat there staring at her.

"I realized that she knew she was beautiful. She knew it and she accepted it. She didn't try to show off; she didn't

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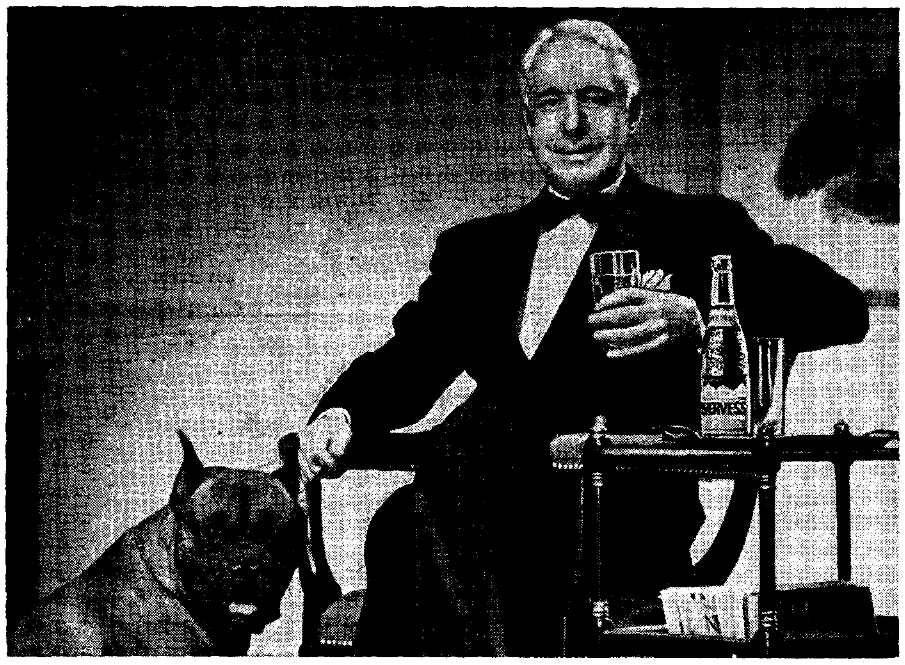

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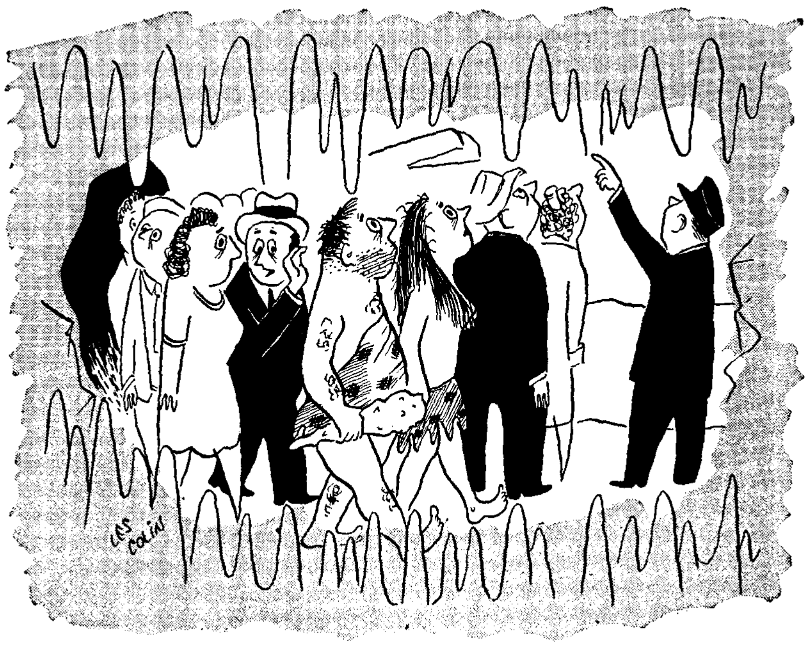


"Hey—I don't remember seeing them in our party when we started"

COLLIER'S LES COLIN

try to attract attention because she knew she had attention. She was like a rich person, a person tremendously rich, who has been rich a long time and has so much power that she no longer thinks about it.

"I wasn't the only one looking at her. One of the paratroopers went over to her and said something, but she turned her head away and wouldn't look at him. He chattered at the back of her neck a while and finally gave up and went back to his friends and they roared and made fun of him. Pretty soon another one went over and the same thing happened. They gave up then. She finished her drink and then went into the hotel. I hung around outside for a while hoping to get another glimpse of her but she didn't come out.

"I took Eric's car next morning and parked it in front of the beach. I saw her. She had risen to one elbow and was looking at me and this big blue car. I walked down to the sand and she smiled at me.

"I went over to her. She turned on her back and looked up at me standing over her. She was wearing one of these French bathing suits, with trunks like a diaper and just a wisp of a brassière. I don't know quite how to put it, but lying there she looked small and helpless, like some exquisite doll that would shatter if you handled it roughly.

"Finally I said hello. That's all I could think to say. She smiled and I sat down beside her. She rolled over on her side and we began to talk.

"Her name was Micheline. She was part owner of a hat shop in Paris and she was in Cannes on vacation, and she spoke excellent English which she had learned in school. I guessed her to be twenty-five years old. She had a way of looking at you when you talked, a way of fastening her attention on your lips, that I found very flattering.

"I finally asked her to go with me to the dance that night but she said no. She said she knew a black-market restaurant outside town that was good and if I wanted to go there she would like to go too.

"We went out to this restaurant that night and it was on the sea and had a balcony over the water. Because I didn't speak French, I asked Micheline if she would order. She talked for some time with the waiter and he brought a bottle of champagne to begin with. It was the first champagne I had ever had. Do you know that, Tom? Forty years old, and I had never tasted champagne. I felt ashamed of myself. Have you ever had champagne? It lifts you up and makes you feel young. You notice things like the stars, and a warm breeze and even, that night, the scent of flowers growing about the balcony. We got a little drunk; at least I did. We had lobster and I didn't even know how to eat it. I mean you know that we never eat lobster, and I didn't *know* what parts you eat. I sat there blushing like a schoolboy, punching at the thing with the wrong fork, and Micheline didn't say anything but she looked at me and then without saying anything, just making sure I noticed what she was doing, showed me how to go about eating lobster. It was a small thing, but it was a thoughtful thing to do, and it showed what kind of a person she was.

"I remember some tomatoes we ate—with a lot of garlic in them—called *tomate Provence.* I never liked tomatoes but these weren't like other tomatoes, these were wonderful tomatoes.

"The waiter brought us black coffee and some little glasses of brandy, and we sat there looking out to sea and had some more brandy and I was drunk—drunk with champagne and brandy and drunk with a smell of flowers and a warm night and the sound of the sea and drunk with Micheline.

"THAT was the beginning, the beginning of a week during which Micheline and I spent every evening at that restaurant, our restaurant, drinking champagne and brandy and eating marvelous food and talking and sometimes singing, singing French songs, the words of which I couldn't learn, so Micheline sang the words and I hummed the tune. One song was called Symphony and you hear it now on the radio but then it was a new song, a song written by some Frenchman on the Riviera, and it didn't have any words then, just the tune, and Micheline and I hummed it together. And one night there was a musician at the restaurant with a violin and I gave him a hundred francs and he played it over and over for us.

"In all that time, Tom, I never kissed Micheline, never even tried, and I sensed she liked that, and liked me for that.

"Micheline wanted something from me, Tom, and it was a small thing, but it was a big thing, too, in a way. She had come down to Cannes on the train, and it had been a dreadful thirty-six-hour trip. The train had been packed with soldiers, many of them colonial troops who slept in the aisle. She dreaded returning to Paris on the train, and one night she asked me to take her back with me in my car.

"I hesitated, not because I didn't want to take her—I wanted to more than anything in the world—but because I knew it was illegal to take civilians in Army vehicles. Even though the car was civilian, it was Army property because it was requisitioned, and I knew the road from Cannes to Paris was lined with military police. I thought about it a while and finally decided anything less than a year in jail would be worth it.

"So I told her I would take her and she didn't make a fuss about it, she just thanked me. She told me about the trip we would make back together, about the places we would go through, and it didn't seem like the same route we had come before, although it was; I mean she knew about the towns, about their history and fine restaurants that had been there before the war and even about people who lived there now.

"I asked Eric for the car and he said I could take it because he wanted to fly back with a nurse he'd met, and Eric was a good guy. We agreed that if anything happened, if I was arrested, I would take full responsibility.

"We left at 7 o'clock in the morning and Micheline was ravishing even at that hour. Twenty miles out we were stopped by an MP. He asked me if I had authority to carry a civilian. I said no. He probably expected some long, involved excuse, and my bluntness must have startled him. He looked at Micheline, and she smiled at him, and he hesitated, and then smiled himself, and waved us on. It worked all the way to Paris.

"We talked about ourselves during the ride, and she told me she had been in love, and was still in love, and had lived with this man she loved, but he had been arrested by the Germans and taken away and she had never heard from him for four years and she thought he was undoubtedly dead, because he had worked for the underground.

"I told her about myself and I was honest with her, Tom. I told her I was married and had nothing and was nobody and was forty years old and she said something I shall always remember. She said: 'You have a young heart.'

"We reached Lyons that night. Micheline found a restaurant and we ate and then she signaled the headwaiter and gave him a package of cigarettes. Later he handed her a note. It was the address of a hotel where a room was available.

"We drove to the place and I parked in front and she got out. I sat behind the wheel, not saying anything, not even looking at her. She leaned over and kissed me gently on the lips and then she went inside.

"I found myself a room through the Army. The next morning we set off again for Paris. We drove through a valley where I stopped to pick a flower. She took the flower, a white flower, and she put it in her hair, and then she raised her hand to my face and touched my cheek. I don't know why, but that simple gesture, putting the flower in her hair, and then touching my cheek, affected me deeply and my hands trembled and I felt like crying.

"By late afternoon we saw the Eiffel Tower, poking out of the blue haze that always seems to hang over Paris. Micheline had an apartment near the Arc de Triomphe. I carried her baggage upstairs and she held out her hand.

" 'Goodby,' she said. 'Thank you for bringing me.'

"I asked her if I might see her again.

" 'No,' she said. 'It's finished now.'

"And then she kissed me. And that's really the end of the story. I never did see her again. I might have felt cheated, but I didn't. I knew all along that it couldn't last, and it ended at just the right moment. Except it didn't end really."

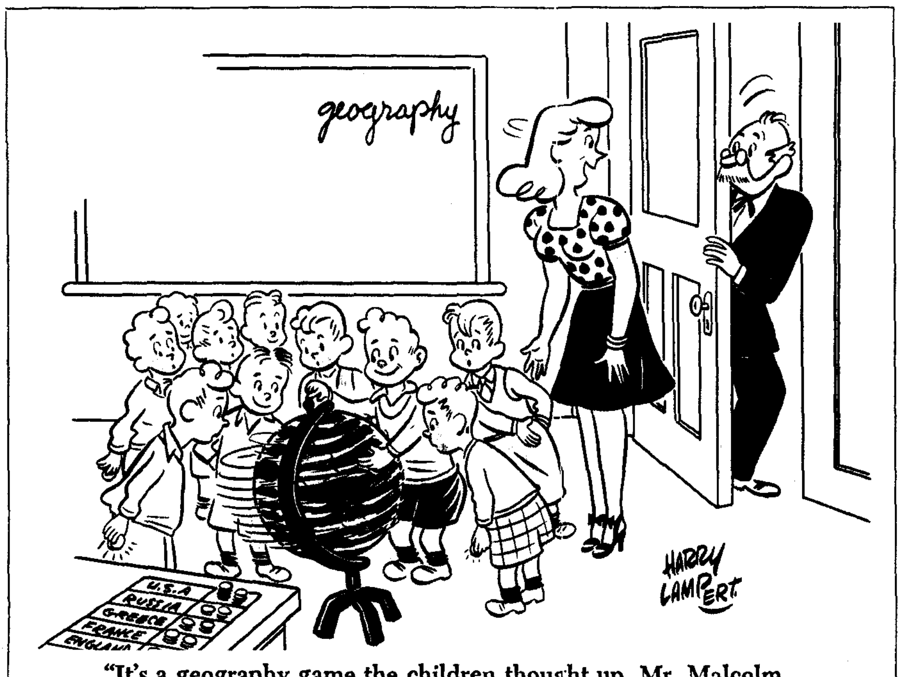
HARRY got up from the bed and walked over to the dresser and turned to face me.

"You see, Tom, I could never go back to the old life. To Helen and the job, and the dreadful humdrum. It wasn't Micheline alone. It was the war, the getting away, the feeling of freedom, the feeling that back home and Helen were part of another life. It was the little things, the sound of a crippled soldier singing in Vichy, the taste of champagne, the smell of flowers, the sound of the sea, the touch of a young hand, a white flower by the roadside—all these things and many more that happened to me in three years of having time to think, having time to notice things. You see, I was halfway over the wall into a better life before I met Micheline. She gave me the push that sent me over, and I can never come back.

"I want a better life than the old life. Call it restlessness if you want. But I'm leaving, going away, I don't know where. The point is, I'm not afraid. Perhaps I shall write. I've always wanted to write, and I'm young. Micheline said I'm young.

"Tell Helen that I am leaving her everything—the house, the bank account. I don't want to see her. I'm holding just enough money to keep me going for a while. I hope you'll understand, you and Helen, but I doubt if you will."

Harry stopped talking. His forehead



"It's a geography game the children thought up, Mr. Malcolm. Five'll get you ten if you guess the country it stops at!"

COLLIER'S HARRY LAMPERT

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was wet with perspiration, and his face was flushed with emotion.

I couldn't think of anything to say.

"Goodby, Tom," Harry said, extending his hand.

I went to the door. Harry lifted his hand in a gesture of farewell. He was smiling and he seemed young and eager, a man bound for adventure.

I drove to Helen's house, trying to sort the thing out in my mind. Trying to work up righteous indignation at Harry. I couldn't. All I could see clearly was Harry waving goodby to me.

I SAID, "Well, Helen," and I didn't need to say more. It was the end for her, she knew. I had prepared myself for her tears.

Abruptly she went out to the kitchen and closed the door. When she came back her eyes were red, but her face was pale and composed, and I knew that whatever grief Helen had stored within her would not be displayed. I felt a tremendous liking for Helen at that moment, and I wondered if Harry knew that his wife had such courage and dignity.

I let her have it straight. She had a right to know and I didn't spare her. I must have talked half an hour, and I told her exactly what Harry had said. When I had finished I felt the need of some appropriate remark. "He's a rat, Helen."

"I suppose he is," she said listlessly.

"I don't understand," I said.

"Freedom must be a nice thing," Helen answered. "I have wondered myself, sometimes, how it would be to be free."

"But he hasn't any right," I said. "There's such a thing as duty and responsibility and . . ."

"Nuts! Duty and responsibility! What a devil of a way to hold a man. There's only one way to hold a man. Only one way I want to hold one anyway. And that's by love. That's the only decent way." She paused. "Tom, I'm tired and about to become emotional. Would you mind leaving? You've been grand."

Then I left.

I didn't see Helen for three months. I called her up once a week to see if she wanted anything but she always said no and thanked me. I guess she wanted to be alone to shed her tears and to work out her problem in her own way.

One day, though, she did call me and I went out to see her. She told me she couldn't stand living at the house any longer and had decided to sell. Fourteen thousand had been offered for the place by a man who had arranged for her to rent a small apartment closer to town.

I helped Helen move her belongings over to the apartment. It was atop a hill, with a huge window that overlooked the city.

"If you ever need me . . ." I said.

Helen nodded. She was looking out the window and I left quietly.

I kept in touch with her. Helen didn't need money, so that wasn't the reason she went to work. It was loneliness, no doubt of that. She got a job in an exclusive women's shop and I went around to see her.

She was working at the perfume counter, one of those places where a bottle the size of your fingernail costs you thirty bucks. Helen looked wonderful. She always had had nice hair, and now it was streaked with gray, and she had it fixed in that newfangled way on top of her head. She'd lost some weight, too, and she now had an absolutely first-class figure. She looked—I hate the word but it's accurate—sophisticated; I mean she had real sophistication, which for my money is compounded of poise and charm and experience.

We talked a while, and I gathered that she had found something that had been missing when she lived alone at the house, and that was companionship. The girls who worked at the store had taken Helen into their circle, because she was a darned attractive woman.

Helen asked me to come up to her apartment the following afternoon for cocktails.

She met me at the door and handed me a tall glass. I sniffed it and it was good old bourbon. I never did like Martinis and junk like that and it was very thoughtful of Helen to remember. Helen took me by the arm and led me around the room. I recognized some of the girls from the store, long-legged, small-breasted women, beautiful women really, only just not my style. There were three or four men there, and I guess they were all right, but I didn't like their haircuts.

Did you ever meet a man you take one look at and wonder what he'd look like with a bloody nose? This fellow called Carl something or other was like that. He was too handsome, his shoulders were too broad, he was too well-dressed. He had a proprietary air with Helen that annoyed me particularly.

Everybody talked, talked at a great clip about things I couldn't follow, and a couple of the girls had had a lot to drink, and were weaving and everybody thought it was very funny.

TIMMY **by HOWARD SPARBER**

"But I had to paint him green, Miss Johnson . . . I used all the purple on Sally"

COLLIER'S

I finally maneuvered Helen into a corner.

"You heard from Harry?" I asked.

"No," she said. "Let's go back. My friends . . ."

"You have these often?" I said. "These parties?"

"Three or four times a week," she said. "Why?"

"You like this sort of thing?"

"I like it very much. I hope you're not going to give me a lecture, Tom."

"No," I said. "I just wondered."

"Excuse me," Helen said.

WELL, Helen's new life wasn't my speed. I couldn't take part in it, although I suppose I could have if I had wanted to. I stayed away from her, calling her up now and then to see if she were all right. She invited me to parties two or three times and each time I found an excuse for refusing and pretty soon she didn't ask any more.

I remember it was 5:30 in the afternoon on this day. I was lying down for a nap when somebody knocked at the door. I said come in and it was Harry.

I jumped out of bed and shouted: "Harry!"

"That can wait," Harry said sharply. "Where's Helen?"

"Why, home, I guess," I said.

"No she isn't. I went by and somebody else is living there. You know where she is?"

"You can call her," I said. I gave him her number.

He sat down at the telephone and asked for the number. He hadn't even taken his hat off. His shoes needed shining. He was wearing the same suit he had worn the last time I saw him. His shirt was soiled, and there was a grease stain on the brim of his hat.

"Helen?" he said. "It's Harry."

"Helen!" he repeated. "It's Harry. I'm back."

He sat there, listening, and finally he said, "I see. All right." He hung up.

"Well?" I said.

"She said, 'Oh.' That's all she said when I told her I was back. 'Oh.' "

"What did you expect?" I said. "Screams of delight?"

"She said to drop around. Drop around, she said, and bring you with me. You'd think it was a party."

"I think," I said, "that's exactly what it is."

Harry and I drove to Helen's in my car. He didn't say a word all the way, just stared through the windshield.

Helen met us at the door. Harry dropped his hat in astonishment. She stood there straight and serene while Harry kneeled at her feet and fumbled for his hat on the floor.

"Come in," she said.

The scene that followed was awful. I was never more angry, never more furious, never wanted to whip somebody more in my life.

Helen led Harry around and introduced him. "My husband," she would say, in an awful, apologetic tone, and before Harry had scarcely extended his hand, she moved on to somebody else, and stood at a small distance, leaving him standing helpless and embarrassed.

They looked him over, those people, in his baggy suit and his scuffed shoes and dirty shirt. When they reached this character called Carl I clenched my fists. The corners of Carl's mouth curled slightly. "Yes," he said. "I've heard of you."

I rescued Harry, finally. I took him by the arm and led him into a corner and stuffed a drink into his hand.

Then I beckoned to Helen. It was a mandatory gesture and Helen had enough sense to obey it. We went into the kitchen. I opened my mouth and Helen said, "Cigarette?"

I fumbled and finally produced one and lighted it and Helen blew a long breath of smoke into the air. "Skip it, Tom," she said.

"Listen Helen . . ." I began.

"Skip it, I said."

"Okay," I said wearily. "I guess he had it coming. All I've got to say is that beautiful Carl of yours came within an inch of having his teeth driven down his throat, by yours truly."

"Carl?" Helen asked.

"All right, Helen," I said. "All right. Okay."

She laid a hand on my arm and pulled me away from the door.

"He doesn't look well, does he?" she said.

I took her hand and squeezed it. "No," I said. "Not well at all."

HARRY and I went to my place and poured a stiff hooker each and Harry sat down on the bed.

"Well," he said. "I had it coming."

"Yes," I said. "You did, and you got it. You certainly got it."

We got a little gassed, just the two of us up there in my hotel room and Harry told me about it. He had gone to New York and got a room in Greenwich Village. He had tried writing, and had failed, and finally, because he was broke he had taken a job on a paper copyreading.

"I was free," Harry said. "Free as a bird. I could go where I pleased when I pleased. I didn't have to worry about a thing, just myself. I could do what I wanted when I wanted. It was awful."

He took another drink.

"I found out something about freedom. I used to think that having nobody give a damn where you went or what you did was freedom. I was all wrong about it. Dead wrong."

"I don't know," I said. "I'm not so sure you were wrong. The things you said about a better life, a fuller life than the humdrum life, about the good things of life—the beauty of it, I guess you'd say—I don't think you were wrong about that."

"Don't you, Tom?" Harry said, pleadingly. "Don't you really? I've tried to tell myself I was wrong about the fuller life, but I know I wasn't. I was on the right track. Whatever happened to me, however things didn't work out, I know I was right about that."

"I know you were right," I said.

"I made one mistake though," Harry said. "One mistake that botched the whole thing, that made freedom lousy and everything else wrong."

"Yes," I said, and I sensed that Harry had discovered something, something important.

"I made one mistake," he said. "I made the mistake of thinking I had to do it alone, to have nobody around, nobody to talk to. You need someone you care for, you understand. Someone who cares for you. Someone to tell about the things you feel and want, about your successes and your failures. That was my big mistake. I had somebody and I lost her, because I thought she stood in the way. That was my mistake."

It was late now but I went over to the telephone. "Call Helen," I said.

"Call Helen? Are you crazy? You saw what happened. I haven't got a chance."

"I think you have. I think you've got a good chance. I don't say it's going to be easy getting her back. I think it's going to take some time, and I think you're going to have to work at it, but I think you've got a chance."

"But what can I say? What can I say?"

"You might," I said, "begin by telling her you love her. And need her."

Harry swallowed. He went over to the telephone and with a trembling hand picked it up and asked for Helen's number.

"Helen," he said shakily. "Helen, I need you. I love you."

There was a long silence, and in it I could hear Harry's heavy breathing, and finally a click from the other end.

Harry turned around.

"I think," he said softly, "I think she was crying."

THE END

COLOR SLIDES

BY DALE CLARK

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS

THIS is the first one, Sis. I took it on the beach at La Jolla. I leaned over the sea wall and snapped the camera. She was asleep on the sand and never knew I took this picture. That's a wave you see up in the corner, the blue part that's out of focus. I thought the wave was going to hit her, and she was going to hop up in a hurry, and it would be a comical picture.

What? Okay, have it your way. Anyhow, you admit she's pretty.

Now, here, this one shows you how pretty she really is. Her hair's just that color—blond, sort of a soft wheat blond. But her eyes are really more hazel than blue-green. The blue in this picture is from the reflection of the water, I guess. This is still on the beach, the same day.

After I took the first one, I said, "Pardon me, but it looked like you were sound asleep. Don't you know you can get a terrible, dangerous burn that way?"

She said, "Oh," and "Thanks," and "I'm afraid I was," before she really woke up. Then she looked at me hard. "I'll bet you spring that on all the girls," she said.

Even if they weren't asleep, she meant, but just sunning with their eyes closed.

"No," I said, "because if it was a gag, I'd know what comes next, wouldn't I?"

Here you can see it wasn't any gag from the sunburn she had by Sunday. We took a quick dip and I stretched out to tan, but she sat in the shadow up close under the sea wall. "If you hadn't come along," Helen said, "I'd probably be a hospital case today."

She kept scratching little crooked lines in the sand while we talked, but you can't see them very well in the shadow. Helen really didn't like me to snap this shot, on account of her sunburn. I said, "How about next Sunday?" She said if she tanned instead of it all peeling.

We had lunch here, in this patio place. You see, her eyes are more hazel than blue. That's my wallet on the table. I was showing her some pictures of my family.

"Is this the girl you're going with steady, back home?" she asked.

I told her it was a picture of you, Sis. She said you're awfully pretty to be my sister, and I must be awfully young if you were my older sister.

"Jean's only a year older," I said. "And I'm not engaged or going steady or anything."

That's when she told me she used to be engaged to a fellow in the Coast Guard, but she wasn't any more.

These gulls come and practically eat out of your hand. Helen saved some crumbs from lunch for them.

I THINK this is probably the best sunset picture I ever took in my life. We sat there on the rocks until it was past dark.

It's really more than just a sunset picture, though; it's the place where I kissed her for the first time. But it was only the one kiss.

The other fellow's name was Dan, I mean the fellow in the Coast Guard. She told me that, and she said they didn't exactly have a quarrel but just sort of drifted apart.

"I suppose," she said, "it's like the way you and your girl are drifting apart, because you're in the Navy and away from her."

I told her all over again it was your picture in my wallet, Sis.

Helen said, "You wouldn't bother a bit about me, if I was a home-town girl you'd known all your life. It's just because you're seeing the world, and it's all exciting, and I'm part of it."

I kept saying I wasn't that kind of a sailor. I told her, "Look, I'm a sonarman, second class. I'm in for the technical education."

We went to this hilltop for a picnic. That's a eucalyptus tree she's leaning against. It turned foggy that day, and the pictures don't prove much. She told me Dan met some other girl when he was stationed in the East.

Some rich people live here. I wanted all those flowers for a background. I said, "Some day I'm going to settle down and raise flowers like these, too."

"Yes, Johnny, but are you sure you know what you *really* want?"

I told her, "I'm not Dan. I know, all right."...

This is Helen through the window of the bus I took back to the Base in San Diego. Somebody joggled my arm.

Here's the important—oh, it's upside down. Wait a minute. It's a different part of the beach. It's where I proposed, for the first time in my life. There it is. I was sitting on that rock, drying off. You can see the damp place.

Afterward, I ran up on the bank and got the camera. I had to have a picture of it, just the way it was. I didn't ever want to forget how she looked sitting there. I wanted to remember even the little stuff, like that stick of driftwood. She had that in her hand, poking it around in the sand, drawing those funny crooked lines in the sand.

She said, "Johnny, you'll forget all about me, when you get your discharge and go back home."

"No," I said. "I won't, because I want you to go with me. I want you to marry me—will you?"

The picture shows you how she looked then. I didn't want her to put on lipstick or fix her hair or change anything at all.

She said, well, we'd better wait and be awfully sure before we decided anything. . . .

This is the last one. It's back on the beach again. I just leaned over the wall and snapped the camera, and she never knew I took this picture, either. She was too busy talking to *him.*

Uh-huh, Sis. The fellow with her in this picture is Dan. He got his discharge and he came back to her. He's still in the uniform because he only arrived home the same morning I took the picture.

You can see why she couldn't decide, and why she kept talking about him, and why she kept talking about fellows not caring so much for the girls they happen to meet while they're in the service. You can look at him and see all that.

No, I don't mean he's handsome. He isn't my idea of handsome, it happens. I mean, look at his uniform. He's a radioman. He's wearing those four little crooked lines on his uniform.

Those are lightning bolts, Sis. Now you know what Helen was thinking about when she kept drawing those zigzag lines in the sand.

WHAT? Oh, sure, I talked to her since. She introduced me to the fellow. I told her I had this leave to come home, and that was true. I told her I'd phone her just as soon as I got back to the Base, but I guess I won't.

I leave it to you, Sis. You're a girl. And if you went out with one guy, but you kept doodling a different fellow's initials all the time, wouldn't it mean the guy didn't have a chance? If you had the other fellow on your mind even when the new guy was proposing?

Upside down, you say? You want to see that last slide upside down?

Okay. So what?

You couldn't make out that horseshoe scratched in the sand between them? Or the line she's drawing across it?

Gee whiz, Sis! It isn't either a horseshoe. It's a headset, and the line across is an arrow. That's what I wear on my sleeve to show I'm a sonarman.

Holy smoke! She was talking to him, and she was scratching *my* mark in the sand beside her.

She hasn't decided. She isn't sure. It's still a tossup.

Turn on the lights. I've got to phone her. Long distance. Right away. Turn on the lights *quick.*

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

4 New Drinks... 4 Old Favorites...

WILLIAM

THERE IS NO FINER

Exciting NEW *Drinks!*

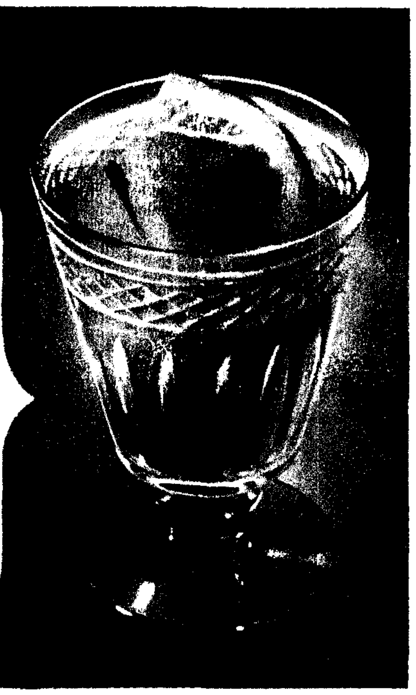
Real

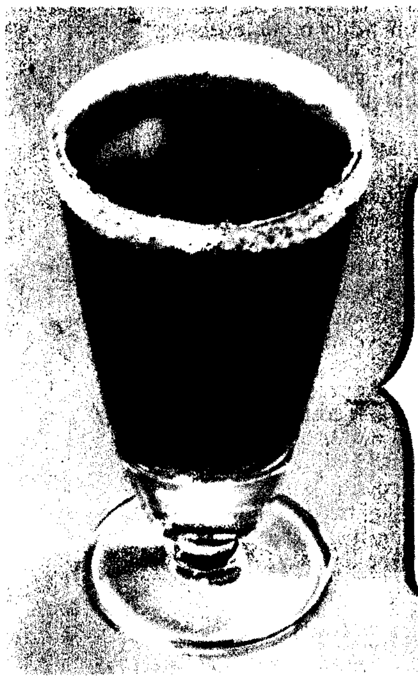
WILLIAM PENN SHANNON

1 Fill an Old-Fashioned glass with shaved ice. Pour in jigger of William Penn and ½ jigger of green Creme de Menthe. Stir well and serve. The William Penn Shannon has a tempting, truly distinctive taste which makes it an appropriate and mighty popular after-dinner drink.

WILLIAM PENN SOUR

2 Pour jigger of William Penn, jigger of lemon juice and jigger of orange juice into cocktail shaker. Add teaspoon of sugar. Add 3 cubes of ice and shake. Serve the William Penn Sour in a regular Whiskey Sour glass (illustrated). Garnish with cherry or slice of orange, or both.



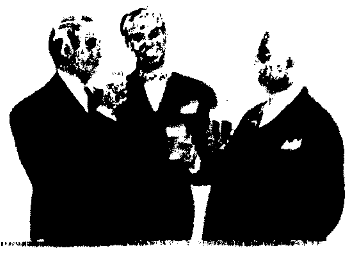


WILLIAM PENN ROYAL

3 Dip rim of claret glass in lime or lemon juice—then into powdered sugar. Pour in jigger of William Penn. Add dash of cloves, dash of cinnamon, twisted lemon peel, twisted orange peel, lump of sugar. Place spoon in glass and fill with hot, strong black coffee. This makes a grand after-dinner drink.

WILLIAM PENN FLIP

4 Pour jigger of William Penn in mixing glass. Add 1 egg, teaspoonful of sugar, liberal dash of nutmeg and 2 tablespoonfuls of shaved ice. Fill with milk and shake or mix. Top with 2 dashes of nutmeg. Serve in a stemmed glass. You'll find the William Penn Flip an unusual and refreshing drink.



● You get a lot more deep-down enjoyment when you mix your drinks with mellow William Penn! Here's whiskey of unvarying quality—blended by distillers with over a hundred years' experience behind them. Try William Penn and discover how wonderfully mild, rich and flavorful whiskey *can* be!

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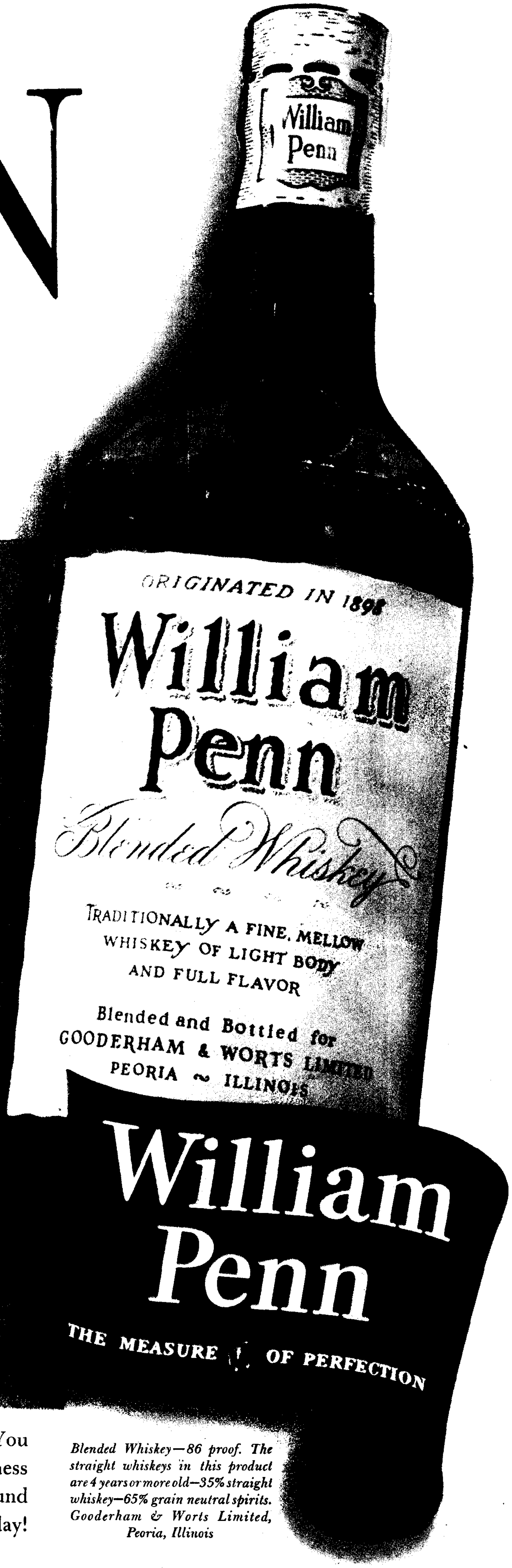
WHISKEY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Blended and Bottled for
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PEORIA ~ ILLINOIS

OLD *Favorites!*

WILLIAM PENN OLD-FASHIONED

1 Place ½ or 1 lump of sugar in Old-Fashioned glass. Add dash of bitters, tablespoonful of sparkling water and crush. Add 1 or more cubes of ice, 1 slice of orange, 1 slice of lemon and cherry. Over this pour jigger of William Penn. Add sparkling water as desired. Stir.

WILLIAM PENN COLLINS

2 Dissolve 1 teaspoon of sugar in juice of ½ lemon. Pour in jigger of William Penn. Add 2 ice cubes. Fill with sparkling water while stirring. A great summer drink, the Collins is pleasantly different made with William Penn Whiskey. For a decorative touch, add a sprig of mint.

WILLIAM PENN HIGHBALL

3 Pour jigger of William Penn in highball glass. Add 2 ice cubes. Fill with sparkling water, ginger ale or water. Add twist of lemon peel, if desired. No matter which mixer you choose, you'll thoroughly enjoy the full-bodied richness of whiskey at its very best—William Penn.

WILLIAM PENN MANHATTAN

4 Pour ½ jigger of sweet or Italian Vermouth and 1 jigger of William Penn in mixing glass. Add bitters if desired. Add tablespoon of cracked ice and stir—do not shake. Strain into stemmed glass and serve with cherry. The Manhattan is extra smooth, made with William Penn Whiskey.

● Every drop of William Penn is the very best whiskey we can produce. You can't buy finer whiskey! Yet you pay no premium. Enjoy its mellow smoothness straight and in mixed drinks soon. See *for yourself* why William Penn is found in the best places—why this great whiskey is winning *more* friends every day!

William Penn

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A good big man can always lick a good little man. But Alfred was a very good little man—plus Margie

THE BIG LITTLE MAN

BY WILLARD H. TEMPLE

THE first time Margie realized she was in love with Mr. Bixby was the night he almost hung himself. Margie was sitting in the living room with her mother when they heard peculiar noises from upstairs.

"I told him no animals," Margie's mother said.

"I'll go see," Margie said, and hurried up the stairs. Mr. Bixby, the latest occupant of the spare room, had seemed a moral and sober young man when he arrived, but you never could tell. The last roomer, who had looked like a deacon, had hidden in corners and pinched Margie when she went by until the day Margie clipped him with a dust mop.

Mr. Bixby's door was open, and the first thing Margie saw was Mr. Bixby's feet. They were dangling above the floor. Mr. Bixby was hanging from the top of the door, his face flushed and his hands flopping wildly. Margie looked into his blue eyes and felt a tremor go through her.

"Guk," said Mr. Bixby helplessly, and Margie came to life. She glimpsed a razor on the bureau, grabbed it, climbed on a chair and cut down Mr. Bixby. He dropped to the floor with a thud and sat there looking mournful with an odd-looking helmet around his head.

After a minute he removed the contraption and pressed both hands to his neck. He got to his feet, went over and stood against the wall, his feet together, head thrown back.

"Miss Tyler," he said, "will you do me a favor? Get that pencil and make a mark on the wallpaper at the top of my head."

Margie stood on tiptoe. "There's already a mark there," she said.

Mr. Bixby's shoulders slumped. "It didn't work," he said. "That was an invention of my own. I thought it would make me taller. I had a theory that hanging would stretch my spinal column. The safety catch slipped, and you saved my life."

Margie had figured things out now. She had a round face with outsize brown eyes and a nose that turned up, but she was a thinker all the same. "Mr. Bixby," she said, "it isn't a man's size that counts. Look at Napoleon. Look at La Guardia."

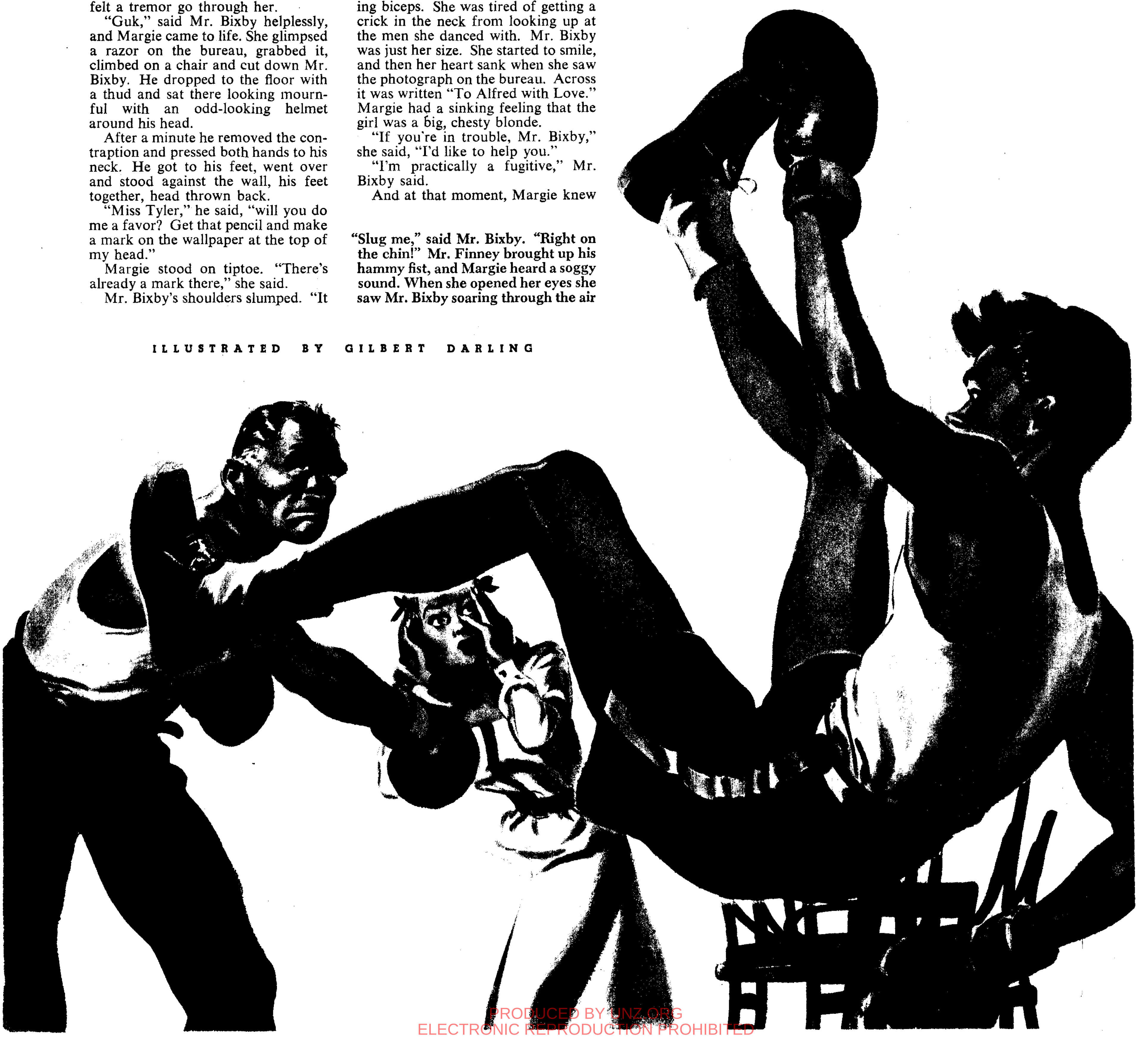
Mr. Bixby stared at her, hope flickering in his blue eyes. He was a wistful-looking little man, and Margie repressed an urge to pat his head. "Margie," he said, "do you think a good big man can always beat a good little man? That's what they say, you know. It's disheartening."

The more she saw of Mr. Bixby the more Margie liked him. A small package herself, she seemed to attract brawny, rugged individuals with bulging biceps. She was tired of getting a crick in the neck from looking up at the men she danced with. Mr. Bixby was just her size. She started to smile, and then her heart sank when she saw the photograph on the bureau. Across it was written "To Alfred with Love." Margie had a sinking feeling that the girl was a big, chesty blonde.

"If you're in trouble, Mr. Bixby," she said, "I'd like to help you."

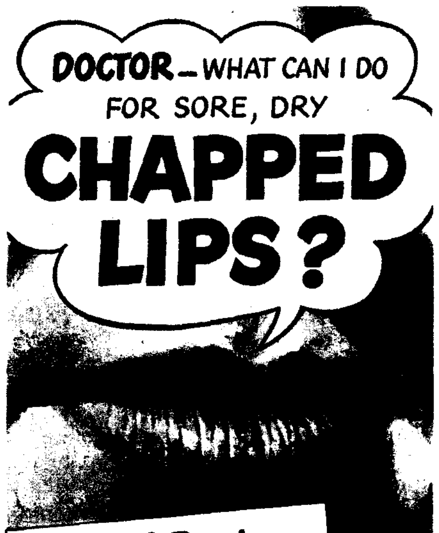
"I'm practically a fugitive," Mr. Bixby said.

And at that moment, Margie knew



"Slug me," said Mr. Bixby. "Right on the chin!" Mr. Finney brought up his hammy fist, and Margie heard a soggy sound. When she opened her eyes she saw Mr. Bixby soaring through the air

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING



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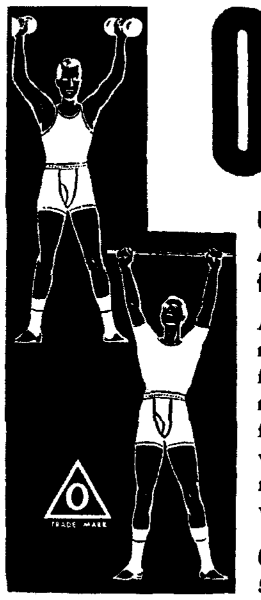

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In this case, your real trouble is not in the stomach at all. But in the intestinal tract where 80% of your food is digested. And when the lower part gets blocked food may fail to digest properly.

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this was it. Even if Mr. Bixby had robbed an orphans' home she was with him to the bitter end. She was his moll.

"You ever hear of Nap O'Leary?" Mr. Bixby said, and Margie shook her head.

"A gang leader?" she asked, trembling a little at the thought of hard-faced men in derby hats prowling around town looking for Mr. Bixby.

"He used to be," Mr. Bixby said. "In grade school. He used to rub his knuckles across my head. He held my neck with his left hand and rubbed with his other hand. The first time he did it was in the third grade. He tied a can to my dog's tail."

"He sounds like a big bully."

"He is a bully," Mr. Bixby said. "He was always picking on me when I wouldn't kowtow to him. I used to make a monkey out of him in class, and he didn't like it because I was only half his size. Maybe I was foolish, but I wouldn't give in to him."

"It shows you have a strong character," Margie said.

"I won't go into all the details," Mr. Bixby continued, "but he's always made life miserable. The crowning blow came a few days ago. I'd been going around with a girl, and we were more or less engaged. Then suddenly Nap O'Leary tried to cut me out. We had an argument about her at a dance."

Mr. Bixby paused, blushing. Obviously he was reliving the scene, and the memory was painful.

"Nap," said Mr. Bixby thickly, "got hold of me. With one hand on my collar and the other on the seat of my pants, he walked me across the dance floor and out the front door—right in front of Blanche and everybody. I didn't see Blanche again until after Nap took her home. She thought it was funny, my being pushed across the dance floor. She said she couldn't marry any pip-squeak."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Bixby," Margie said, breathing hard. An imaginative girl, she was picturing herself slapping that big chesty blonde silly.

"I sneaked out of town the next day," Mr. Bixby said. "Nap had threatened to run me out, so I guess he thinks he's been successful. But I'm going back. I came here because there's an ex-prize fighter in this town. I've hired him to give me boxing lessons. I'm going to stay here a month and train."

"You're going to try to lick Nap O'Leary a month from now?" Margie asked, her heart sinking.

"I've got to have it out with him. There isn't room for both of us in Suggsville," Mr. Bixby said solemnly.

Margie felt very low, but she admired Mr. Bixby's spirit. "Maybe I can help," she said. "I'll see that you get enough of the right kind of food. You'll want a lot of red meat."

It was a fascinating discussion, but Margie's mother hallooed angrily up the stairs and ended it.

NEXT morning Margie was setting the breakfast table when she saw Mr. Bixby. He was across the street. The dew was on the grass, and Mr. Bixby was bundled up in sweaters that made him look twice his size. He was running like mad. He sprinted out of sight, and then a few minutes later he came panting up the back steps.

Margie put a steaming bowl of oatmeal in front of him.

"I never eat oatmeal," Mr. Bixby said. "What does Nap O'Leary weigh?"

"Two hundred and ten pounds."

"Eat that oatmeal," Margie said, and shuddered.

Mr. Bixby sighed and started in. "I ran two miles this morning. It's great for the wind and the legs. It's very important that I get my legs in shape. That's what holds a man up. I may be knocked down a few times, but if my legs are strong enough I'll be able to keep getting up."

Margie winced. She had visions of Mr. Bixby bouncing up and down on the street like a rubber ball.

"There's an old apple tree outside, Mr. Bixby, that's been dead for years. If you want to cut it down it's all right with Mama."

She didn't see him cut it down. She had to leave for her desk at the telephone company a few minutes later, but when she came home that night the tree was on the ground.

She went upstairs and found Mr. Bixby in his room with a tape measure. He looked dejected. "My thighs are an eighth of an inch smaller," he said, "and I've lost six pounds. I'm down to one hundred and nineteen."

"It goes that way at first," Margie said. "You'll lose, and then you'll gain."

"I hope so," Mr. Bixby said dubiously. "By the way, I have my first boxing lesson from Mr. Finney tonight. Would you like to watch?"

THEY went over together after supper. The back room of Finney's Bar & Grill was used largely for poker games, but Mr. Finney, the thick-eared proprietor, had shoved chairs and tables to one side leaving a space large enough for the job at hand.

Mr. Bixby put on the gloves with Margie's aid, then said, "The first thing I want you to do is slug me—right on the chin."

Mr. Finney said, "Huh?"

"The point is," Mr. Bixby said, "I have to know if I can take a punch. If I find I have a glass jaw I'll have to devise countermeasures. Go ahead now. Margie, you act as referee. You count over me."

Mr. Bixby closed his eyes and thrust out his jaw. Mr. Finney gave Margie a popeyed stare. "Yah mean yah want me to bat yah one? Right on the whiskers? An' you witcha hands down?"

"That's right," Mr. Bixby said.

Mr. Finney looked abashed. Then he shrugged his shoulders. "You're the doctuh," he said, and brought up one hammy fist from the floor.

Margie closed both eyes; she heard an unpleasant, soggy sound and opened them again to see Mr. Bixby soaring through the air.

"One," said Margie, bending over him. A tear fell on Mr. Bixby's nose. "Two," said Margie, and the tears came down like rain. "Three," said Margie, and she stood upright.

"You killed him, you big lug," she screamed at Mr. Finney and ran toward him, both hands reaching for his thinning hair.

"It's all right," Mr. Bixby said. He sat up, and tenderly felt along his jaw. "Mr. Finney," he said anxiously, "did you pull the string on it?"

"It was a good wallop," Mr. Finney said. "You ain't no china-chin."

Mr. Bixby got up, and the boxing lesson began. When it was over Margie walked back to the house with Mr. Bixby. There was a moon overhead, and as they walked along, Margie couldn't help noticing that they were almost the same size. In her high heels her head was even with his.

She murmured, "Blanche is a big girl?"

"Junoesque," said Mr. Bixby.

Margie looked up at the moon, feeling sorry it was wasted. When she did meet a man her size he turned out to be in love with a female fullback. And even if he didn't love this Juno, Margie was afraid she was in love with a man who would shortly be a corpse.

Mr. Bixby was also aware of the moon. "She's big," he said, softly, "but beautifully proportioned."

"That's nice," Margie said sweetly. "I got a friend on the Green Bay Packers. I'll recommend her to him."

They reached Margie's front porch, and Mr. Bixby beamed at her. "You're very kind to me," he said. "I wish you'd call me Alfred. You're a real pal."

"Good night, Alfred," Margie said, and

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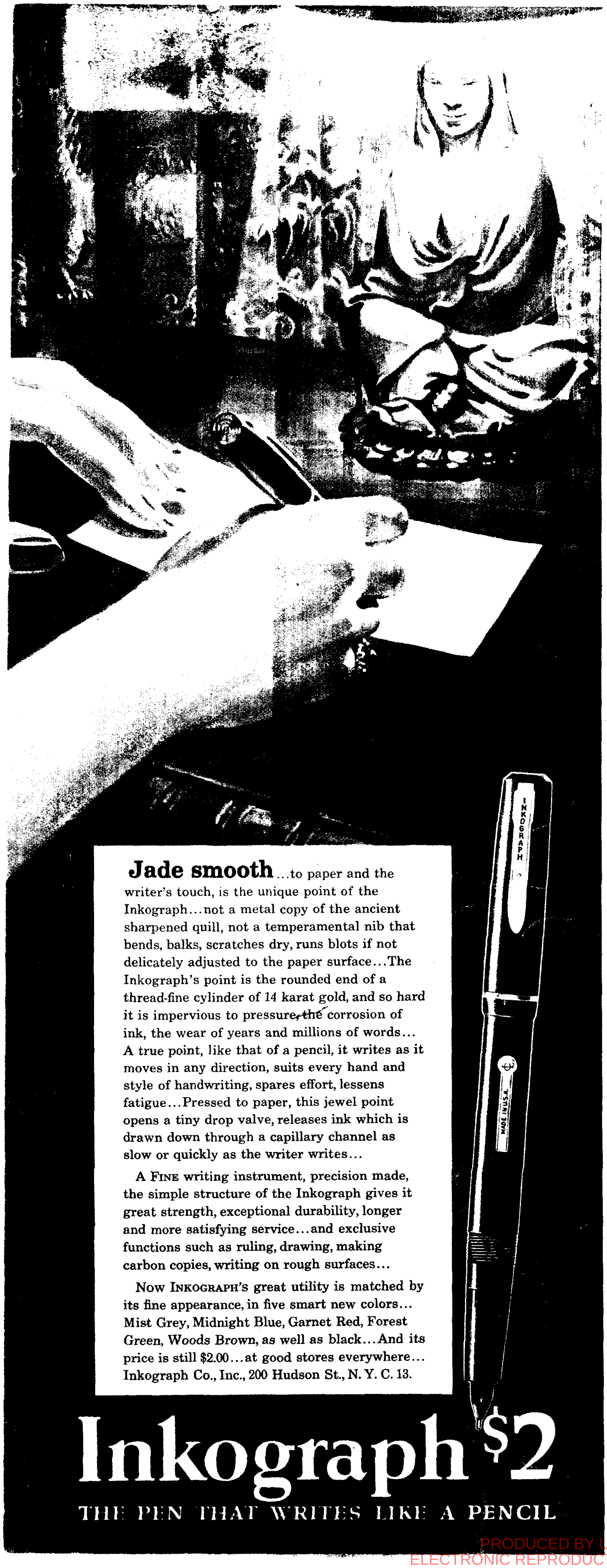

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THE PEN THAT WRITES LIKE A PENCIL

went gloomily down to her room. "Pals forever," she said bitterly, and went to bed. . . .

The days went by, and in the mornings Mr. Bixby ran around the countryside and got a reputation in town as a pleasant if eccentric young man. The apple tree became two-foot lengths for the fireplace, and in the evenings after his boxing lessons were over, Mr. Bixby retired to his room with a tape measure.

One night Margie approached Mr. Finney for a consultation. "How's he really doing, Mr. Finney?" she asked.

Mr. Finney nursed his glass of beer and thought it over. "I like the kid, y'unnerstand," he said. "But I'll level to you. He ain't got no future in it. He's fast, and he's game as all get out. He don't telegraph his punches no more, and I finally teach him he's got a left. His jab ain't half bad. But he's got no steam." Mr. Finney sighed. "Truth of it is, he couldn't punch his way outen a paper bag."

THREE days before the month was up Alfred stopped training. "I think I'm in danger of going stale," he said. "I'd better taper off. Would you care to go to the movies with me tonight, Margie?"

They sat in the back row, and Margie put one hand on the arm of the seat. Alfred didn't take the hint, but finally his hand dropped accidentally over hers, and he seemed to get the idea. They walked home hand in hand.

If Mr. Bixby was staking everything on one punch, Margie was also laying it on the line. They stood on the porch steps. Margie's eyes were half closed, her head tilted, and she was very close to him.

Alfred ran a finger around his collar and twisted both feet. Then he bent forward and kissed her. It started out like a caress from her maiden aunt, but in the middle of it things began to happen. His arms tightened around her, and her feet went up in the air. He released her finally, and they slipped apart. Margie looked at him shyly, and Mr. Bixby said finally, "You're not mad, Margie?"

Margie said dreamily, "No, Alfred, I'm not mad." She waited for Alfred to confess his love.

"Gosh," Alfred said, "I'm glad you're not mad, Margie. Knowing how I feel about Blanche and all, you have a right to be mad. It's sweet of you not to be."

It was instinctive with Margie, she didn't plan it. Alfred's chin was hanging out in the air, and Margie put ninety-eight delectable pounds behind the punch. There was a shock along her forearm, and Alfred disappeared. Then the moon came out from behind the clouds, and she saw Alfred's feet sticking out from under a rhododendron.

Presently Alfred got to his feet brushing bits of dirt and shrubbery from his clothes. He rubbed his jaw.

"I just wanted to see if you could take a punch," Margie said.

"Oh," Alfred said. "Thanks."

Margie said coldly, "Go to bed, Alfred. It's after eleven, and you need your eight hours."

She went raging to her bedroom. She said to herself, "I hope Nap O'Leary knocks him into the next county."

Then she said, "No, God, I don't mean that. Please let Alfred win. Let him marry that big blond mare, and may his children all turn out to be basketball centers. I'll go into social work."

Up until the last minute Margie wasn't going to go with him. But she couldn't stay home. She put on her best outfit, and when Alfred started for the train she went with him. Her mother was a little confused about it.

"No, Mama," Margie said, "we're not eloping. Alfred and I are just pals. Like a couple of Boy Scouts."

"He seems nice," Margie's mother said. "But I don't understand him. All that exercise—he'll end up muscle-bound."

It was a forty-mile jaunt to Alfred Bixby's home town. The train pulled into the station, and Margie began to tremble. Alfred was white, his jaw set, and his hands clenched.

"Relax, Alfred," Margie said, throwing away her pride. "I think you'll win. But if you don't, it won't matter. It'll be an honorable defeat. If you lose you can come back home to stay with us and begin a new life."

"Thanks, Margie," Alfred said. "You're the best friend I ever had."

"Sure," said Margie, bitterly. "Pals to the end."

"But it wouldn't work," Alfred said. "You know what this means to me. It's like I've got everything I want in life wrapped up in my two fists. It's like my whole life has been building up to this minute."

The train stopped, and they stepped onto the station platform and walked to a cab.

"Drive down the main street," Alfred said. He began to bob and weave in the taxicab. Margie bit her lips and went pale when they passed an undertaking establishment.

"Stop," Alfred shouted suddenly, and leaped out of the cab.

Margie flung a bill at the taxi driver, and pelted after Alfred. She saw him halt before the couple on the sidewalk. She looked at Blanche first, long legs and billowing curves. Going to look like a ferryboat in about five years, Margie thought.

Nap O'Leary turned then, and Margie quivered. He was a big, grinning, red-faced man with a cocky tilt to his shoulders. A cigar angled sharply from one side of his mouth. He had small blue eyes that looked as hard as marbles.

Nap O'Leary chuckled. "Haven't seen you since the night I ran you out of the dance hall," he said. "I'll never forget the way your legs wobbled."

"They won't wobble now," Alfred said. "You want to step back in the alley with me?"

NAP looked puzzled, but Alfred put a hand on his arm. They went back into the alley, partially hidden from the street. There were ash cans around, and a litter of debris including broken beer bottles. Margie, thinking of Alfred doing a bouncing act, hurriedly began picking up the glass.

Alfred had removed his coat. "Nap," he said quietly, "remember how you used to rub your knuckles across my scalp? Remember the time you broke my bicycle? Remember the tin can you tied to my dog's tail? Nap, this is the day of reckoning. Put up your hands."

Nap O'Leary, at first incredulous, now winked at Blanche. "You got a stretcher handy, Toots?" he said to Margie.

He slid out of his coat, and rolled up his sleeves. His biceps looked as though eggs were hidden under the skin.

Nap stood flat-footed, while Alfred began to bob and weave around him like a small terrier. Nap was vastly amused until Alfred darted in and drove a quick one-two to the breadbasket.

"Oof," said Nap, and the grin faded from his face. Alfred beamed at Margie, traveled again in a circle, and danced in. Nap's right hand exploded out of nowhere. Alfred did a back dive onto a rusty bedspring and rolled off to the ground. He wriggled once or twice and then got up.

He nodded reassuringly at Margie. "Can't put me away," he said happily, dancing back to the slaughter.

"This is murder!" Margie cried. "Oh, Alfred!"

If she stopped Nap O'Leary now Alfred's pride was gone forever. If she didn't, Alfred might be gone forever. Margie pondered the problem, then turned and darted toward the street.

A giggling Blanche was in her way. "Oh, get out," Margie snapped furiously and pushed. Blanche sat down in a half-filled trash barrel, but Margie didn't notice. "Help!" she yelled. "Police!"

The cop directing traffic at the corner turned and looked at her. "Murder," Margie screamed, and darted back down the alley, picking up a beer bottle en route. The situation, she saw at a glance, was desperate. There was Alfred climbing out of a pile of coal ashes. He had a glazed look in his eyes, and his legs seemed to be made of inner tubes. He looked terrible, but there was still a grin on his face.

"Can't keep me down, the big slob," said Alfred, as he wobbled forward.

Nap O'Leary was consumed with fury. Alfred was as persistent as a fly, and there was a sting to his blows if not a knockout punch. Angrily Nap set himself, his mouth a thin, cruel line. His right arm was doubled, his huge fist poised.

Alfred came forward wide open, starting a left hook. Margie, acting by instinct, raised the beer bottle.

There were two simultaneous sounds. Alfred's fist landed on the point of Nap O'Leary's jaw just as Margie's beer bottle struck the back of Nap O'Leary's skull.

Nap wobbled on suddenly boneless legs. He sank slowly to the ground. Alfred, his eyes as wide as saucers, stared at him lying there so peacefully.

"Holy smoke," said Alfred faintly.

Before Margie's eyes, Alfred seemed to grow six inches, his chest expansion became a thing of wonder.

And then the force arrived, shouting, "Break it up!" The place was full of cops. The last Margie saw of Alfred he was being dragged off by the men in blue while he joyously invited them to put up their fists and fight like men.

Margie dashed out to Main Street. She ran inside the nearest lawyer's office. There was a hurried consultation, a telephone call to the police station and another to the local magistrate. Then Margie called her mother.

"Mama," Margie said, "I need fifty dollars to bail Alfred out of jail. It's all right, Mama, don't worry, just wire me the cash. I'll be home soon. No, Mama, he isn't a gangster."

She waited at the telegraph office until the money arrived. Then she hurried to the police station. She counted out the bills on the desk and turned to leave.

"Hey," the sergeant said. "I'll spring him now. Don't you want to see him?"

"No," said Margie, and broke into a run. Alfred would be free—free to marry Blanche.

She went down to the station, and ten minutes later the train came in. She got aboard and sat by herself. She couldn't help it, a tear rolled down one cheek.

"Whatsa matter, baby?" said a husky voice. She turned and saw she still had her cross to bear through life. She was now about to be consoled by a grinning, beefy, two-hundred-pound male.

"If there's anything I can do for you, baby," the big man said, "just let me know. He beamed toothily at her.

THE train started with a jerk, running footsteps sounded in the aisle. A hatless, out-of-breath Alfred came in sight.

"Just made the train," he gasped. "Margie, Nap can have Blanche. I don't want her. I'm going home with you, Margie, I—I—hey, what's this?"

Alfred's tone had changed. A note of steel came into his voice. He looked with icy eyes at Margie's would-be benefactor.

"This lug bothering you?" said Alfred coldly. "I'll knock him through the side of the train."

Alfred struck a fighting pose, his left fist flickering in and out. "Put up your dukes," he said.

The stranger stared down at Alfred, a broad grin on his face. "Listen, half-pint," he began, "the lady was crying. I was only—"

"Defend yourself," said Alfred, displaying fancy footwork within the confines of the aisle.

The stranger dodged a left lead and winked at Margie good-humoredly. "Okay, chum," he said, "she's all yours."

Alfred watched him go into the next car, then sat down beside Margie, still breathing heavily.

"You frightened him off," Margie said. "Alfred, I'll never have to worry when you're around."

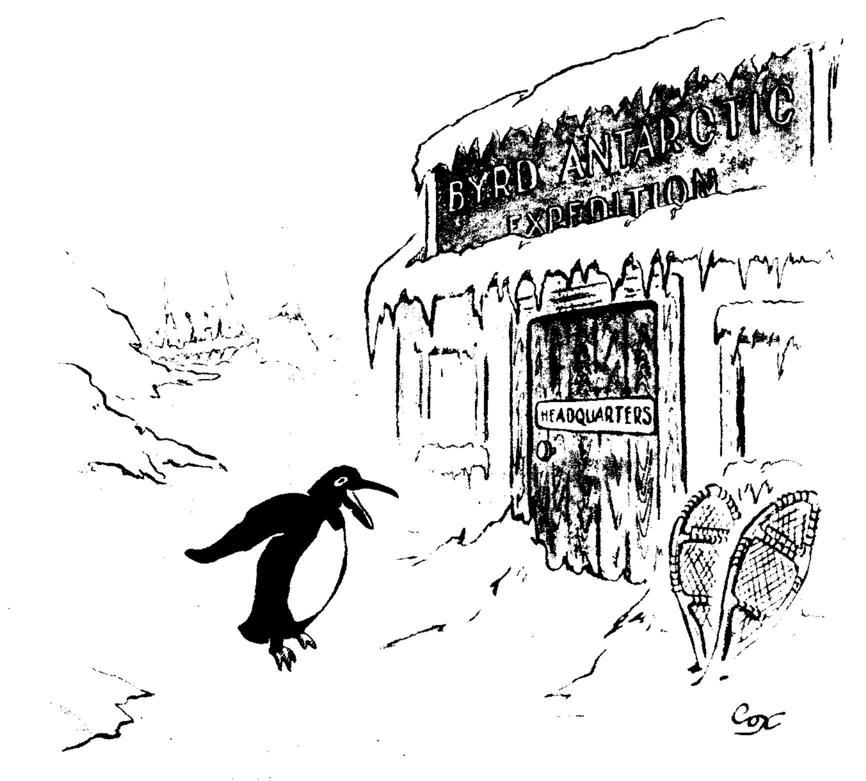
Alfred said, "I'll have to watch myself. I don't know my own strength. I wouldn't want to maim anyone."

Abruptly he thought of something else, and the belligerence faded from his blue eyes. He looked just the way Margie wanted him to look, a nice refined young man except that his mouth was swollen lopsidedly and one eye was turning purple.

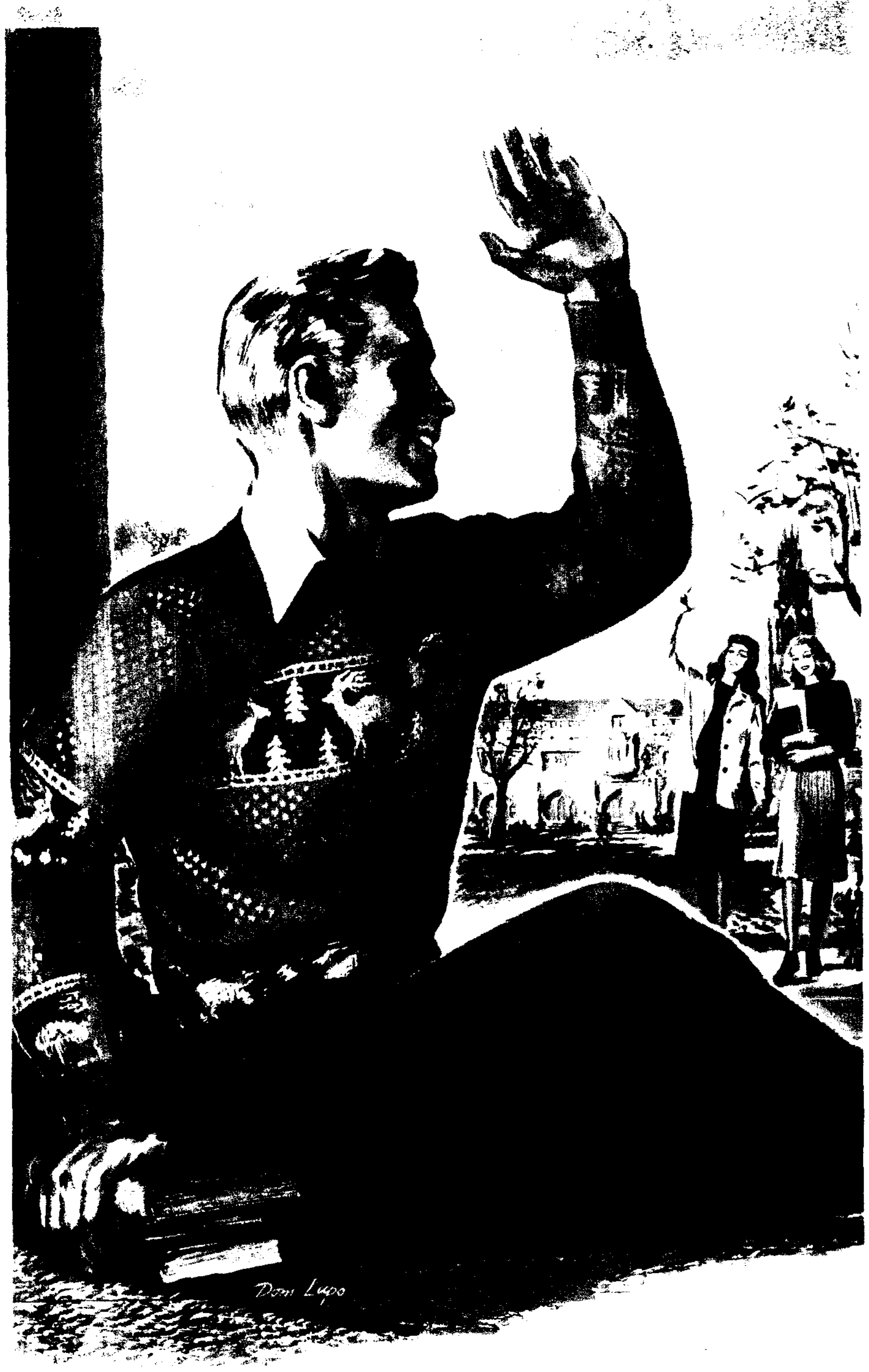
"Margie," he said, "I only got half a lip to kiss you with."

He demonstrated but Margie didn't mind. "Half a lip," said Margie blissfully, "is better than none."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Open the door, Richard!" AUBREY L. COX



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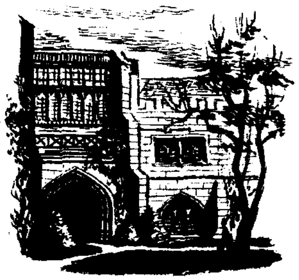

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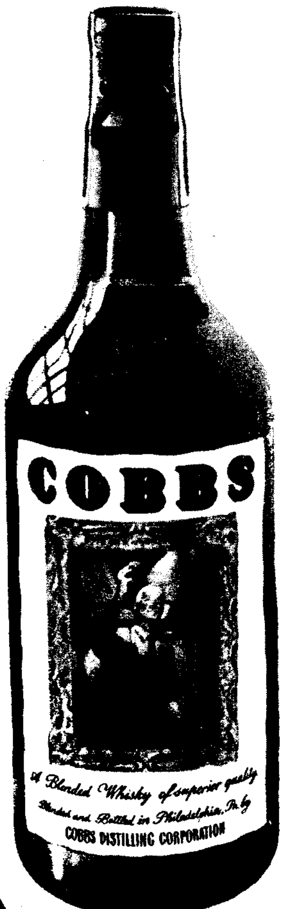
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SANTA CLAUS WITH A HORN

Continued from page 17

him for an evening of beer drinking and good fellowship.

As is frequently the case with men of short stature, Petrillo is inordinately vain. His name, for example, appears not only on the letterhead of A.F.M. stationery, but on the envelope as well. Musicians who used to have dealings with him in Chicago recall that he always assumed a Napoleonic pose when he put them through an inquisition in his office. It is understandable that the recurrent appearance of his name in a column as widely syndicated as Pegler's is reassurance to Petrillo that a little man need not necessarily be an insignificant one.

Since 1922, when he was elected president of Chicago's Local Number 10, he has had a good deal of such reassurance. Today he is so well known that, like Garbo, Hildegarde, and Tonto, he is immediately identifiable by only one name. Squalor was the birthplace of this eminence.

Jimmy Petrillo, the son of Italian immigrants, was born in the Chicago ghetto on March 16, 1892. Sympathetic pieces on him refer to his father as a ditch-digger; unsympathetic ones as a sewer digger. It took nine years of elementary school to convince Jimmy that his bent was not academic.

Always Good at "Arit'metic"

"They bounced me aroun'," he says peevishly. "One year I'd be in the fourt' grade an' the next year in the t'ird. They drove me nuts. Nine years in school and I end up in the fourt' grade. I was a great student, wasn't I? But I was always good at arit'metic."

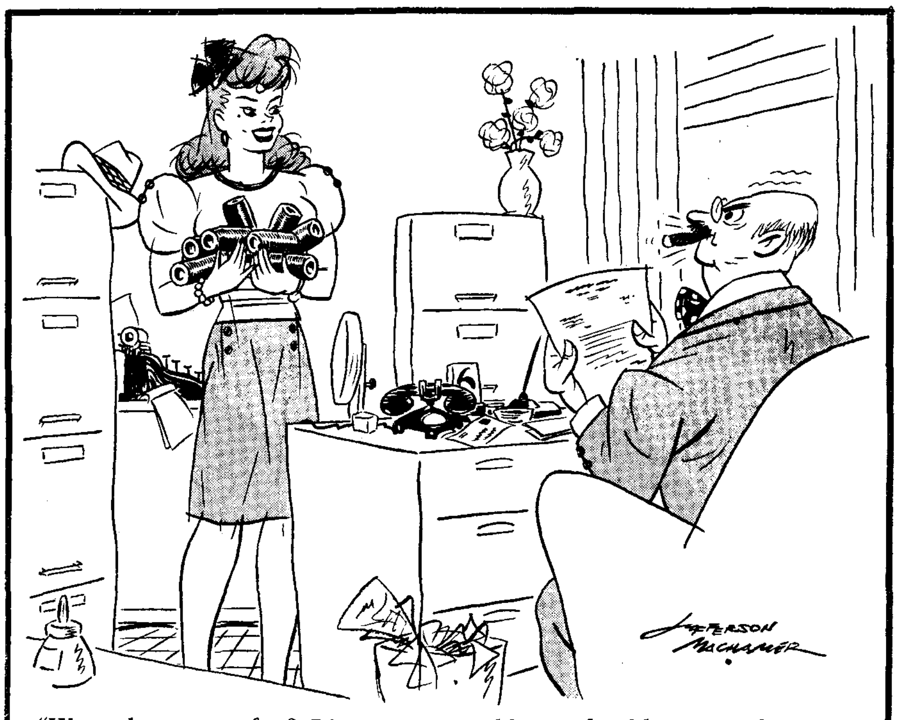
Quitting school, Petrillo worked as an elevator operator, drove a delivery horse and wagon, and sold the Chicago Daily News. He likes to think of himself as an old newsie and among the prized displays in his cedar-paneled office in the $600,000 building which houses the Chicago local are a plaque, a barometer, and a silver service which were presented him in recognition of his position as Chicago's champion former paper boy. For one day during the Christmas season each year a number of former Chicago newsboys revert to their childhood profession, with the not inconsiderable proceeds going to charity. Petrillo has taken in as much as $975 on these occasions. Some people believe that the fact that he has a group of the boys serenading him while he hawks his papers has something to do with his heavy sales.

Petrillo was eight when Jane Addams, the director of Hull House, bought him a cornet. As a young man with a horn, Petrillo was at least proficient enough to hold down a chair in the Daily News band for eight years. Afterward, when he had become a power in the local, he said, "A funny t'ing, ya know. I hadda break up 'at band. I hated to, but what else could I do? They were playin' fun'als fa two bucks a man an' the scale was eight bucks."

Petrillo quit the News to organize his own band. But when it became apparent that his lip and technique would never master such cornet virtuosities as The Carnaval de Venise ("I was loud but lousy," he confides), he switched to drums. Those who heard him say he was no Krupa.

In those days Chicago had two rival musicians' unions—the local branch of the A.F.M. and an independent group called The American Musicians Union. Petrillo was twenty-two when he was elected president of the A.M.U. After serving for three years he was defeated for re-election in 1917. He was so outraged that he immediately bolted to the A.F.M. His first act was to organize the Chinese restaurants in Chicago. He did this so effectively that he was elected vice-president of Local 10 in 1919. Three years later he was made president.

Since Petrillo assumed that office, Local 10 has undergone some significant changes. In 1922 it had a total membership of 4,000 and no enforceable pay scale. Theater musicians, for example, averaged only $12 a week. In twenty years the membership had grown to 11,000 and the local's assets were well over $1,000,000. Chicago theater musicians now average $112.85 in legitimate houses and $124.32 in presentation houses. Local 10's members are better paid than the members of any other of the A.F.M.'s 706 branches. Petrillo, with an organizational genius that is unequaled anywhere, effected these improvements virtually singlehanded.



"Wanta have some fun? Listen to these old records of letters to the OPA!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

He came into the A.F.M. at a moment when the musician's lot appeared to be doomed. For one thing, prohibition had swept away thousands of jobs. "With the exception of brewers and distillers, no class of men have felt the blow of prohibition more keenly than musicians," Petrillo observed in 1924 in the restrained style which he employs in prepared statements. Nowadays Petrillo is apt to discount the magnitude and fervor of the crusade he has waged so unremittingly over the years. "I done it by givin' the boys service," he likes to say. In the course of providing this service he has succeeded in getting himself involved in some celebrated tiffs.

On one occasion Petrillo found himself feuding with the LaSalle Hotel over Vice-President Charles G. Dawes' musical taste. Dawes had returned from Europe infatuated with a Hungarian band which he talked the LaSalle into hiring. Petrillo did not take this lightly. "Where do t'ose foreigners get off, comin' in here when my boys are walkin' the streets?" he demanded of the LaSalle management. "Who does Dawes t'ink he is? Try an' get other music in t'is hotel! Try an' get on the radio!" It surprised nobody that eventual compromise was all in his favor. He permitted the Hungarians to take the job on the assurance that the LaSalle would hire a union band to play at every function held there, even if no music was required.

In 1931, Mayor Anton Cermak decided that it would be appropriate for a high-school band to provide the music at his inauguration. Petrillo objected heatedly but got nowhere, and for a while it appeared as if he was about to lose face. Then, with the propitiousness that has marked his career, he learned that Cermak was to deliver a speech over the National Broadcasting Company on the Sunday before the inauguration. He went into action.

Phoning the local station, he announced, "Either Cermak hires a union band for the inauguration or he don't broadcast." When the network objected to being involved in the argument, Petrillo handed down what has since become one of his classic dictums. "Ya hafta deal wit' me 365 days in the year and with Cermak on Sunday," he said. "What'll it be?" Anton Cermak was inaugurated as mayor of Chicago to the strains of a band composed of loyal members of Local 10.

Over the years, Petrillo's stubbornest obstacle has been so-called canned music. There are some 350,000 juke boxes in operation in the United States and he despises each and every one of them. "Icemen are losing their jobs to Frigidaires the same way that a lot of musicians are losing their jobs to canned music," he has said. "But there's this difference: The iceman doesn't have anything to do with manufacturing the machine that robs him of his job, whereas the musician does 'manufacture' the recorded music that is played over and over on radio and in those nickel-record machines thousands of times to rob other musicians of a chance to work."

His hatred for the juke box has all the aspects of a highly personal vendetta and he speaks of the machines as if they were animate. "Them damn' t'ings," he shouts. "Everybody gets a slice of that juke money: the machine maker, the man who rents it, the song writer, but the musician gets nothing except what he was paid for the original single recording. His record keeps some little band from getting a job in a roadhouse or a restaurant. A good recording costs musicians about a million dollars a year in wages before it runs its course."

Petrillo took the first big step in his fight to improve musicians' working conditions when, in March, 1924, he lashed out against radio. Five days later the membership of Local 10 sustained him, voting that no union musician could play over the air unless he was paid for his services. Petrillo had no easy time accomplishing this.

"The press owned all the radio stations in Chicago," he recalls. "They told me to see their lawyer. The lawyer was usually an ex-judge so-and-so. He had a lotta books on the table to prove the government owns the air. I said, 'I know the government owns the air. What I wanna find out is who pays the musicians.' We won the fight. Instead of seven days, the radio musicians worked six days, then five days for seven days' pay. Now even the forty-nine pancake turners are union and the station can't do wit'out 'em. That's union technique."

Petrillo makes union technique sound a good deal simpler than it actually is. A labor leader's lot, after all, is not invariably an easy one. In at least one celebrated instance, Petrillo's life was reported to have been in jeopardy.

Toward the end of 1933 the Chicago local was suddenly rife with rumors that Petrillo had been kidnaped and had taken $100,000 out of the treasury to meet the ransom. Two of the members immediately filed suit for an accounting. They asked the appointment of a receiver for the union, an injunction restraining Petrillo and the governing board from handling funds, and, finally, that the court investigate the ransom rumor.

Petrillo's voice becomes even throatier than customary when the kidnaping is mentioned to him. "It never happened," he maintains, and goes on to insist that the suit was an attempt to discredit him with the membership of Local 10. Inasmuch as the suit was filed only four days before he was to run for re-election this is not without its logic. In any event, Petrillo moved fast.

Publicity That Got Results

He retained an extremely able attorney, had an audit made of the books (which showed them to be in perfect order, incidentally), bought $4,700 worth of newspaper space to print his side of the story, and made certain that every member of the local received a copy of the audit. The results of the election were staggering. James Caesar Petrillo received 2,715 votes; his nearest rival, 681. Petrillo's security in his own local has never been challenged since.

Petrillo's enraged denials that he was ever kidnaped have not succeeded in hushing talk about the incident. Pegler, for example, has written that Petrillo himself says he "borrowed" money from Chicago orchestra leaders to reimburse the union treasury the $50,000 which it put up as "ransom" the time Petrillo was "kidnaped." (The quotation marks are Pegler's.) Another man, in Petrillo's confidence, says that Petrillo admitted the kidnaping incident. "It was one of the saddest and most pathetic stories I ever heard," he adds. "It was a case of gangsters trying to muscle in on a union."

Others, who profess to detect a more than merely casual relationship between Petrillo and the powerful booking agency, Music Corporation of America, suggest that this stems back to the kidnaping and that one of the men who helped raise the ransom money was a young Chicago booker named Jules Stein, who now heads M.C.A. Petrillo ridicules this. "They said the same thing about my predecessor, that he was a stockholder in M.C.A.," he says. "It ain't true. Would I lie to ya?"

Petrillo professes to have no interest in money. "Money I don't need," he says. "My people take care o' me an' I take care o' them." He assumes an air of deep hurt at the suggestion that he

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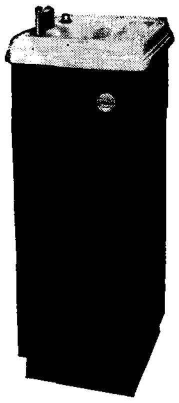

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might steal union funds. "Hell, I don't hafta steal," he likes to say. "When I need anyt'ing I just let my boys know about it an' they give it ta me."

Apparently the boys are very fond of him. At any rate, they have given him, among other things, a $25,000 summer home in Wisconsin, $12,000 worth of furniture, $1,700 for the upkeep of the grounds, $16,000 to pay his income tax, and $25,000 for an armored car and bodyguards. He sees nothing untoward in such benefactions. "I don't abuse the power I have," he explains. "I'm on the square with our members, so they give me things. Why should there be any hullabaloo about that?"

In 1934 the union, ever solicitous of its president's health, gave Petrillo and his wife a two-month tour of Europe. He was not visibly impressed by what he saw over there, however. "They didn' have a t'ing over there we wanted," he says. He is equally unimpressed by his $46,000-a-year salary. "I work twelve to sixteen hours a day," he says. "But not for the dough. I don't need it any more. I just live for my boys." As a token of their gratitude, the boys elected him president of the entire Federation on June 13, 1940.

Petrillo had been president of the A.F.M. for two years before he made a couple of moves which were to convert him from a comparatively unknown labor leader into a notorious public figure. The first came in June, 1942, when a membership vote at the Dallas convention suddenly put a stop to all recording activity in the United States. Petrillo's feelings in this matter had been clear for some time. "Why should musicians continue to assist in destroying themselves?" he had repeatedly asked.

He remained immovable in the face of the vituperation heaped upon him. Even appeals from Elmer Davis, head of OWI, and President Roosevelt that recordings were necessary for morale during the war failed to budge him. In October, 1943, Decca broke down and met his demands. Eventually Victor and Columbia also signed. As a result of Petrillo's refusal to be dissuaded from his purpose, the A.F.M. now collects one per cent of the retail price of every record made.

Petrillo's second spectacular move in 1942 came a month after his ban on all recording. In July he shocked the nation by ordering the cancellation of an NBC broadcast by the National High School Orchestra from Interlochen, Michigan. The Interlochen orchestra had been broadcasting regularly for twelve years, but this did not deter Petrillo. He was not concerned with the fact that the children in the orchestra were under sixteen and therefore ineligible for membership in the A.F.M.

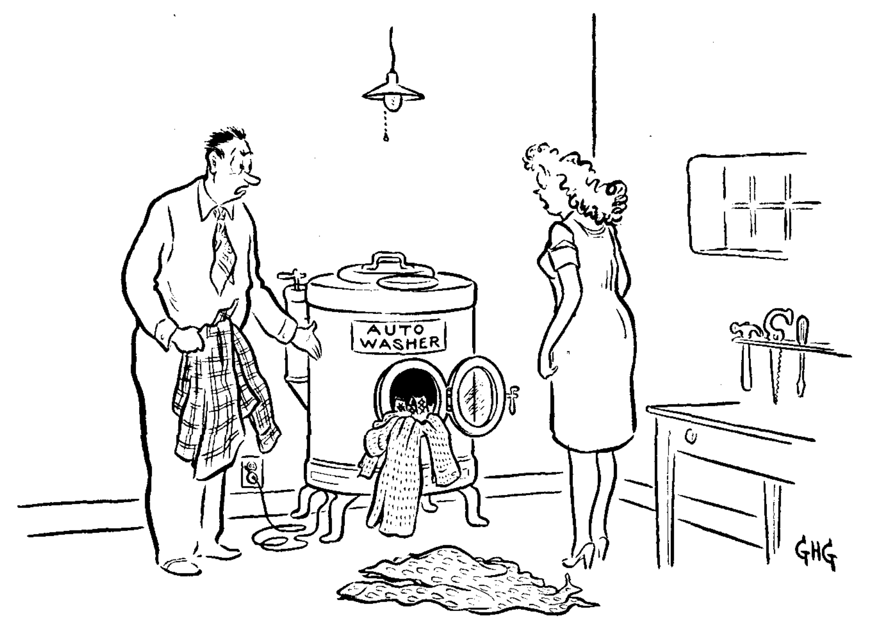
Putting the Heat on the School

In 1944 he went even further, placing the school on the unfair list and suspending the faculty members' union cards. He has no regrets over this. "Interlochen's a commercial institution," he maintains. "You send a kid there and that kid'll cost ya at least eight hundred bucks a season. When kids like that broadcast, they're deprivin' my boys of work." Interlochen's traditions did not enter into his judgment. He adopts this same hard-headed attitude toward everything.

The Boston Symphony was a case in point. It had been nonunion for more than sixty years when Petrillo suddenly decided that this condition must not prevail. "I worked on that orchestra twenty-eight months," he says. "An' I couldn't get no one ta talk ta me. Ya know those Boston bluebloods. I told 'em what I was gonna do an' they wouldn't believe me. So I stopped 'em makin' records. Then I stopped 'em broadcastin'. Then I went to work on their road tour. Finally they see what I'm doin' an' they come aroun' ta my way o' thinkin'. Ya couldn't chase 'em outta the union now." Classical artists who had never been bothered by the necessity of joining up also felt themselves under Petrillo's scrutiny. "I unionized all the artists," he says proudly. "The Heifetzes, the Spaldings, the Milstones."

Petrillo is not troubled by the fact that he calls Nathan Milstein "Milstone." He is not patient about minor matters. His attitude toward golf is proof of this. He is furious at his inability to putt and, with characteristic disdain, refuses to recognize putting as part of the game. "I skip all the greens," he told an interviewer some time ago. "When I go out there I don't go ta get myself aggravated and them damn' greens aggravate me."

A great many other things aggravate him too. Among them are actors, John L. Lewis, New York City, and, curiously enough, music. He expressed his sentiments toward New York in a tirade that has become classic. "What a town!" he said. "Everybody in it's a lawyer. I get ta town an' sit down and bam! There's a dozen lawyers, all tryin' ta serve papers on me." He does not experience such rudeness in Chicago, where he is on intimate terms with a politician or two.



"This machine must be on the blink—I got somebody else's shirts back"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Petrillo's loathing for John L. Lewis goes back to 1937, when Lewis offered the 1,800 members of the American Musicians Union a C.I.O. charter. Petrillo countered by waiving the $100 A.F.M. initiation fee, and within a week A.M.U. was broken. In the past he has been at no pains to conceal his antipathy for Lewis. When George White's Scandals and The Man Who Came to Dinner played Chicago, he ordered all references to Lewis and the C.I.O. deleted. This arbitrary act caused so much furor that Petrillo tried to dismiss it as a joke. "Far be it from me ta favor anyt'ing like censorship," he said, "but can't they write a play wit'out Lewis in it?"

Petrillo's attitude toward germs is as embittered as his views on John L. Lewis. At a party in New York last spring he was seated next to an extraordinarily attractive blond girl. As is his custom in the presence of pretty women, he was being the soul of courtliness until the girl suddenly coughed. Bolting out of his chair, he rushed across the room. "My God!" he exclaimed in panic. "I don' wanna be near no germs."

Whenever Petrillo finds himself forced to shake hands with someone, he crooks the little finger of his right hand and extends it almost daintily toward the person. Although he is reluctant to discuss it, there is reason to believe that this fear of germs goes back to the death of his son from an infection following a football accident in 1932. Petrillo also despises football.

At the moment, James Caesar Petrillo is enjoying the most impressive victory of his career. Some months ago, a judge in Chicago Federal District Court declared the Lea Act unconstitutional. The Lea Act provides, among other things, criminal penalties ($1,000 fine and/or one year in prison) for coercing broadcasters into feather-bed practices (hiring more musicians than they need) and criminal penalties for coercion in enacting payment for services not performed, for coercion in paying unions for the use of phonograph records, for coercion to pay for rebroadcasts.

Court Test of Feather-Bedding

The A.F.M. maintained that the act violated the freedom of speech and was therefore unconstitutional. After the passage of the act, Petrillo immediately set up a test case. When Station WAAF in Chicago refused to hire three extra, and unnecessary, people to change records, Petrillo called a strike. The U.S. District Attorney who prosecuted the case for the Department of Justice was J. Albert Woll, son of Matthew Woll, vice-president of the A.F. of L.

The validity of the Lea Act is now being appealed to the Supreme Court. Petrillo gives no sign of worry over the outcome. He claims to be equally sanguine about the fact that his arbitrary conduct has brought him into disrepute with a majority of the American people. When he is in a tight spot, he is apt to attribute his actions as president of the A.F.M. to the dictates of the Federation's executive board. No one takes him very seriously when he offers this plea.

"Petrillo," the principal of Interlochen has said, "is just hiding behind the board's skirts and tries to give the impression that he isn't the absolute czar of music in the country. No more comprehensive portrayal of despotic dictatorship is to be found than the constitution and by-laws of the American Federation of Musicians, which give Petrillo absolute power to change the by-laws and to make his own laws without consulting anyone."

When confronted with such an indictment, Petrillo is apt to grow evasive. Seated behind his eight-foot mahogany desk ("the biggest damn' desk I could find in Marshall Field's") he smiles the sweet smile of a man who by now is accustomed to having his martyrdom misunderstood. "I don't want a t'ing fa myself. It's all fa the boys," he says.

THE END

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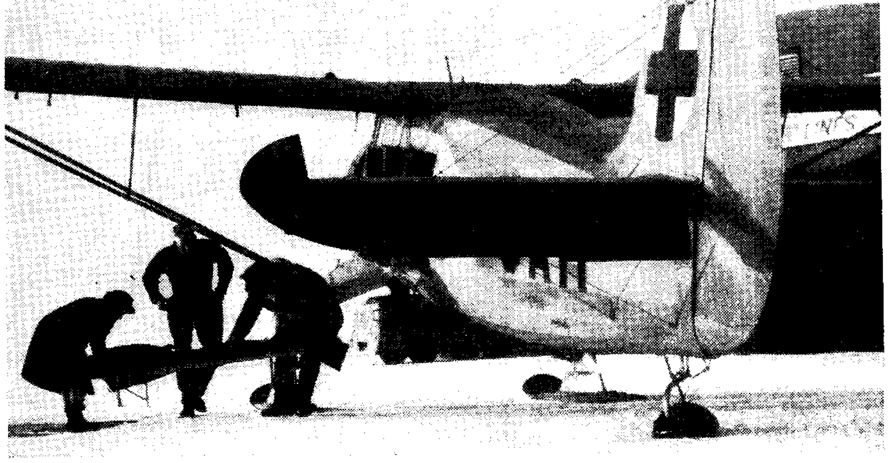

KEN LIDDELL

One of Saskatchewan's two air ambulances which transport patients from any point in the province to the nearest hospital for a fee of only $25

SASKATCHEWAN represents a sizable chunk of Canadian property—about 280,000 square miles—but the most isolated of its 1,000,000 inhabitants is hardly more than an hour from a modern hospital. Reason: A Public Health Department's air-ambulance service, which has just completed a year of eminently successful operation.

Because of it, people in far-flung rural communities no longer dread the winter and the snow-blocked roads. They have the assurance that an ambulance plane will answer emergency calls and transport them to medical care, no matter what the distance, for a flat charge of $25.

A majority of patients are flown to Regina and Saskatoon, the province's two most modernly equipped medical centers, though "nearest hospital" is often designated, which means Prince Albert, North Battleford, Yorkton, Moose Jaw, Swift Current, Weyburn, or a half-dozen other secondary centers. The government (Saskatchewan's Canadian Commonwealth Federation, the only Socialist government on the North American continent) started the service as an offshoot of its regional health plan which is designed eventually to cover the province. Through it, every resident will receive complete medical and hospital services for a fixed yearly fee.

The first air-ambulance plane was put into service last February on a blustery Sunday afternoon. The government purchased a Canadian-built 600 h.p. Noorduyn Norseman high-wing monoplane with a cruising speed of 130 mph and a range of 500 miles; had it completely refitted for its specialized job with stretchers, first-aid, and emergency medical equipment. A portion of the fuselage was made removable to permit the easy loading of patients, and two-way radio communication was added to facilitate bad-weather flights. The Norseman landing gear can readily be converted to wheels, skis, or floats. It carries a crew of three—pilot, engineer and registered nurse—and a top load of four patients.

When demands for the service became too heavy for one plane, another was acquired last September. Oxygen tanks were added and heaters were installed to keep cabin temperatures comfortable even when the thermometer registers 30 to 40 degrees below zero outside. Based at the Regina airport, they serve an area of approximately 140,000 square miles.

The northern half of the province is protected by aircraft of the Department of Natural Resources based at Prince Albert. Being sparsely settled, there is no need as yet for equipping a plane solely for ambulance work. The Natural Resources craft do mercy pickups in conjunction with their regular duties of patrolling fur and timber lands, transporting the Department's inspectors and wardens and making geological surveys.

The ambulance planes have made 200 emergency flights so far. There were 20 calls the first 16 days the service was in operation, the first two coming from the village of Liberty, 60 miles from Regina. Call Number One was for a patient who died shortly after being admitted to the hospital. It was an inauspicious start, but since then few flights have ended so tragically.

The ambulance crews realize the importance of the service and share the public's feelings toward it. They are pilots Keith Malcolm, supervisor, and J. J. Audette, assistant; Donald Watson, flight engineer; W. H. Murray, mechanic; and Mrs. M. E. Gleadow, registered nurse. They all feel they are doing a job worthy of their war service. The men are former members of the RCAF, and Mrs. Gleadow served overseas with the Canadian Army Medical Corps. Malcolm and Watson man one of the planes, Audette and Murray the other. Nurse Gleadow is the third member of both crews. They work under direction of Dr. A. J. McDougal of the provincial health department.

Once patients have been picked up, flying them to the hospital is routine procedure, but locating them often presents a neat problem. It isn't easy pin-pointing "an unpainted house close to a row of caraganas," or "the place with the red barn slap against the granary" in 50 square miles of unknown and unfamiliar country. Such descriptions are often applicable to half a dozen different farms.

One day last summer an ambulance plane was ordered on a trip to a farm home about 50 miles west of Saskatoon. Pilot Malcolm was told he'd have no trouble finding the place because the farm had the biggest barn in the country. As the plane flew into the designated district, Malcolm studied the terrain. It was studded with big barns. He was trying to make up his mind which was the biggest, when he spotted a figure in one of the farmyards violently waving its arms.

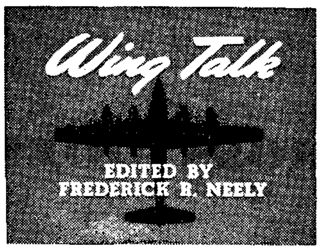
Malcolm dropped into a pasture and taxied up close to the house. A man walked out as the crew was unloading a stretcher. "Where's the patient?" Malcolm demanded, striding forward.

"What patient?" the man blurted. "There's nobody sick here. I guess the fellow you want lives over there." He pointed to the knolls to the south.

Malcolm looked a little disgusted. "If there's nobody sick here," he said, "why did you signal?"

"I didn't signal," the man replied. "I *always* wave at airplanes!"

DAVE BELBECK


Wing Talk
EDITED BY FREDERICK B. NEELY

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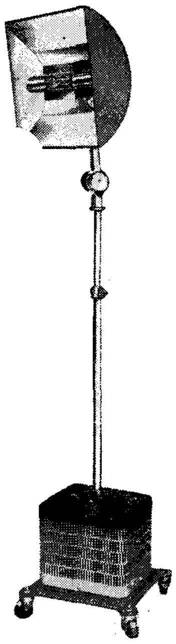

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PATTERN OF RED CONQUEST

WE ARE indebted to an article in the New York Times Magazine by Arthur Koestler, brilliant young novelist and correspondent, for a detailed picture of France in the octopus grip of its Communist party. It is a picture with which all Americans should be familiar, we think, because it outlines so clearly the Communist scheme for penetration and conquest of all now non-Communist countries.

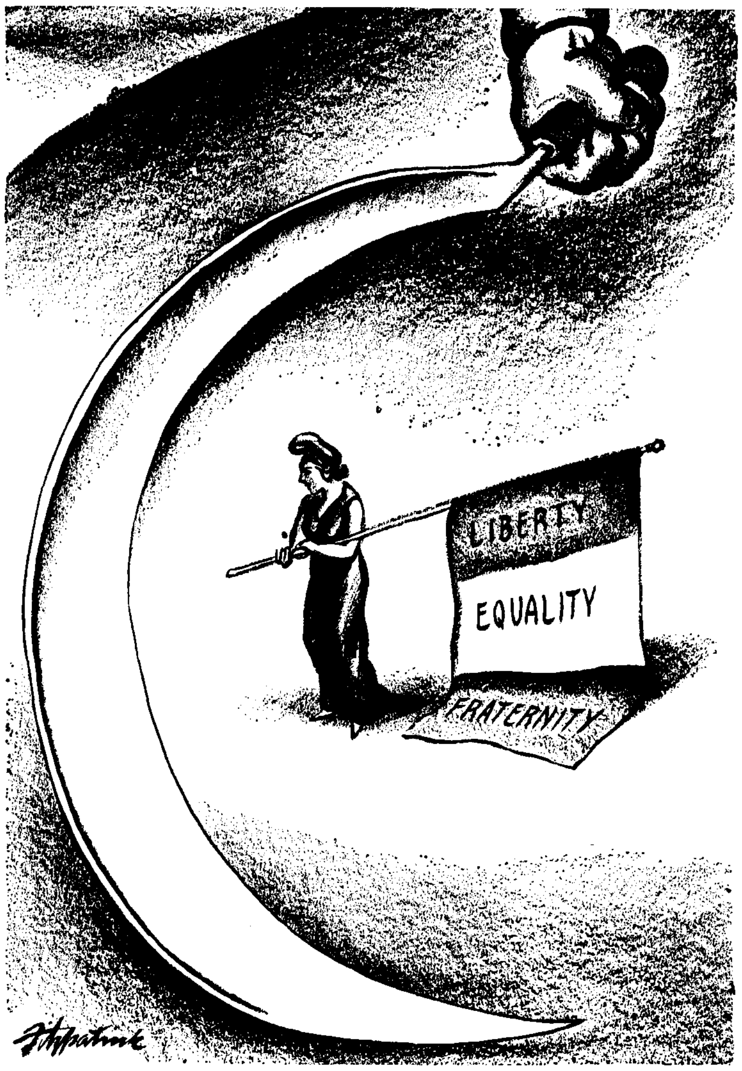
As Koestler points out, the Communist party is numerically the strongest political bloc in France; and this outfit "openly confesses its loyalty and allegiance to a foreign power (Russia—Ed.), whose interests and traditions are alien to the interests and traditions of France."

The French Reds' chief weapon is the Communist-controlled C.G.T., the big, centralized labor union which holds the hammer and sickle over the head of every government France sets up.

The C.G.T., bossed by one Leon Jouhaux, could tie up all France with a general strike. Trains and trucks would stop, electric power would be cut off, and even some government services would be curtailed.

"The cities would starve," says Koestler, "and life would come to a standstill as in the realm of the sleeping beauty."

Political assaults and "disappearances" are becoming rather frequent in France. The Communist party rules its lower-rank members with terror as much as with Leninist-Stalinist pep talks.



When one of these quits the Communist party, he may be beaten up or kidnaped, or even mysteriously killed. The least that will happen to him will be to have his reputation smeared by Red publications and rumor peddlers.

Communists have infiltrated into key positions in the French civil service, police forces and army, not to mention magazine and newspaper offices. As a result, the French nation is helpless to do anything the Communist fifth column does not want it to do.

The only reason why the French Communists, to this writing, have not moved with all necessary violence to set up a Moscow-style dictatorship in France is that the Kremlin hasn't wanted them to do so. It hasn't felt that the time was ripe from the point of view of Russian world interests and intrigues.

But according to one of Koestler's French informants, "If the Communist party decides to take over France, they can do it by telephone."

And there we have the main outlines of the picture of a political party imported from despotic Russia in the process of strangling a traditionally independent and free-thinking nation.

Conceivably, it could happen here. Certainly the Communist fifth columnists in this country are determined that it shall happen here sooner or later and are bending their every effort to make it happen.

Forewarned is forearmed, as the saying goes. We hope it's true in this case.

SCHOOL EMERGENCY

THE worst news about our public-school teachers is not that they are taking side-line jobs such as tending bar or tending babies. The worst news is that thousands are quitting the teaching profession to take better paid full-time jobs elsewhere.

And the main reason for that unfortunate state of affairs is that the average teacher salary across the nation is $1,120 a year. The pay ranges from less than $300 a year for Negro teachers in Mississippi to about what a competent bus driver or telephone operator can make.

We have about 850,000 teachers altogether—could use some 900,000—and the more capable ones have been leaving the schools in hundred-thousand lots ever since 1940. The loss during the war years is estimated at 350,000. These were replaced, in the main, by less experienced, less well qualified teacher material.

Of course, there are compensations in the teacher's job which don't show up in the bank account—old-age pension benefits as a rule, long vacations, the satisfaction of helping youngsters get started in the world, and so on. Nevertheless, the teaching profession is widely reported to be losing its one-time glamor for some of our ablest young people of both sexes—which can only mean that we're heading toward an era of worse public-school education instead of better.

The solution? So far as we can make out, more money for teachers would be the biggest single factor in the solution. We have minimum-wage laws for industrial workers. Why not for teachers—with federal grants-in-aid to help the poorer states pay adequate salaries?

It's axiomatic that a good public-school system is one of the things a democratic country cannot do without. If we let our school system molder and grow flabby, we'll do our whole democratic setup a grave injury, and maybe an irreparable one.

THE RED CROSS DOESN'T FORGET

AND it's highly desirable that we don't forget the Red Cross in its March campaign for $60,000,000 to carry on for the next year.

As in every year since Pearl Harbor, the Red Cross needs most of this money for activities connected with the armed forces. There are still about 2,000,000 men and women in the services, and they need various Red Cross morale-building activities perhaps more urgently than their predecessors needed them while the war was on.

We have some 112,000 veterans in hospitals now, and the number is expected to increase before it begins to shrink. The Red Cross cannot forget them; indeed, it has greatly expanded its veteran-hospital work since the fighting ended. Then, too, there are the year-in-year-out Red Cross preparations for and services in domestic emergencies—earthquakes, floods, fires, etc.

Any amount you can give will be gratefully received; and incidentally, you can deduct it on your income-tax returns.

COLLIER'S

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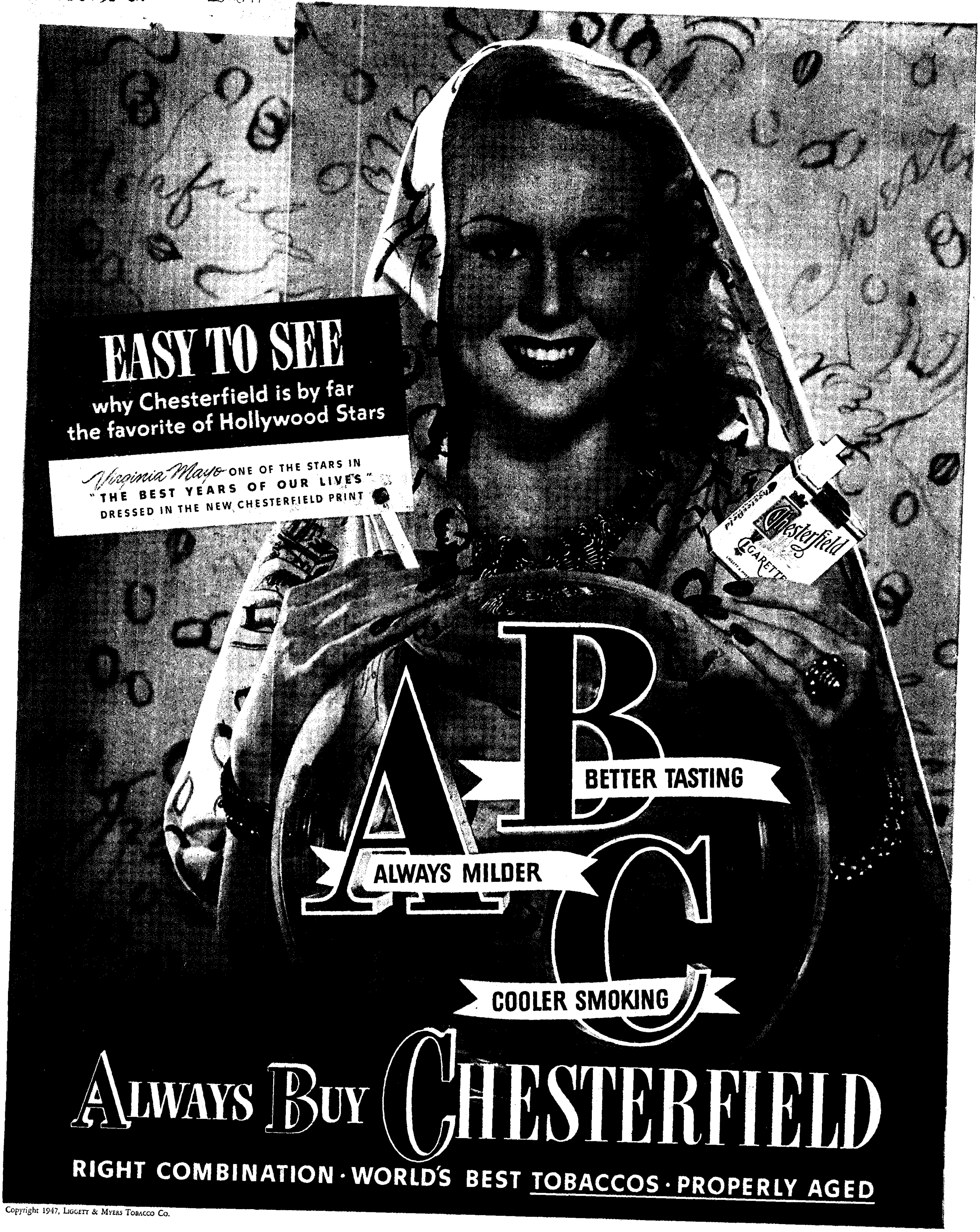

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